AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $3.00*

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ME

APRIL 1981 $2.50*

PAUL HOGAN interviewed by PHILLIP ADAMS

How not to run a brothel

Australia's Playmate of the year

At last, the amazing truth about our founding fathers (and mothers)

JOHN SINGLETON on why superstardom hasn't spoilt him

LENNON on LENNON Who wrote what and why

Playboy's Overseas Travel Guide- trips for every mood, and pocket

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PLAYBILL

KAREN WEST, that glorious example of femininity who graced our centrefold last November, is the Australian PLAYBOY Playmate of the Year. Bravo Karen! She's got it all: great beauty, oodles and oodles of sex appeal and, well, the sweetest of dispositions. Apart from all that, she's talented, clever and witty. She's a very worthy successor to our first Playmate of the Year, Rosemary Paul. We know that Karen, a successful model and TV personality, will be a very popular choice — after her stunning pictorial we received massive quantities of mail demanding, begging, pleading for more.

Paul Hogan interviewed by Australian PLAYBOY? Fantastic . . . and it's even better when the interviewer is the redoubtable **Phillip Adams**, himself a former interviewee in PLAYBOY, and a great humorist in his own right. Of course Hoges is his usual laconic self. We've also got a great profile of expatriate Australian writer Neal Travis — his novel *Manhattan,* while it received a solid panning by the critics, still managed to be a best seller. **Paul Dougherty's** profile is a gem.

We may not be popular with some quarters for giving such an explicit account of the landing by Captain Phillip and the First Fleet at Sydney Cove back in 1788. **Ronald Rose's** racey but very scholarly account of the wild, inebriated, fornication-laced orgy that took place that day should dispel any illusions about our origins. **Mark Salwowski** provided the graphic.

John Singleton, admired and detested, is definitely a talent. Singo, a foundation spokesman for Ockerism, adman, TV personality, character, has written an amusing and reflective piece about his TV career (now in abeyance). He claims that fame has left him unspoiled.

Some time before John Lennon died, he gave a detailed and revealing interview to PLAYBOY — see our December edition. At the same time he spent many hours giving the background to the songs he and the other Beatles — particularly Paul McCartney — wrote. Lennon's review of the works is pithy, charitable, at times cruel, merciless.

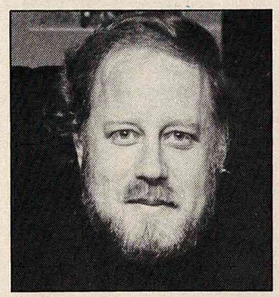
Then we have the Brothel Blues, a really extraordinary story about sex for sale in the Melbourne suburbs. A Melbourne massage parlor operator, *nom de plume* **Greta W. Jordan,** has written the story of her suburban brothel. She's combined humor, cynicism, pathos. And **Robert Pearce** has ably illustrated the piece.

For some time we've wanted to prepare and present a jumbo travel guide, something that we could make an annual event, could refine and review until we really provided the best. Well, **Jan** and **Jim Murcott's** exhaustive international travel review is really good: any traveller will get loads of ideas from this piece.

Lee Patterson has turned his beady eye on the lawyers and they won't like it. Patterson reckons the whole legal system needs a shake-up if it is to fulfil the principles of justice and equity. **Geoff Kelly** provided the illustration.

The Cull, **Louise Gubb's** piece and pictures of official slaughter of elephants in Africa, is, from a superficial point of view, a tragedy recorded. But, as she points out, without the cull, the consequences could be catastrophic.

This issue celebrates our second Playmate of the Year, and we've done it with added flair (we think!).We've got a stunning piece of fiction, Bilge Rats, a Conradesque story about the sea, a truly gripping tale by **John Regan** (himself a mariner). And for photo aficionados, there's Trouble and Strife, a pictorial by world famous photographer **David Bailey**, a true romantic who has chosen his wife as his subject. As you'll see, chaps, Bailey probably couldn't have too much trouble and strife at home.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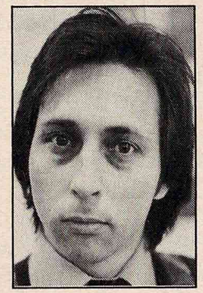
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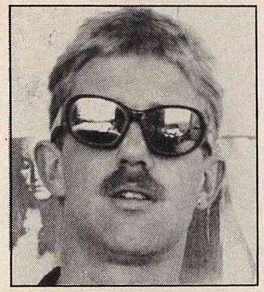
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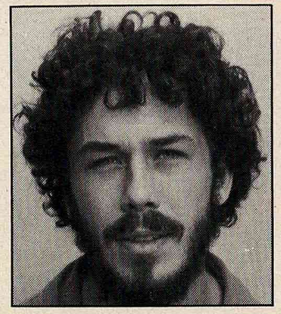
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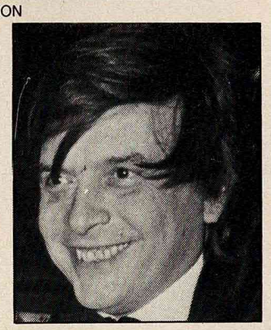
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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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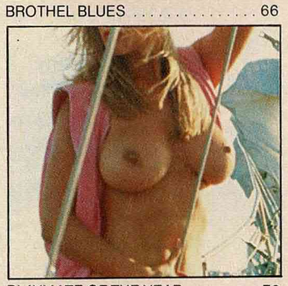

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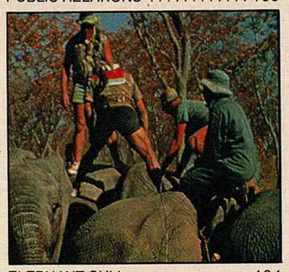

ELEPHANT CULL 124

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***Chosen by the internationally respected British magazine "CAR."**

When a magazine of "CAR"'s stature and influence sets out to select a "Car of the Decade" the results are awaited with baited breath in board rooms of car manufacturers around the world.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

COLOR BLIND

Reading How Japan Won The Technology War (PLAYBOY, February) and its reference to the durability of Japanese electrical goods reminded me of the days of black and white television when the TV repair man made almost as many house calls as the milkman. If it wasn't a valve blowing out it was a tube packing it in, horizontal hold losing its grip or the sound going on the blink. After six years ogling my current color set, it occurs to me that not so much as one screwdriver has been laid upon it or one cent spent on repair bills. As one quote in your story so accurately defined it: an unbreakable product is preferable to a good service network. If all manufactured goods were of a similar standard, this consumer society might be more palatable.

M. Fenton
Heidelberg, Victoria

Japan didn't start the Industrial Revolution but How Japan Won The Technology War proves that it plays the game better than anyone. This brief insight into the Japanese attitude to industrial relations makes the persistent confrontationism of our system seem archaic by comparison. As an exercise in human psychology the Japanese concept of supplying explanations and budgeting for worker involvement in policy changes is enlightening. So too are their obvious efforts to remove all the artificial trappings of authority. Compare Sony's ideas of no executive dining rooms, no executive parking allocations and similar dress codes for execs and other staff with the Australian model. Our large companies are forever finding ways to differentiate the top from the middle. Status symbols come in desk size, color of safety helmet or uniform, size and make of company car, parking allocation and the length and curve of a secretary's legs. If elitism, envy and arrogance can be cited as the industrial sorepoints, then I'm certain we've much to learn from the Japanese.

Peter Ross,
Belconnen, ACT

IN PARADISE

Now I know what they mean by living in Paradise. But your March pictorial, Deborah Gray, convinced this reader of PLAYBOY that only one item was missing from the beautiful Tahitian setting. Me.

Greg McLeod,
Sydney

Sorry, Mr Mac, we can't spring you a trip to Tahiti but here's another glimpse of delightful Deborah. — Ed.

DRIVE TO DRINK

Glad to see your thought-provoking wrap-up of The Beer Facts (PLAYBOY, February) touched on some of our strangest double standards. While we drinkers throw down our favorite drop by the bucket and compliment ourselves on contributing to the nation's tax revenue, higher employment and also productivity, there are just as many forces at work to see that we contribute even more. Less than a kilometre down the road from your favorite hotel awaits a breathalyser team ready to empty you out for a couple of hundred bucks. Just what sort of government logic grants a liquor licence for a publican to build miles from the nearest populace? No wonder the drink/drive problem is so bad. What serious drinker will drive his car to a far-flung swill house, park in its vast carpark and stay there for only three or four small beers? As your own writers, Russell Deiley and Neil Jameson both have said, the beer business has a far greater effect on all our livelihoods than most Australians would ever believe. Beer has been around for a long time and despite all the industrial strife, it is here to stay. The greatest hope for drinkers and teetotallers alike is to combine their efforts to force governments and brewers to adopt a more even-handed stance on licence allocations, tax, road safety and revenue relief for low alcohol beers. If a proportionate share of all tax revenue paid by beer drinkers was allocated for road safety research and prevention of alcoholism, we true lovers of the amber fluid might be able to take our draught in peace.

S.N.R.,
Ipswich, Queensland.

LOST PEARL

I was a little stunned to find in a magazine which flies "Entertainment For Men" as its tagline a story that was entitled What Australian Women Seek From Sexual Relations. I read every word, then passed it over for my live-in lady's opinion. While she found only a few similarities between her own likes and dislikes and those of your test cases, her comments shed a great deal of light on our own relationship and it appears that we'll be approaching our love-making quite differently from now on. The sex survey left me with the over-riding conclusion that women are far more complex sexual machines than men, and for that reason almost every lady likes to be treated differently. For instance, my girl confided that she experienced her first orgasm while sliding, legs astraddle, down a pipe at the tender age of 10; but her sister did not reach the same heights till after she was married — and then it was while with someone other than her husband. Perhaps that illustrates that understanding one another's sexual needs is just about the most important factor in any relationship.

Name withheld by request,
Norwood, Sth. Australia

The lesson from this and similar feedback we've had seems to be — just ask *her what turns her on. — Ed.*

EMPTY VESSELS

That fine stack of car stereo players which served as a prop for FM — The New Wave (PLAYBOY, February) is a sound monument to the big advances of auto audio equipment. Sadly, it appears that the car audio industry and vehicle development are heading in different directions. The deployment of internal space as evident in such cars as the Mazda 323, Toyota coupes, VW Golf and Datsun Pulsar is sensible engineering, but it has effectively eliminated most of the shelves, panels and hollow areas which once served as speaker bases. A good sound system is an accepted part

of our comfortable motoring but, unfortunately, far too many designers have given it a small priority rating. At the moment there's this air of self-congratulation around some of the car manufacturers' head offices, but it is obvious that there is at least one design shortcoming that could be rectified. In time, the hi fi industry's move to mini components might provide a long term solution.

L. Grace,
Brisbane

In the meantime, have you tried headphones?—Ed.

EFFEM ALL

Dennis Lingane's look at the FM phenomenon in Australia (PLAYBOY, February) rates as a valuable piece, particularly as a guide to hardware, usage and reception difficulties. But perhaps you guys might look at a follow-up on the actual broadcasters and their product. After a three-month stint in America, where FM radio has radically improved the broadcasting scene, I must say that the Aussie FM-ers are barely scratching the surface. The potential for inventive, diverse and stimulating broadcasting through the FM range is vast. Unfortunately, the commercial FM stations I've listened to in Sydney (and I guess it might be the same in other cities) are sticking far too closely to the AM format to stand as viable alternatives. The ABC's Sydney rock station 2JJJ displays a better grasp of FM scope but lack of opposition hardly provides incentive to do better. A lot of people saw the FM push as the great hope of toppling Molly Meldrum and the AM boys as the dictators of taste; but with the current load of bland blarney clogging up all the FM waves, we're not likely to get much change for our expensive stereo gear.

R.P.,
Concord, NSW

We agree. So far, FM here seems to stand for Fairly Mediocre. — Ed.

LENNON'S DEATH

The tragic slaying of John Lennon by a crazed gunman has ended an era which was part of me. I am a fourth generation Australian in my early 30s, and during my teen years the Beatles were at their zenith. When John Lennon died, a part of me died. The Beatles' influence on the world during the '60s was incalculable. From early 1964 to early 1971 their songs were just so revolutionary, so incredible. One could always decipher the actual songs Lennon had written. I remember vividly, the first release of the Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields Forever single, which many critics, including myself, regarded as the best pop single ever released.Without the Beatles' songs in the '60s, that decade would have been so boring.

It is now so hard to accept the fact that Lennon has gone. People just won't realise that the rock world can't ever again offer the claustrophobic urgency of the conditions in which the Beatles made their most revolutionary music.

My God, why did he have to die, why . . .

Andrew John Edson
Wentworthville, NSW

TEMPTRESS

If I'd been married to Princess Caroline de Monaco and I had been tempted by that scrummy Giannina Facio (PLAYBOY, December), I confess that my own flesh would have been as weak as Philippe Junot's appears to have been. Just about everything that your Giannina revealed in pages 146 to 153 turned me on, but I don't think I have ever seen anything quite so provocative as those pert little tweakers on those oh so desirable breasts. With lovelies like Giannina around, it is little wonder that the Pope has spent a lot of his time lately imploring the faithful to be pure of thought.

I would appreciate it if you took a little trouble to disguise my identity as my wife also believes that a man should look and not lust.

P.B.,
Ridgehaven, Sth Australia

NO EXILE

Are you guys crazy? Anyone who'd let February Playmate Laura Tomei escape to Italy, France, Upper Slobovia or anywhere other than good ole Oz should be certified. Laura, please just stick around; we'd like to see more of you.

N.L.B.,
Dandenong, Victoria

PLAYER'S PLAYER

Your very timely interview with Dennis Lillee (PLAYBOY, February) was delivered to coincide with the closure of the one of the finest innings in Australia's cricket history. The furore caused by the World Series split served only to disguise the overall career performances of such magnificent players as Lillee, Ian Chappell, Ross Edwards, Rod Marsh and company. Contrary to the view of many traditionalists, sport should never be allowed to shackle the individualism of its finest servants. As Dennis Lillee so aptly explained, personality and performance go hand in glove and players of the calibre of Trueman, Miller, Viv Richards and Ian Botham. It was that doyen of commentators John Arlott who wrote of Ian Chappell: "He was, above all, a players' player; his friends were in the dressing room and on the field; and he never got less than maximum effort from them." I'm convinced that only under such a leadership as that provided by Ian Chappell could the true Lillee talent be exposed. Leaner times will come when we'll look back on the Chappell reign and wonder why so much fuss was made over the odd four letter word and a few ruffled egos.

N. V. Sorby,
Gosford, NSW

BACHMANIA

I've joined Ringo as a member of the Bach Fan Club after spotting beautiful Barbara Bach in your February issue. Now, there's a girl with form and name well worth a symphony or two.

G.M.,
Darwin

Apology to Paul Pincus, Melissa White and David Bell-Allen:

In recent Australian PLAYBOYs, letters were published which had been sent to the magazine by a person or persons purporting to be Paul Pincus, Melissa White and David Bell-Allen. These letters were published in good faith by Australian PLAYBOY. The magazine was subsequently contacted by Paul Pincus, Melissa White and David Bell-Allen, medical students residing in Queensland, and advised that none of the three individuals had written the letters concerned. Australian PLAYBOY apologises to Paul Pincus, Melissa White and David Bell-Allen for any hurt, injury or embarrassment which the publication of the hoax letters caused them.

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

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WHO SAID 'MEN SMOKE DRUM'?

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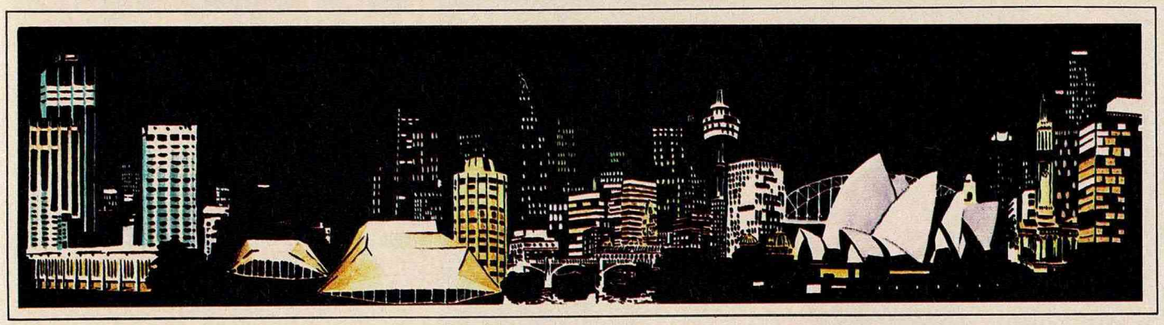
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HOOKED HOOKER

A prostitute described as enjoying her $2000-a-week "practice" in the exclusive Knightsbridge area of London was furious when an iron injection for anaemia discolored one of her most attractive features — her bottom. She sought $50,000 compensation for about six months' loss of earnings, according to an article in *Medical News.* The Medical Defence Union, the medical insurance union for doctors, agreed compensation should be made, but how much?

To back up her $50,000 claim, the prostitute showed them her lavish lifestyle, including expensive apartment, furs, clothing and precious jewels.

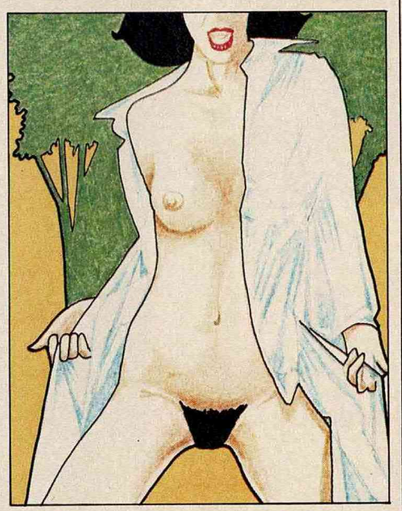
It looked like the compensation to make up for such a privation of income would be enormous — until somebody came up with a brilliant idea. They offered to pay her what she would have earned in six months, based on her previous year's income tax returns. The following week, she received a settlement of a few hundred dollars.

THE NAKED TRUTH

Feeling that the best way to communicate with her fans was to let it all hang out on the air waves, porn movie star Marilyn Chambers doffed her clothes during a recent radio interview with US talk show host Bob Grant. Marilyn remained nude for the entire show, chatting casually with the fully clad Grant. Afterwards, the still naked Marilyn said: "Bob handled it extremely well. I mean some of the other hosts I've done this with couldn't even talk." For his corner, Grant said Marilyn's state of undress had posed no problems. He'd had no trouble keeping his composure except for the few occasions when "my own prurient fantasies took over" — only during the commercial breaks, we hope.

FLASHIONABLE

English women's libbers have been strangely quiet about repeal of a blatantly sexist law governing obscene exposure. The inequality of the law came to light when one young woman decided to flash her female delights for a predominantly male audience in Hyde Park. The constabulary nabbed the box flasher and frogmarched her to the local lockup. However, no charges could be pressed because the archaic law proclaims that exposure can only be considered indecent if the bared body offends, outrages or embarrasses any beholder who is of the female sex.



TEA CUP STORM

The great storm in the Tea Tree Gully debate has finally abated, leaving PLAYBOY high and dry on the pristine shelves of the local public library.

The winds of heated debate entered the council chambers of the northern Adelaide suburb when one of its residents wrote to the local paper complaining of the appearance of PLAYBOY on the shelves of the Tea Tree Gully library. It was followed by a recommendation from the council's social and recreational development committee "that PLAYBOY . , . neither be purchased nor made available to borrowers." Despite an alternative motion from the mayor that the magazines be removed and made available only on request by adults, the recommendation was adopted. And when an Ald Crossing moved an alternative motion on the grounds that the council's place was not to act as censor, the debate immediately moved on to a higher plane.

From the floor of the council chamber to the letters pages of the local and Adelaide press, the literary case raged through its various exchanges, until the anti-PLAYBOY league called a public meeting at the Tea Tree Gully Institute. A "disappointing" turnout was the final word from that quarter and the league's case died a natural death.

So, but where did that leave the library's copies of PLAYBOY? "High up on a shelf," a library spokesperson told us, "so that children can't reach them."

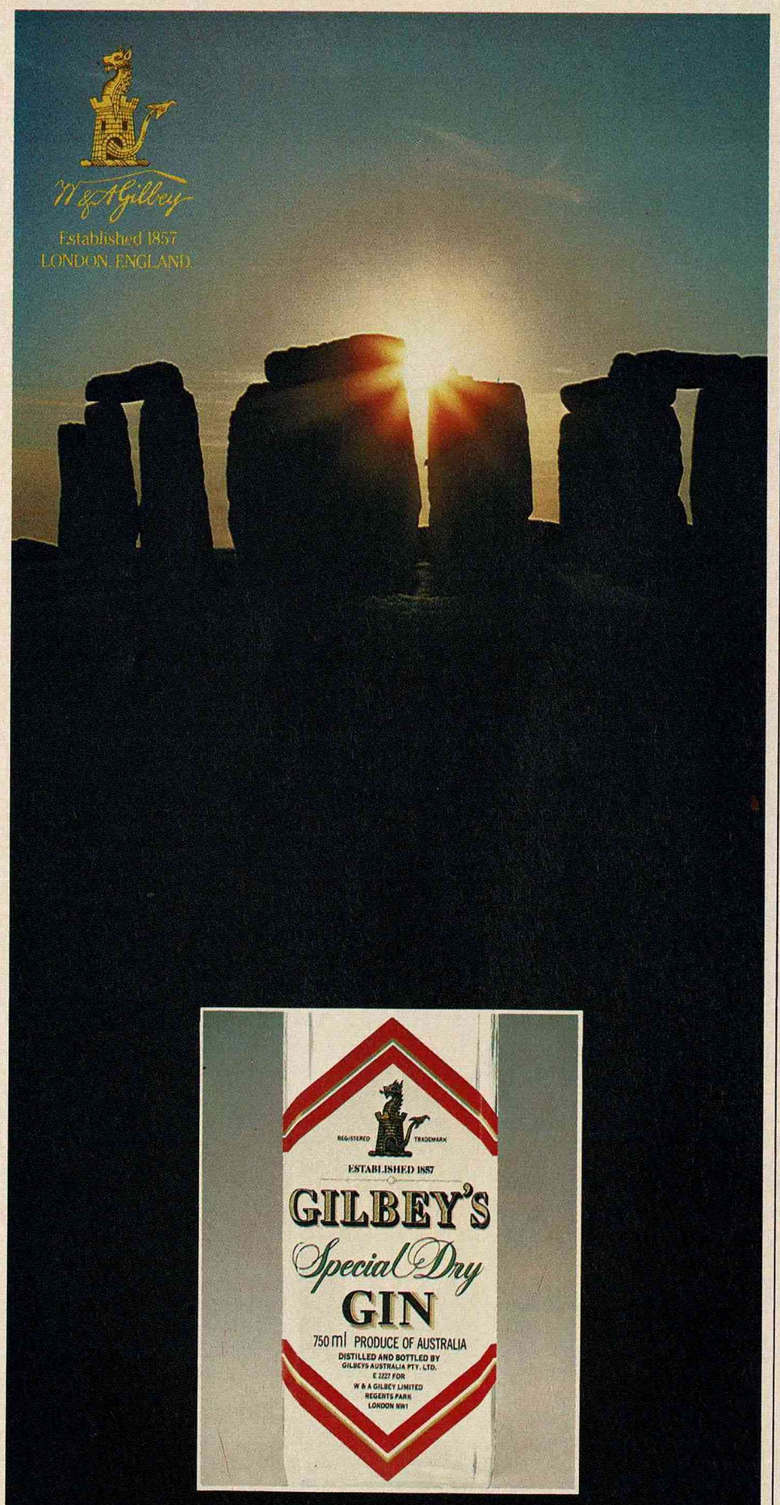
Nor midgets, wheelchair cases or those whose views of life reach a little above the knee height.

BIG LITTLE MAN

When Panama's favorite son, Roberto Duran, called "no mas, no mas" (no more, no more) in the eighth round of his re-match with the Montreal Olympic champion, Sugar Ray Leonard, more than the welterweight crown for boxing changed hands. When the cash register finally stopped, Duran's share of the take amounted to $6.8 million and Leonard received $6 million for the privilege of resuming the title he'd lost to the Panamanian six months before. It all added up to the largest purse in boxing history. And now that Muhammad Ali has reluctantly departed the ring, the 24-year-old Leonard stands unchallenged as the Midas of boxing. In just four years as a professional, Leonard has earned a staggering $24.13 million in prize money as a winner of 27 of his 28 fights.

TENORHORN

Luciano Pavarotti, the Italian tenor Joan Sutherland catapulted into international operatic stardom when she signed him to tour Australia with her back in



Gilbey's Gin.
Part of the English scene since 1857.

AB225/80

GBSP 0042

1963, was discussing life and song with an interviewer for a US magazine when the conversation got around to sex. What about the old notion that tenors are dumb, but make great lovers asked *People's* Sarah Moore-Hall. Said the superweight Pavarotti: "To be a great singer today, to make a voice range that is unnatural sound controlled, you must consult your brain. As for being great lovers, I am not so sure. The wife of one famous tenor says her husband does not make love for two days before a performance and for two days after it. And he gives a performance every four days. She wasn't joking either. That's taking singing too seriously." We agree.

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Civilisations will topple, grasshoppers will flex their knees and disappear into the deep blue yonder and our children will float freer than Peter Pan. This will all come to pass, warns American soothsayer and backyard physicist Darwin Crum, unless we stop wasting one of Earth's most precious resources — gravity. Crum has founded the American Society for the Conservation of Gravity because he fears the consequences of centuries of misuse of our gravity. "Look at Egypt," he says. "It was the flower of civilisation until they started piling up heavy stone blocks to build the pyramids. Now there's nothing but a damned desert." Crum cites the Greek Parthenon and Chicago's Sears Tower as similar, gravity-draining monuments to gods and men. Wonder what Mr Crum would have to say about the Sydney Opera House and its thousands of tonnes of concrete anchors?

GETTING STUFFED LIKE TRIGGER

During the recent public confessional, Roy Rogers, king of the cowboys, said he and his missus, Dale Evans, would like to make a movie comeback. "We're looking for the right script," said the 69-year-old Rogers, "not like the movies they're making today. I wouldn't even have let Trigger watch the kind of films they're turning out." Still the homespun philosopher, Rogers had this to say about his plans for the afterlife: "When I go, I've told Dale to hang me up there with Trigger . . . stuffed and smiling and waving at my fans."

INEQUALITY

Raspy rocker Rod Stewart and his wife Alana would like to add a third child to their brood, but the critical factor is time. As Stewart says: "It only takes me 20 minutes, whereas it takes her nine months."

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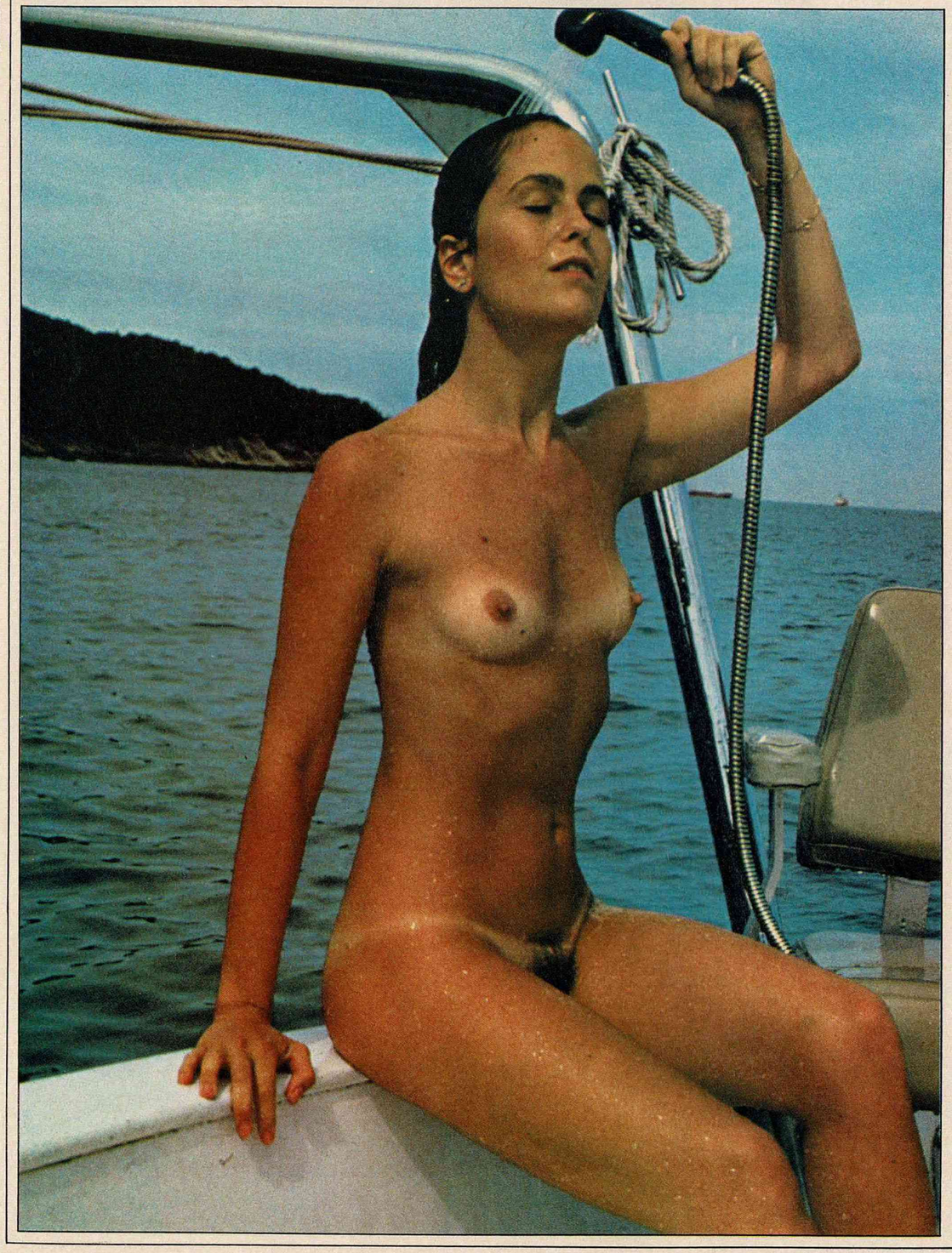
SEE YOUR BANK ABOUT AN OVERSEAS BANKCARD.

LORRAINE

"Making love in the rain is great fun. It's a real turn-on," says Singing Playmate "insane" Lorraine.

DENISE



One of the hottest little numbers out of Brazil since the cha-cha, Denise Dumont gets lots of chances to cool off on her dad's yacht. Budding actress Denise is only 16, but she already has a womanly appeal.

SYLVIA

Germany's Sylvia Frolich loves the morning. She fixes her hair, puts on her pearls, and then creeps back into bed for just a few more minutes of, well, frolicking.

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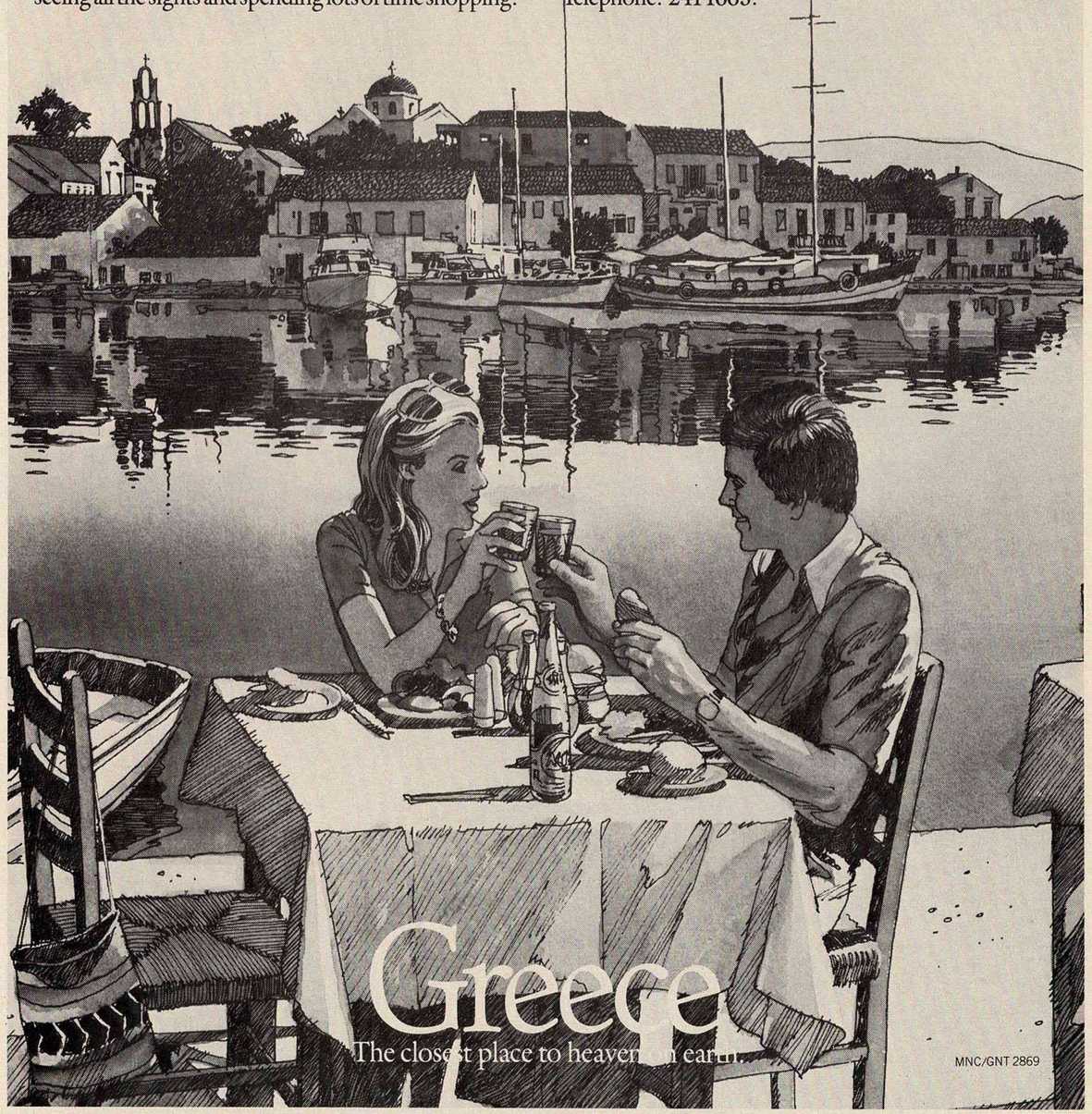


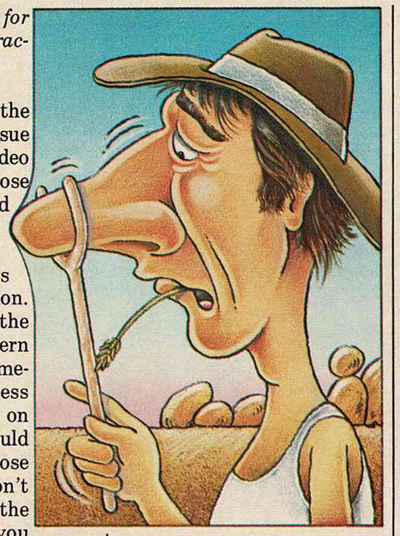
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I lost my virginity at the age of 15. When I let go, I really did it in a big way — I had about nine or 10 guys the first week and really enjoyed it. I kept up a similar rate for about three years but now I wish I'd hung on to my virginity because I've just met a great guy who wants me to be pure. I've resisted telling him about my past, but it's getting tough. A friend told me I'd have to be celibate for seven years before my hymen would regenerate itself. Do you think it's worth that long a wait? — M.N., NSW.

Let's explode this myth. Your hymen (the membrane closing the entrance to the vagina) will not ever grow back, even if you manage to refrain from sex for seven years — something we consider highly unlikely judging from your past history. But if your present gentleman friend is as serious about you as you say you are about him, we doubt he'd abandon you — or even get very upset — just because of the absence of a piece of tissue.

As a good-looking guy who's popular with girls, I have a problem in that I think they're disappointed when they see the size of my penis. I can't understand it, I'm 187cm tall (six foot three), with broad shoulders, but my erect penis just makes 12cm (almost five inches). Is there anything I can do to keep "up" with the rest of my image?—C.S., South Australia.

We notice you say you "think" they're disappointed. In point of fact, a 12cm penis is about average and need not be a cause for concern. What may disappoint them is your sexual approach or your manner when you expose what you believe to be a small phallus. There really is nothing that can be done to increase its size in any case. Surgery can alter its dimensions but this generally involves implanting a plastic prosthesis which would make you erect 24 hours a day. Great for parties but impractical otherwise.



Your feature in the October 1980 issue concerning a rodeo rider who had a "nose job" has aroused my curiosity. I understand that these operations are quite common. However, living in the outback of Northern Queensland somewhat limits my access to information on such matters. I would like to get my nose re-shaped, but don't know much about the procedure. Could you tell me if I could get it done in Brisbane and, if so, how do I go about finding a doctor? — D.C., Queensland.

You certainly could have rhinoplasty performed in Brisbane, as there are numerous plastic surgeons practising in that city, as in all other capitals. Most will be listed in the Medical Practitioners section of the Brisbane Yellow Pages. Alternatively, you could see a general practitioner first and ask him to refer you. While the operation is, these days, quite straightforward, it is still uncomfortable, and not something to be gone into unless you're quite certain that that's what you need. If you're quite certain that the shape of your nose is having an adverse effect on your life, then plastic surgery may well help the way you feel. On the other hand, don't expect miracles — you'll still be the same person.

I am 20 years old, and in the past year have developed an emotional and sexual hangup. I was taken out by a middle-aged man whom I looked upon as a friend even though I had not known him for very long. We went to a nightclub, shared a few drinks, and then he invited me back to his flat to watch some blue movies. I suppose I should have realised what was going on then, but one thing led to another, and I suddenly found that I had allowed myself to engage in a homosexual experience. Since then, I have had "straight" sex with a prostitute, but I find myself very confused and don't know which way to turn. I feel I have been a victim of circumstances, and it is hampering my sex life. Are my reactions normal? Am I gay or bisexual? Does one such experience commit you forever? I have not talked to anyone about the problem because I am too embarrassed. Can you suggest what I should do in order to discover my real self? — G.N. NSW.

All kinds of strange and unexpected things can happen after a few drinks and some blue movies, especially if there is somebody around who is determined to make them happen. Whether they'll admit it or not, most people have the potential for a whole range of sexual responses and, as a 19 year old with very limited experience, you were quite susceptible to being manipulated by someone older. That one experience certainly does not commit you to take any particular path in the future, though it could if you go on agonising about it and considering yourself sexually confused. You say that you are a "victim of circumstances" but you must reject this sort of thinking and regard yourself as your own person, with your own sexual freedom. Make choices according to your own instincts, not those of someone else.

I'm 19 years old, and I've been with my present lover for about a year now. We've been very happy together in the past, but recently things have abruptly changed. I have lost my sexual drive and put on a lot of weight. I have been taking oral contraceptives for three years, and wonder if the Pill might be more of a hindrance than a help. Can you tell me what to do? — F.P., WA.

You need to see a doctor. The oral contraceptive can, in some instances, dull an otherwise healthy sex drive and cause weight gain. We suggest you start investigating other methods of birth control and adjust your eating habits. Don't worry, you'll be fine as soon as the cause of your loss of libido is identified and you receive proper treatment.

Six months ago, I suffered a coronary. I was in good health before this attack and enjoyed a satisfying sex life. I still desire to remain sexually active as my level of desire hasn't altered but I'm afraid of precipitating another attack with any sort of vigorous sexual activity. Any advice? — H.F. NSW.

The treatment of uncomplicated coronary attack is simple: an ongoing program of rest and progressive mobilisation so the patient can return to a normal lifestyle. Sex is no exception. It is a fact that many people enjoy a better sex life after a heart attack because they usually stop smoking, watch their blood pressure, observe a diet, control their weight and engage in a course of regular exercise. This is very often an improvement over the pre-coronary lifestyle because the enhanced fitness

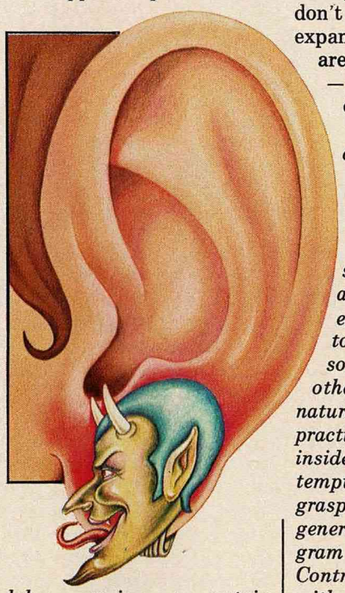
very often allows more vigorous sexual engagements.

My boyfriend and I have been seeing one another for approximately two years. The problem is that, during all that time, I have never been able to have an orgasm when we make love. I can come quite easily when I masturbate or when he touches me in certain places. When we first started having sex I faked orgasms, but the frustration became too much so I told him. He was upset at first, but now doesn't seem to mind. I'm sure it must hurt him though, and it's not doing me much good either. He tries to satisfy me to the fullest, and we have sex at least once a day which I love. Our sex life is beautiful apart from this problem, but it's getting me down. What do you suggest? — D.M., Queensland.

Your letter becomes a little confusing when you say that your sex life is beautiful except for the problem of not being able to reach an orgasm. Warmth and togetherness are just great, but now and again some sparks have got to fly. We wonder exactly what you've been feeling for the past two years if things are really as unstimulating as you write. The fact that you've been able to achieve orgasm by means other than straight intercourse suggests that the two of you must have something going. However, if you were at one stage faking orgasm, it may be that you are still tending to regard his pleasure as more important than your own. You say you have sex at least once a day and enjoy it, but at the same time you say it's getting you down — you're either lying to yourself, or expecting more joy from sex than is probable.

Can you please tell me if it's true that women's ear lobes become aroused during sex? I've nibbled quite a few ear lobes during sexual encounters, but basically that was just because they were there. I never had the impression that it was playing much of a part in the woman's sexual arousal. But recently a mate swore that he'd been with a woman who could come practically on ear stimulation alone. What do you think about this? — K.B., Victoria.

Never underestimate the humble ear lobe. All sexual responses involve an increased volume of blood being pumped to various parts of the body, not just the primary sexual organs. While reactions differ from one woman to another, usually the nipples, lips and ear



lobes receive a certain amount of extra blood. For some women, the effect may be barely discernible, while for others it may be as extreme as in the case your mate reported. It's not a reaction that can be simulated, so nibbling at an indifferent ear lobe will probably produce nothing more than annoyance. Play it by ear.

My doctor told me I've got NSU. Is this a form of VD? — T.G., Queensland.

NSU (non-specific urethritis) is one of the many types of VD we see today. It is called "non-specific" because an organism cannot usually be identified as in gonorrhoea or syphilis. It is contracted initially through sexual contact, but subsequent attacks may not be related with sex. The symptoms usually resemble those of gonorrhoea — a discharge from the urethra with a burning sensation when you pass urine. Conjunctivitis may be an associated feature. The only way to distinguish this from gonorrhoea is to see a doctor who will take a smear and have it examined microscopically. Treatment is relatively simple but recurrences are common.

I love sex and want to make my lovers as happy as I can. Are there any exercises I can do to give me better control of my vaginal muscles? I don't seem to be able to expand and contract that area as much as I'd like — it has a mind of its own. — I.T. Queensland.

There is a fantastic complex of synchronised and co-operating muscles in the pelvic area. They are voluntary muscles and respond to your volitional requirements, but to establish control seems to require practise in some women. But in others, it seems to come naturally. I suggest you practise by inserting a finger inside your vagina and attempting to squeeze and grasp it. It also helps to be generally fit so a daily program of exercise will help. Control will certainly come with regular practise.

After 14 years of marriage, I left my wife and two kids about three months ago. Everything had crumbled, and it seemed the only thing to do. Not wanting to involve family or workmates in the problem, I cried on the shoulder of a mutual friend. I then found that she was crying on my shoulder, as she, too, had been having a lot of trouble with her marriage. We've since become very involved, and have an extremely satisfying sexual relationship. We want to move in together, but there are big problems. For one, though her husband hasn't tried to stop her leaving, he won't let her take their three children. Secondly, if they eventually did come with us, I would be supporting two families, and though I am on a good enough salary to afford this, she worries that the financial burden would affect our relationship. Is there any easy solution to all this? — N.B., Victoria.

Give yourself some time to settle down before you do anything too drastic. Even though you may feel you could support two families in the interest of love, your new lady is much more realistic when she foresees the strain it would place on your relationship. Given a little more time, some of those family complications may sort themselves out, but they won't if you pressure her to come with you right away. Try to maintain that comfort that you have been able to gain from each other, but for the time being, just wait and see.

I am a woman in my mid-20s and recently I've had some very sexual dreams, sometimes with men and sometimes (the part that's really bothering me) with women. I usually fantasise about people I know. I can't tell you how bad I feel when I wake up. Why do I sometimes have sexual dreams that involve women when I'm revolted by it afterward? Even the thought of it being a subconscious desire upsets me terribly. Does it mean that deep down that is what I want? I'm on the verge of going for professional help. Has anyone else ever had this problem? — D.L., NSW.

Relax. Masters and Johnson found that everyone has fantasies about sex with a member of the same gender at one time or another. In other words, we have all had this problem. It is important to realise that it isn't a problem. Dreams and fantasies are not symptoms. View them as an expression of the mind's awareness of possibilities rather than desires.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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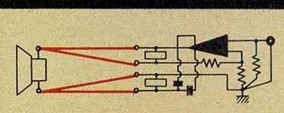

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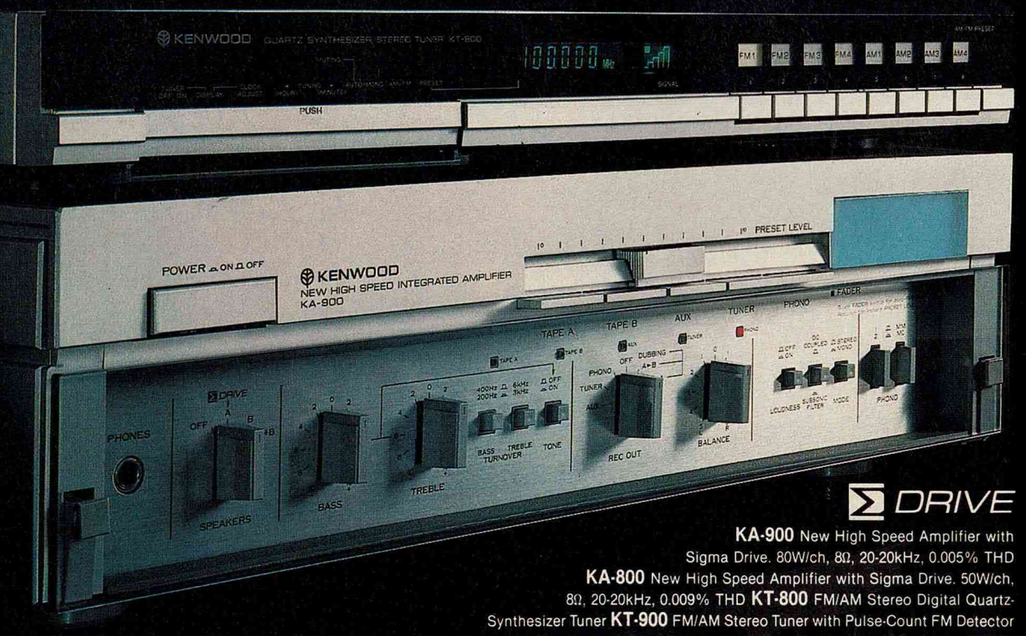

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PIPE SCHEMES

A word of sympathy and advice to all those males including G.G. *(Dear Playboy,* February) who have sought out the fascinating sucking capabilities of the vacuum cleaner as a means of sexual gratification. When I was in England recently I was discussing an article on vacuum cleaner-induced misfortunes when a male nurse acquaintance said he knew of a rubber sex aid which, when lined with lubricant and placed over the vacuum pipe, provided real satisfaction with safety. I don't know if the item is commercially available in Australia, but my informant assures me that it would not be hard to produce a home-made replica from suitable material.

D.L.N.
Sale, Victoria

The old way still seems to us to be both safer and more satisfying. There are some areas, thank God, where the machine will never be able to take over. — Ed.

ZIP SLIP

Your Private Vice (PLAYBOY, February) was a wonderful piece of humor which put me in mind of my own nasty confrontation with a zipper. I had borrowed a friend's dinner suit for a company function and found the trousers were a little tight, a problem which seemed minimal under the weight of fine food and wine. Sadly, it was white wine and tight trousers which conspired to bring me undone (or not quite done up) as I applied too much haste in completing a visit to the bathroom. But, unlike the hero of your story, I did make a savagely successful effort to free myself from the zip and managed to rip a sizeable piece of skin from my penis. But far worse was to come. Through this tiny wound I later contracted a serious infection which caused considerable discomfort and meant my penis was in bandages for quite some time. Needless to say my cue was out of action for a week or two and I had some explaining to do to my girlfriend. Amazingly, she believed my story and we even had some fun as she undertook the duty of dressing my wound.

S.G.R.
Epping, NSW

WHAT'S NEW?

Who says this is the permissive age? While undertaking an adult education course in archaeology recently I was struck by man's continued fascination with the human shape down through all the ages. Even Stone Age man took time off from hunting mammoths to model surprisingly accurate replicas of both male and female genitalia along with many other items important to his simple existence. Almost every civilisation has paid proportionate attention to both male and female form in fashions which some governors of current taste would hastily label as pornographic. It is obvious from the evidence provided by man's art that it is natural for both man and woman to enjoy the sexuality of the human form.

It might be said that, as far as the suppression, of man's natural sexual creativity is concerned, the Victorian era was the true Dark Ages. But, refreshingly, such 20th century events as the appearance of PLAYBOY have served to put man back on a more natural course.

Peter Law
North Melbourne, Victoria

Thanks for giving us part of the credit. It seems you just cannot keep a good human down. — Ed.

VETERANS' RIGHTS

Over the last eight years I've taken a special interest in the sometimes public debate concerning the health, employability and social acceptance of Vietnam veterans, both here and in the US. As a former soldier, I was originally rather sceptical of most of those claims that stemmed from the States, but since then I have had reason to believe otherwise. The Agent Orange issue, a subject which your magazine has given due attention, was a major reason for my change of heart. Before the presentation of the Agent Orange evidence, I'd known of a number of Australian servicemen and Vietnamese people plus US infantrymen who had all suffered from mysterious ills ranging from dizzy spells to the more sinister effects such as bad blood disorders.

The debate on chemicals aside, I've had private reasons for forming a conviction that veterans have faced huge problems in trying to fit back into society. Anyone who has experienced combat conditions knows that any other work appears trivial compared to the monumental responsibility of not just surviving but being called on to kill the enemy. Unless you've been faced with this burden, it is very hard to understand the problems of readjustment to family and working life. Little wonder so many veterans have turned to drugs and violence. I'm convinced that not enough research and compassion, or governmental responsibility, has been brought to bear on the subject. It is not a problem that will go away, because most Vietnam veterans are still in their 30s. Most will continue to live normal lives but there is a small percentage, grossly scarred by their experiences, whose futures have been irrevocably damaged. However, it is not yet too late to undo *some* of the damage, providing the Federal Government tackles the job with enough conviction to exclude a whitewash.

Name withheld
by request
Salisbury,
South Australia

TIN STAR

In his illustration to support your article titled The Beer Facts (PLAYBOY, February), Steve McHugh has promoted the much-flogged association between Australian nationalism and that blue-tinned wonder of the State of Victoria — Foster's Lager. As one of the odd million or so Aussies who prefer to reach the state of Inebria via just about any means other than Foster's brew, I thought that it would have been worthwhile stocking Steve's well-stocked fridge with an alternative — what about a mixture of South Aussie or Tasmanian brews by way of a change? Anything but that over-exposed Foster's bloody lager.

G. Emery
Peakhurst, NSW

SOME LUCKY PAIR IS GOING TO WIN A HOLIDAY IN MANILA.

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TC/81/53 MNC/PLA/2965

What to have with beef.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rosé

Playboy Interview

PAUL HOGAN

the sophisticates' humorist talks with the authentic working class comedian

THE LENS on a TV camera has an awful way of magnifying egos, of turning mediocre people into monsters. There is a countless number of "stars", "personalities", and "celebrities" whose self-regard has been inflated like a zeppelin, filling the studio, the TV magazines and, it would seem, the very heavens. Well, that has never happened with Paul Hogan. It's true that the man has a rock-solid self-confidence. "Hoges" knows how TV works and how to make it work for him. But he's devoid of self-deception and his gift for lampooning extends to, begins with, *himself.*

When Paul and his wife arrived at their new mansion, a building that stands in marked contrast to the fibro cottage of his Harbor Bridge days, they looked at it in stupefaction. You had the feeling they felt like two day-trippers visiting a stately home. "Everything looks right," observed Paul, "except us."

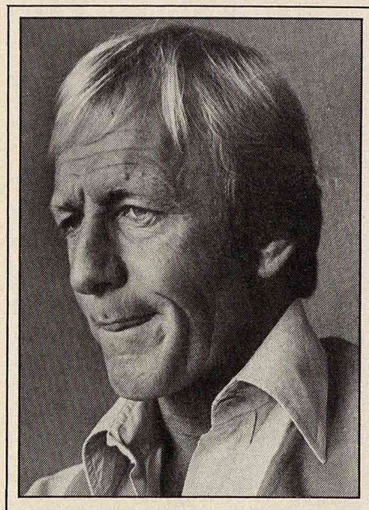
That modest, ironic, one-line joke reveals the essential character of Paul Hogan. He takes his work seriously, but not himself.

And given the scale of his success, his self-deprecation is not only healthy but remarkable. He went from cult figure to national institution in a few short months without any perceptible impact on his hat size. Then he formed a mutual admiration society with a cigarette that put him on to every billboard, milk bar and cinema screen in the country — but still he refused to be turned into a pasteurised personality. Soon the Harbor Bridge was his *symbol, rather than Sydney's (just as Quasimodo took over Notre Dame), and his catch-phrases became part of the language.*

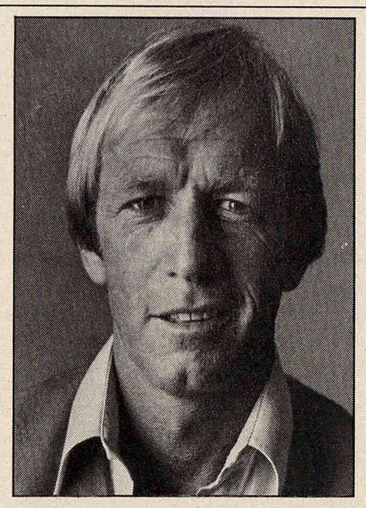
Hogan's success expressed the new nationalism which had already given Australia a gutsy Prime Minister in Gorton and had the country questioning the role of foreign ownership of its industry and resources. Soon the same spirit was to give Whitlam his run, and provide Australia with a vigorous film industry after decades of Hollywood's dominance. She was ready for a home-grown hero. (It was "It's Time" for Hogan as well as for Whitlam.) But historical inevitability is one thing; talent is another.

Hogan's larrikin nonchalance concealed a hard-working professionalism. His critics will be surprised to learn that Hogan's IQ is high enough to qualify for membership in Mensa, that self-regarding club for the near-genius. (Fortunately, Hogan is too intelligent to join it.) It shows in all his best moments — for example, in the breath-taking cheek of his Royal Command performance when he shambled out on the Opera House stage carrying a plastic dust bin. The ultimate democrat, with his like-it-or-lump-it style, Hogan proceeded to chiack Nifty Nev and their majesties in a way that bent, but didn't quite break, the rules. When he gave his famous "thumbs up" gesture, it expressed elegant disregard for the old class systems — while somehow managing to delight the royal party. It was an audacious, beautifully judged and, yes, elegant *performance. People who can't see the class behind his ocker facade are suffering from cultural astigmatism.*

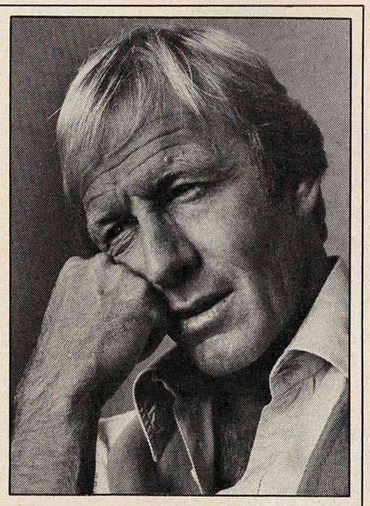
PLAYBOY *sent the philosopher and humorist* ***Phillip Adams*** *out to interview Paul Hogan, and he writes: "As a kid, I once saw George Wallace Jr doing a TV spot, borrowed from his dad's vaudeville days. He arrived home drunk, dragging a dead crayfish on a piece of string. Pulling it across the stage, George kept issuing it with commands 'Down boy!' and that sort of thing. In its way, it was as funny as anything in Monty Python, yet it was recognisably* Australian. *Clearly, Paul belongs to the same tradition, but he has achieved something without precedent. For the first time we've a working class comic who isn't a yokel, someone just to be patronised. Until Hoges, working class comics were the butt of the joke. Now it's the rest of*



"I'm non-party. If you're going to do satire on political things you've got to be. To be genuine, you can't just send up one party's policies. I prefer to . . . bucket 'em all."



"Every pub's got a Hoges in it. He is the wag. He's got 11 jokes and tells them every night when he's half full. Then he jumps the bar and pinches the barmaid on the bum."



"No. I don't need love. I enjoy applause, like everyone else, and I like people to enjoy what I do and everything. But I'm an emotionally cold person, when I think about it."

the world on the receiving end, with Hoges firmly in control. And that's why the western suburbs love him.

"Hogan lives about 30 minutes out from town and about 10 minutes from TCN Channel Nine studios in Sydney. More like a film set than a home, his mansion is perched upon a hilltop overlooking a national park. It's all very grand with its columned portico and malfunctioning fountain. On my arrival, Paul was looking just like his own gardener, the hired help. He was dragging some hoses around what was meant to be a lawn but looked more like a stretch of the Nullarbor. Clearly, gardening is not *one of his talents. But once inside, all the architectural pretensions are forgotten—it's a comfortable place for the Hogan family. Interestingly, the walls aren't littered with autographed photographs of celebrities and the mantelpiece isn't crowded with Logies. (Perhaps they're in the loo, a favorite trick with some TV stars. While implying a certain contempt for the television industry's accolades, they can be quite sure that* everyone *will see them.)*

"Nor was the place crawling with video recorders, large-screen tellies and electronic wonders. There was just one small set in the study. There was no way of telling the owner was in show business — he might have been a scrap metal dealer or a bloke who'd made a few bob from timber.

"Throughout the interview, Hogan was restless, forever getting up and searching the room for a cigarette or a box of matches. It wasn't that he was embarrassed by the cross-examination — instead I got a feeling of pent-up energy. And when I reminded him about the critics who consistently knock him, he was even more *toey, like a boxer ready for a title fight. While dismissing his critics with a claim of indifference his fists were clenched, ready to start dishing out a knuckle sandwich.*

"As the afternoon progressed, Paul became somewhat apologetic, sorry that he wasn't more eccentric, more interesting. Yet that's exactly what makes him such an intriguing bloke — his matter-of-factness, his honesty, his sanity. *Devoid of pretensions, he reminds you of a mate at school, a cousin, a bloke you knew in the Boy Scouts. For there are tens of thousands of 'Hoges' in Australia — you meet one at every party, in every pub. There are Hoges working in coal mines, on farms, driving taxis, giving cheek to sergeants in the Army. He's the sort of bloke who crops up in a poem by Banjo Patterson and in a short story by Henry Lawson. No wonder there was such a shock of recognition when he first said 'G'day' to the camera. If Hoges was any more of an Australian, he'd have a pouch and a dirty great tail."*

PLAYBOY: Paul, most comedians are grotesques. They are either very fat, or they're bulgy-eyed like Marty Feldman, or they're just exotics like Barry Humphries who don't fit their society. Consequently, most started being comedians in schooldays as a defence mechanism. You'd be about the only non-grotesque comedian. So why did you need to be funny?

HOGAN: I didn't need to be. I was never the life of the party. You know, every pub's got a Hoges in it. He is the wag. He's got 11 good jokes and tells them every night when he's half full. Then he jumps the bar and pinches the barmaid on the bum.

PLAYBOY: What about at school?

HOGAN: Um, I was a bit like a bad, cheap con man at school, I think.

PLAYBOY: I don't know a comic who didn't have a need to protect himself.

"If you are looking for any of the normal patterns that go with comedians, you're not going to find any. I've looked often enough."

You weren't picked on? You weren't bullied? None of those things? Well, why *are* you funny?

HOGAN: I don't know, maybe it's not so hard. Maybe comedy has always been the domain of the grotesques so that the ordinary people kept away. Perhaps they've said: "Well, I'm not extraordinarily fat, or extraordinarily tall or short, I haven't got a huge nose so I won't be a comedian."

PLAYBOY: If you weren't the clown, were you the class show-off or the subversive in the classroom?

HOGAN: Yeah, I was a bit of a show-off. Reasonably extroverted. A mug lair.

PLAYBOY: The "mug lair" characters usually aren't very bright. But you did well academically?

HOGAN: Mmm, up to second year or something. Puberty. But then I lost interest. Before I used to get top of the class.

PLAYBOY: That may surprise people, because there's a simple equation that comedian equals idiot.

HOGAN: It is quite often the reverse. You can't play a fool if you are a fool, you can only *be* one.

PLAYBOY: The wisest character in a Shakespearean play was often the Fool. Shakespeare used him to pass commentary on the follies of kings. Sardonic little chaps lolling about, dropping one liners.

HOGAN: I'm probably not a clown in the genuine sense of it. There's an old school mate of mine who said: "I'm not surprised you're in this business. You always did everything different." And I said: "What do you mean?" The only thing he could think of was the way I used to strike matches towards myself.

PLAYBOY: Well, that may well be significant. Do you wear your watch on the inside of your wrist?

HOGAN: There was something else, I had the part of my hair on a different side than everyone else.

PLAYBOY: So you abound with small, harmless perversions?

HOGAN: Look, all those things he was talking about were *unconscious* things. They weren't deliberate. I didn't part my hair in the middle just to be controversial.

PLAYBOY: Were you the lamp for the moths? The guy the other kids went to for entertainment or leadership?

HOGAN: I often had good ideas about what mischief to get up to.

PLAYBOY: Did you come from a long line of bridge-painters or is there an ancient vaudeville tradition in the Hogan family?

HOGAN: No, no. My old man was a professional soldier. And he fancied himself as a singer, but he wasn't much good at it. But he was good-natured and had a sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: So you were dragged up around the army camps?

HOGAN: No, by then the war was over and he was in the army canteens and army supply. Used to come home every night.

PLAYBOY: The first comedians I knew about were the ones I saw at Hoyts' matinees. Abbott and Costello, Laurel and Hardy.

HOGAN: Yeah, the Three Stooges, and that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: All Americans. We didn't have Australian models when we were kids. You wouldn't have seen much of George Wallace or Mo?

HOGAN: I used to hear Mo on the radio.

PLAYBOY: Did you think he was funny?

HOGAN: I can only remember *Strike Me Lucky*. Phil, if you're looking for any of the sort of normal patterns that go with comedians as such, you are not going to find any. Cos I've looked for them often enough. I had no inclination towards comedy or acting or entertainment. None at all.

PLAYBOY: No gift for theatricality?

HOGAN: The nearest I got to it was when I was 14 or 15. I was a pretty good diver and I used to enjoy clown diving. You see they used to have

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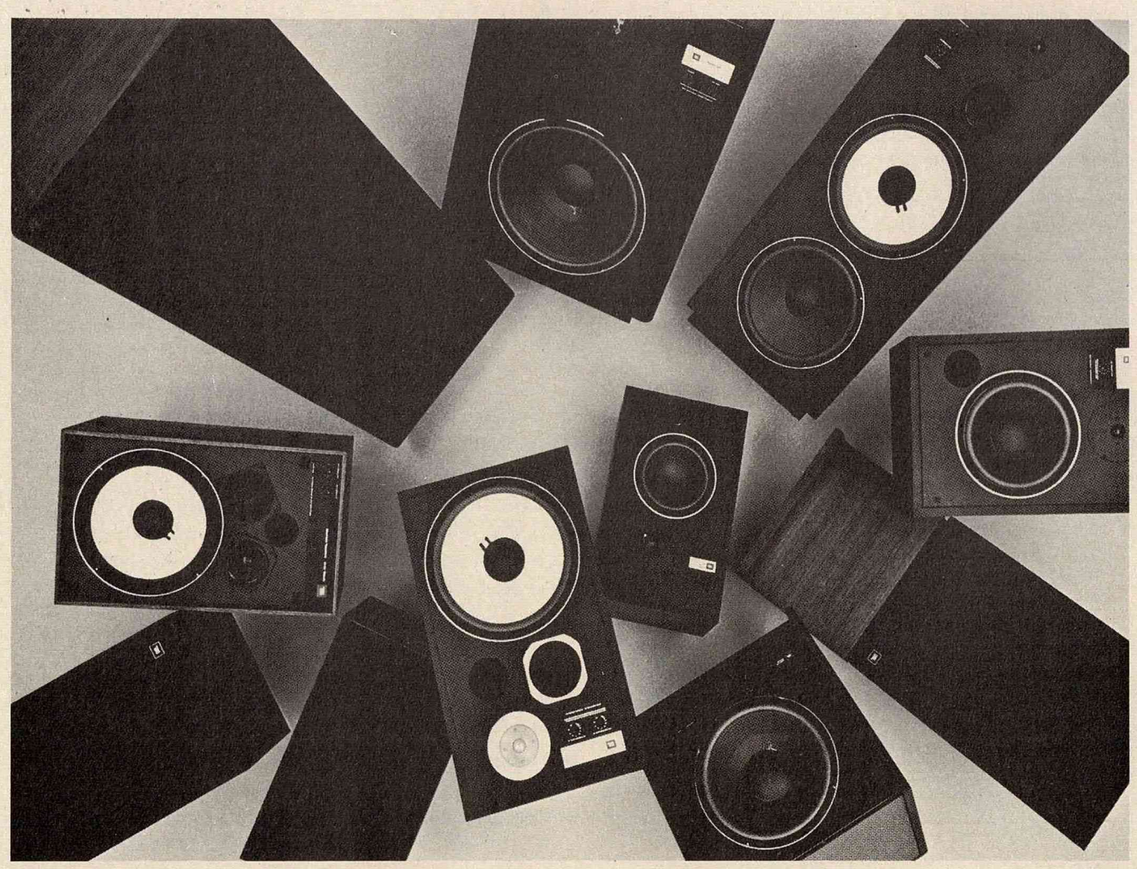

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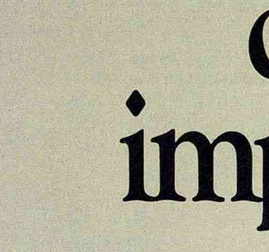

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swimming carnivals and things and I *loved* clown diving. But that was hardly sophisticated. Just landing in uncomfortable positions and getting the laughs.

PLAYBOY: Mind you, that'd be for sexual purposes, a part of the post-pubescent period when you were trying to con the sheilas.

HOGAN: Trying to impress the birds, yeah. "Come down to the baths tonight, here's a free ticket, and watch me clown." But that didn't last long.

PLAYBOY: You have said you did well at school until puberty came along. Did you then lose all interest in study and prefer, say, to chase girls?

HOGAN: I only thought about it later. After school. But at the time I just wanted to get school over, get out and work and, yeah, chase girls.

PLAYBOY: Did you crack it for Nasho (national service)?

HOGAN: Yeah, I was drafted into the Nashos and did a couple of years CMF.

PLAYBOY: You didn't find yourself undermining authority?

HOGAN: I've always been the ready bucket with people.

PLAYBOY: What's that mean?

HOGAN: Oh, y'know, the right line at the right time. Tipping the bucket on to someone or other.

PLAYBOY: The one line throw-away? The way we saw you, say, putting down Frank Hardy on Parkinson? That sort of debunking?

HOGAN: Yeah, that's always sort of come out by itself. Quite often they've gone to grass without acknowledgement. One thing I found, I *did* have a Galahad complex. It was one of these things even from childhood. If they said that "someone should do something about it" I would be the one that *would* do something about it. Someone should bounce a rock off his head, or someone should chop down his tree. So yeah, I'd do that.

PLAYBOY: You would volunteer for active service?

HOGAN: Yeah, I was the knight in shining armor and quite often made a hash of it. But I'd charge in.

PLAYBOY: And that's how your macho version of the Cinderella story began — accepting a challenge to go on the *New Faces* program?

HOGAN: Yeah, we were all sitting around saying: "Isn't it disgusting. There's never an Australian on TV." Or: "It's an embarrassing show and someone should go on and take the mickey out of those talent judges sitting up there, running down these people and being no better at it themselves." Sort of morning smoko chat that went around in circles.

PLAYBOY: The difference is that most people say they'll have a go, but very few people actually do. And of those who do, a negligible number succeed. Were you confident it would come off when you rang for an audition?

HOGAN: I didn't even do that. You see, I knew someone who was a singer who was trying to get on. So I wrote this letter that I was a knife-throwing former trapeze artist, now working as a shearer and, um, y'know, a really colorful background I gave myself, really very grotesque.

PLAYBOY: What *did* you do that first night on TV?

HOGAN: It was just rubbish.

PLAYBOY: You had nothing to lose?

HOGAN: Nothing. I couldn't have cared less, I only wanted to go on and take the mickey out of some of the judges.

PLAYBOY: Just going on was a sort of victory for you?

HOGAN: Yeah, that's right, being on and sending them up.

PLAYBOY: What did the judges make of you. Who were they, incidentally?

HOGAN: The first of them I don't remember. But there were heats and

"I've always worked on the principle that I make this show to be funny in Australia. If it's not funny anywhere else . . . I don't care."

semi-finals and that sort of thing. One of the judges was John Laws. He wasn't sure what it was all about.

PLAYBOY: John takes himself terribly seriously. Perhaps he felt threatened?

HOGAN: Well, they *all* used to take themselves terribly seriously, that was the attraction of it. And I'll have a laugh up my sleeve, I'll sit there and look like I'm listening to their advice but I've gone on and done just what I felt like doing and nothing that anybody says is going to make any difference to my life. I mean, there were these poor 14-year-old kids who had been having tap dancing lessons since they were three. They were on there and they were getting gongs and bursting into tears.

PLAYBOY: Your strength has been that you've never taken it seriously, and you still don't. There's a chance you can crack it for America, but I don't think you'd worry if you didn't?

HOGAN: No, I've got nothing to lose. From today on, I've got nothing to lose. If I'm a complete failure in America, England and Thailand and Japan, it doesn't matter. I've been making first-hand comedy shows for Australia since I got in it. Because all we ever had was second-hand stuff here. We had our Benny Hills, Dick Emerys and your *On The Buses,* shows made for other people. So I've always worked on the principle that I make *this* show to be funny in *Australia* and if it's not funny anywhere else in the world, I don't care. Cos it's made first-hand here. If people don't know where Toongabbie is, or they don't understand what a floater is, or anything else, well that doesn't matter. Too bad.

PLAYBOY: Had you ever seen Barry Humphries work?

HOGAN: No, not when I went on I hadn't. I had heard of him, but he wasn't on television. I didn't go to the theatres in those days.

PLAYBOY: Barry aimed at a different audience than you. He built upon his cult following whereas you went straight for the great heartland of the western suburbs.

HOGAN: Yep, I have seen Barry Humphries since, of course, but I don't think I ever went to the theatre then, and he wasn't on television so I had heard of him. but I didn't know what he did.

PLAYBOY: Barry acknowledges that real fame in Australia is a function of television, that you could spend your life time as the biggest draw in live theatre and not get recognised in the city streets.

HOGAN: Yeah, but television is a lot hungrier. I think, to a certain extent you've got to work a bit harder.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps. Barry once said to me that a performer in the great days of the music hall would sing just one song for his entire career. Or have one routine which he did forever. (Rather like your feller in the pub with his 11 changeless jokes.)

HOGAN: Yeah, if I put together a live act for a club or concert, as I've done, I could use it 40 or 50 times without changing a line. I won't because I'm not that way inclined. But the normal pattern is to use it without change for about two years. You see guys who won't change the gag till the next time they go back to St George Leagues.

PLAYBOY: I first noticed you on Mike Willesee. I remember turning on and you had a crazy billy-cart airplane.

HOGAN: Yeah, we'd find a prop, that's the way it used to work.

PLAYBOY: The prop would come first?

HOGAN: Yep, there's a prop, use it.

PLAYBOY: I was stunned by you. I just sat there and knew instantly that something very important was going on. The accent was part of it. You know, we've got to explain to the Americans and British how we never heard our accent on Australian TV?

HOGAN: Well I got a bit of a shock when I first heard my own voice on

television. I'd never sang at a tape recorder or done anything like that. I thought, I don't talk like that, do I?

PLAYBOY: Yet you didn't try and hide it — or overlay it with up-market vowels and consonants.

HOGAN: All the radio people on the pop stations had crappy American accents, and all the non-pop stations had mid-Atlantic voices.

PLAYBOY: That pissed you off as much as it did me?

HOGAN: All the newsreaders spoke like Roger Climpson.

PLAYBOY: Paul, you talk about Hoges in the third person. There's you, Paul, and this character Hoges. What are the differences between the character and the man?

HOGAN: Oh, Hoges is larger than life. He is more of an extrovert. If I was really Hoges I'd be broke now because he'd have the purple Rolls Royce and he would be out at the races today, wherever they were on.

PLAYBOY: So you stand back a distance from him?

HOGAN: I was a lot more like Hoges, say, at 17, cos Hoges never grew up anyway. I mean, Hoges is, (I dunno what age he is) I think he is still about 19 in the head.

PLAYBOY: It must be very useful to have a public persona that's different from you. When I was going around with Humphries promoting Barry McKenzie, he'd be at the point of total exhaustion because of idiot questions from journalists. Barry would be pissed off, drained, bitchy. Just about unconscious. But at any second Edna could rise from him like a Phoenix. I could always get Edna to respond as if she had a separate life. Remember that old Danny Kaye film where the doll took over from the ventriloquist? Has Hoges ever consumed you? Do you ever resent him?

HOGAN: No, no. There is not the difference between Edna and Barry Humphries and, say, Alf Garnett and Warren Mitchell as there is between me and Hoges. Course y'know, when I'm in a real good mood or half full then I'm Hoges. Almost.

PLAYBOY: It has always intrigued me to hear you sitting talking about Hoges, not only as someone distant but also as a commodity.

HOGAN: Yeah, cos I do often think of it as . . . not quite a ventriloquist dummy but . . . there's what *I* am and what *Hoges* is. And I'm not the same as Hoges, I don't think. Because he's *up* all the time, he's inhuman. I quite like him because he's a loudmouth, he's a know-all, he's never stumped, he's never down, he's never beaten. Yeah, that's the other thing I like about him. The traditional comic is the Norman Wisdom, the loser, the little man, the sad guy who gets a pie in the face. If you ever watch Hoges he doesn't get the pies in the face or get trodden all over or anything.

PLAYBOY: He's a winner.

HOGAN: And so many people told me that was wrong when I started doing it. But I thought no, no you're not wrong, *they're* wrong. He doesn't have to be a loser.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to the idea of Hoges as a winner. Hoges actually gets on top of things.

HOGAN: Even if he doesn't, in his own mind he does. Like he goes into a restaurant or somewhere like that, he makes a complete ass of himself, but he struts out of there with his elbows back and his head up and he says, "well, I taught these fellers a thing or two." No way does he ever slink out embarrassed and say, "well, I was wrong, I made a fool of myself."

PLAYBOY: His ignorance protects him?

HOGAN: Yeah, yeah, exactly. Everyone might think, y'know, what an arse he was, he humiliated everybody. But Hoges doesn't, he thinks well, jeez, I'm a nice feller. They're all glad to see me. I'll be back next week.

"The only sort of law that Hogan ever lived by was, if you have a go you can do it. And if you can't, well, it doesn't matter."

PLAYBOY: You, in fact, speak for the downtrodden minority, the ordinary Australian bloke, who *never* had his due. For instance, look at the working class. They didn't exist on television, except as clowns, except as the joke figures for the viewers.

HOGAN: He was the thick head. He was the butt of the joke.

PLAYBOY: It's exactly the same as in the English class system. The working class figure was usually the idiot. Then along came Hogan who not only said "g'day", and thus gave shock therapy to a nation, but he was the apotheosis of the working man. Now the working man could be a hero.

HOGAN: Well, he could do it, if he had a go, he could do it! That was the only sort of law that Hogan ever lived by, and that was "if you have a go, you can do it". And if you can't, well, it doesn't matter.

PLAYBOY: The affection you got, the loyalty you got, was extraordinary.

HOGAN: Remember how Australians in London all turned into little Chips Raffertys with a big chip on their shoulder? And they all said: "We're Australian and if you don't like it you can lump it, and if you lump it I'll thump ya."

PLAYBOY: Do you remember when half the kids in Australia did Blue Bottle voices from *The Goon Show?* All of a sudden I heard dozens and dozens of Australian blokes echoing Hogan. As surely as half of the girls in France echoed Brigitte Bardot. Local kids had a new model and as a result of that you became a celebrity of an order of magnitude that Australia really hadn't seen since Graham Kennedy. But Graham had never spoken for the ordinary bloke.

HOGAN: Well, see, Graham was never one of the people. Graham was born in the back of the television set. I, as most people, never pictured Graham going to school, Graham playing football, Graham tearing around the streets on a push bike.

PLAYBOY: Graham was the authentic television celebrity.

HOGAN: Graham was Australia's *first* television celebrity and he was good at it. And what he did was always to address the viewer. When you watch Graham Kennedy on a show, without being aware of it, he talks first to you at home and secondly to the galahs in the studio. You, as a home viewer, should have the best seat in the house. To me the important person is the one at home in the lounge room.

PLAYBOY: So you followed Graham in that regard?

HOGAN: I did without even knowing I was doing it. I didn't know Graham did it either. I was 30 years of age before I thought about the bloody television, media, entertainment, or whatever, like that. I watched, as a viewer. An unadulterated viewer.

PLAYBOY: You're the male Cinderella story. You did it, so you're a symbol for all of them. America runs this propaganda line that anyone from a log cabin can be President. (Mind you, only one bloke has ever made it.) Australian blokes are grateful to you for showing you that they can make it.

HOGAN: Yeah, and the nicest thing about it is that people don't turn on you, don't want to chop you down. When I did the last show down in Melbourne I was staying at the Southern Cross and I was trying to get this rent-a-car into this spot, and there was a Rolls Royce there. And the parking attendant guy said: "I suppose you've got one of these at home have you Hoges, the Rolls Royce," and I said "Two mate!" And he said: "Good on ya." He meant it.

PLAYBOY: No malice, no jealousy?

HOGAN: His face beamed, and he was really pleased and could not wait to

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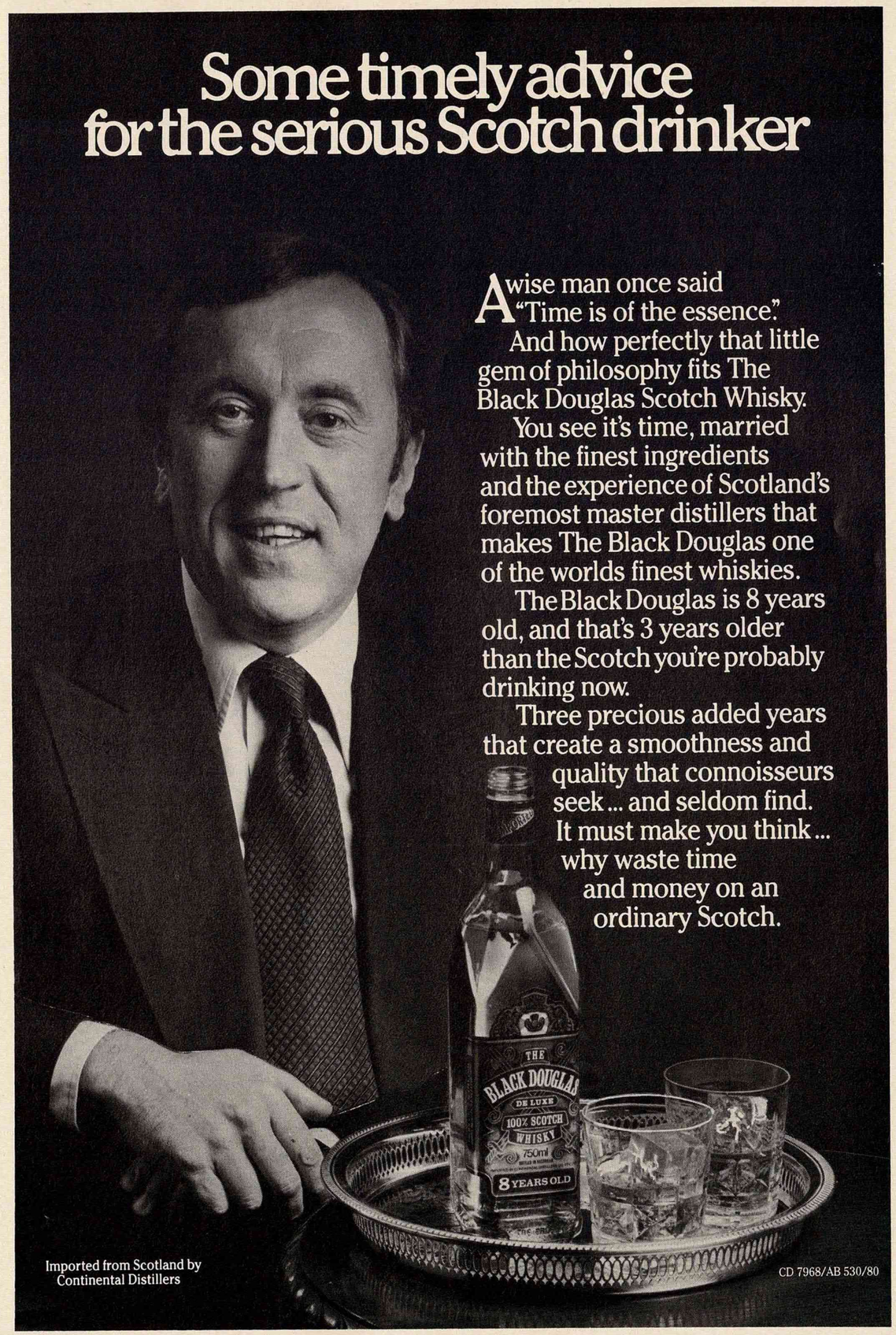

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tell everyone that Hoges has got two Rolls Royces.

PLAYBOY: The difference is that your success is his success too. Graham Kennedy's success is his own.

HOGAN: Mind you, if you're up there long enough and just talk about your *seven* Rolls Royces, you will only aggravate people.

PLAYBOY: I once wrote an article which had you leading a political movement. I had Hoges a sort of fascist figure and wasn't entirely joking. There was a moment when you could almost have done it?

HOGAN: Yes, we could have done "Hoges for PM" in 1975 probably.

PLAYBOY: And brought it off?

HOGAN: That was the time when the nationalistic wave was at its peak.

PLAYBOY: Yes.

HOGAN: And Gough was up there on the board.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been interested in politics?

HOGAN: A little, yeah. Before I left the bridge I was a union organiser, I was a rep on the bridge and then I went into the Ironworkers' Union as an organiser to handle a particular case or two, and then they said to me: "You've got a great future in the union movement." And so they made me an organiser. You had to be elected an organiser when someone retired or died, so I went into their slot which was good for about eight months. I used to go around and settle disputes so I could see myself being national secretary in six months. Bringing industrial peace to the land and all that sort of thing. But I was virtually a debt collector. They sent me to all the bad shops where people wouldn't pay and stuff like that. It was a drag, I didn't like being a debt collector. So I went back on to the bridge.

PLAYBOY: I don't remember you singing in the *It's Time* chorus?

HOGAN: No, I had a great thing there. I was approached by Gough, or was it Billy Snedden or Billy McMahon? I was approached by the Liberal Party and the Labor Party in the same year and I called this press conference. I explained that I must remain a political eunuch out of fairness to the people, did a big rave, just capitalised on it, but never endorsed anyone.

PLAYBOY: What about your present politics. Would you talk about them?

HOGAN: No, I'm non-party. If you're going to do satire on political things you've got to be. To be genuine. You can't just send up one party's policies. I prefer to sort of sit on the fence and bucket 'em all.

PLAYBOY: Okay . . .

HOGAN: But if there is one thing that worries me then it is, if I've got a pet hate then it is the increase in violence, ratbags taking a potshot. It's all right to lampoon people, to send them up, but not violence.

PLAYBOY: Towards politicians?

HOGAN: Yes, bombs and that sort of thing. With a Fraser or a Gough you can talk about them as much as you like, but not throwing things.

PLAYBOY: It happens in America more than here.

HOGAN: Yeah, but I think it is starting to creep in.

PLAYBOY: Do you like politicians?

HOGAN: No, but I don't hate them. It's a lousy job. You get the blame for just about everything.

PLAYBOY: Who would be your favorite politician as an individual?

HOGAN: Billy McMahon. Because he's so good to send up.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of Hawke?

HOGAN: I like any of them that are doing something.

PLAYBOY: Malcom Fraser?

HOGAN: Malcolm, yes. I like any of them that are doing something that I can send up. What I don't like are those that don't do anything.

"Hoges hasn't got any malice in him. He's never nasty. He sends people up rather than put them down, like a Makin, or Gunston."

PLAYBOY: Neville Wran?

HOGAN: Yeah. I like him.

PLAYBOY: Andrew Peacock?

HOGAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What about Bill Hayden?

HOGAN: No, I'm not too keen on Bill.

PLAYBOY: He's hard to send up?

HOGAN: Al Grassby, or John Gorton or Gough Whitlam. They're always doing something.

PLAYBOY: Most performers go through a stage of paranoia. Did you ever find sanity slipping away? Were there moments when you were really losing your grip?

HOGAN: No, no never.

PLAYBOY: Honestly?

HOGAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: No dark nights of the soul when you started thinking . . ?

HOGAN: Because of what you said, like Cinderella. I do not think that anyone, anywhere in the world of show business has gone into it cold out of the lounge room like, at 30 years of age. You know, like they've been in the high school play, or they've even rehearsed in front of a mirror or they've all done *something.* I don't think anyone has ever gone from working on the Sydney Harbor Bridge, living at Treloar, having no inclination whatsoever to be an entertainer in any way, shape or form and then looked at something and said: "Jeez, I'll take the mickey out of that!" and then gone and done it and suddenly found it's worked for them. I don't think it's ever happened to anyone before. I've had too long a grounding, of having the backside out of my pants, not to be realistic.

PLAYBOY: And one day it could all come unstuck. Would that worry you?

HOGAN: No. Well, it certainly won't now. It might have worried me a couple of years ago.

PLAYBOY: Mind you, Australians are incredibly loyal.

HOGAN: Yeah, if you are trying hard enough. I was looking at a 1974 show the other night and we just threw it out. I mean, there was money in it if we put it back on the air. But we just threw it out because it wasn't good enough. What I was doing in 1974 is not good enough compared with now.

PLAYBOY: I have a great respect for Graham Kennedy. He's an authentic genius. But Graham's failure (until recently, when he decided to get into movies) was that he tended to do the same, year over and over again, from a lack of courage. You remember I wanted you to do *Don's Party.* If ever there was a part that was written for you it was Cooley. But you wouldn't do it. Now, at the time you talked to me about *two* Hoges, you admitted that there was another Hoges, a malevolent, nasty, unpleasant Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of Hoges. Have you still got to keep him under control?

HOGAN: No, Hoges hasn't got any malice in him. He's never nasty. He sends people up rather than put them down, like a Paul Makin, or Norman Gunston. Sometimes they do really hurt people. Sometimes I write stuff for Hoges and it comes out pretty cruel, but in the last minute . . .

PLAYBOY: You soften the material when you perform?

HOGAN: Yeah, I soften it in the performance, or drop it out. Because everyone's got a nasty side to them.

PLAYBOY: Well, I think that at the time you thought that Cooley was an unpleasant character, and you didn't want to be unpleasant.

HOGAN: Yeah, but he wasn't good enough as an unpleasant character. I mean, if you are going to do it, do it! And do it right! The lines that will sort of just chop people's legs out from under them when they're being a real pain in the neck in a public place or somewhere or other like that. Just give 'em that heavy bucket.

PLAYBOY: Why is it that I've been unable to get you to appear in any feature films at all?

HOGAN: I just haven't seen one that appeals to me. I've looked at 40 scripts, but none of 'em have been what I wanted to do. See, I've been spoilt, mate.

PLAYBOY: You have what's wanted?

HOGAN: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: I'm not suggesting that making features would be a crowning achievement. But it would be a *broadening* achievement. It could give you a new audience. You might crack the arties and elites, who look down on Hoges as an ugly Australian. There's a lot of aggro about Hogan.

HOGAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: I'm sorry, about *Hoges.* And some about Hogan.

HOGAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: The reviews of your show around Australia have been full of venom. When it happens, does it hurt?

HOGAN: Never hurt.

PLAYBOY: Promise?

HOGAN: Yeah, cos I knew most of the people who wrote it. Y'know, sooner or later you get to meet all of the journalists and when you know 'em, and you know what they are, they can't get through to you. I'd need to have a lot of respect for their judgement and ability.

PLAYBOY: Come off it. The performer's need for applause is a need for love.

HOGAN: No. I don't need love. I enjoy applause, like everyone else, and I like people to enjoy what I do and everything. But I'm an emotionally cold person when I think about it.

PLAYBOY: I've never thought of you as being chilly.

HOGAN: You ask my wife. My only passion is anger, she reckons. I get annoyed, but I don't get hurt. I get annoyed if people rubbish me for the wrong reasons. If someone says: "I watched Hogan's television show and he's not funny, he doesn't make me laugh," you might as well hand me a glass of water. It has no effect on me because I can understand that. I can watch Bob Hope on television and he doesn't make me laugh. But I'm sure he's not going to kill himself over it because humor is such a personal thing. I had to learn that lesson very early in the game.

PLAYBOY: What *does* make you angry?

HOGAN: Oh, people who don't know what they're talking about, who maybe put you down for the wrong reasons. They have got a guy who writes *Square Eye* in the *Mirror,* and he's only missed one show. He's been running down everything I do. Hogan can do nothing right. I mean, the production and everything else is shocking. Occasionally the guests on are okay, but everything that I have anything to do with is just grotesque as far as he's concerned. And it's always been the way, no matter what the show is like. He never fails to review 'em.

PLAYBOY: One of the ways you cope and protect yourself is with privacy. Take your relationship with John Cornell. You spent a lot of time as a duo. You never sought other writers?

HOGAN: Oh, we did for a time but . . .

PLAYBOY: Didn't work?

HOGAN: No, no. It still comes back to me writing the bloody thing.

PLAYBOY: So it was efficiency, rather than self-defence?

HOGAN: Yeah, well it was a need. It was easy to accept sketches from people who would work on *The Naked Vicar Show* and then you would become *The Naked Vicar Show.* Ours was a distinct personality show with someone's point of view and it sort of came back down to me writing it. That's what I started out doing on *A Current Affair* with Mike Willesee. It wasn't an actor with little lines, or using Willesee's lines or anything else. It was that point of view that made the impact.

"I never wanted to be subject to anyone's whims . . . I'm doing a TV show. I want to be able to have complete control of it."

PLAYBOY: Do you have a heavy social life? Get out often?

HOGAN: No.

PLAYBOY: You seem to retreat to the castle and pull up the draw-bridge?

HOGAN: Yeah, I like to, but I'm not a hermit. I'm quite happy with my own company quite often.

PLAYBOY: You *do* go to parties?

HOGAN: Yeah, not many, not as many as I'd like to, but I like to go out and have a drink and a chat and a nag.

PLAYBOY: Have you kept your mates from the past?

HOGAN: Um, only two of them.

PLAYBOY: That's enough?

HOGAN: Yeah, well, the rest were acquaintances. Yeah, I have moved suburbs that many times that you lose touch with people who are your neighbors, or your work mates. You change your job or you change your suburb. You lose touch with them.

PLAYBOY: But there's some continuity with the past?

HOGAN: Not much, see, even a couple of mates I had on the bridge, um, or one of 'em, now has got a country pub. So I don't see him. Only on the phone. And I had another couple of mates I used to play football with, but we don't play football any more and they live in another suburb..

PLAYBOY: I've watched the process of celebrity destroy so many people. People I've known and liked a lot. And I've seen them lose their stability. They start living on image rather than reality. It really is a Mephistophelean contract. Y'know, you sign a contract with the devil and exchange fame and lots of money for a sort of madness. Television is full of the most terrible, tragic, wounded people.

HOGAN: That's right, but I feel sorry sometimes for the poor buggers on *The Young Doctors,* or *The Restless Years.* Or *96.* People with household names, "stars" overnight. And they were getting about 300 bucks a week for God's sake! And there's *nothing* for them afterwards. They were all expected to front up at Roselands and get around in Rolls Royces and they were getting less money than the guys behind the camera. Then, after a year or something, it was all over. They had the embarrassment of still being a household face, but they're working in a supermarket.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to privacy — to Paul and John.

HOGAN: If there was this closed situation, it was a matter of control. I have never wanted to be subject to anyone's interests or whims or moods, or whatever. I'm doing a TV show, a public thing. I want to be able to have complete control of it.

PLAYBOY: Who do you admire among new comics that have come along? Grahame Bond was a contemporary.

HOGAN: Well, he was before me actually. So was Garry. I don't think we've got too much comedy. If you compare it with England, they've got so many. They got their bloody Dick Emerys and their Benny Hills and their Erik Sykes and the *Monty Python* crowd, and John Cleese's *Fawlty Towers,* and what spun off from there or whatever. And they've got all those sick con people, their *On The Buses,* and they've got their stand-up comics.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan much ahead? Are you thinking about next year? The year after that?

HOGAN: No, I don't. No.

PLAYBOY: What's your process. How do you pick up ideas for television? Do you go to the dentist and you then think, my God, there's a lot happening here that's comic?

HOGAN: Yeah, everyday happenings, on television or in the newspapers.

PLAYBOY: These are two mainstreams of the everyday happenings, which

everyone enjoys. I wrote a thing once just about going through a drawer full of old bus tickets and buggered credit cards, with a butter menthol covered with fluff. You can get an article or sketch out of a thing as simple as that.

HOGAN: Yeah, like in the last show, I did a thing on the making of a nostalgia sandwich. The sandwich you made when you were six years of age. I know from feedback that the vast majority of people identify with it, especially anyone with kids in the family. They go out and they look in their fridge, and there'll be one pint of milk in there evenly distributed throughout nine bottles, plus they've got the butter with Vegemite wiped all around the side of it. I can go out there now and look in the fridge and there'll be a Vegemite jar mixed with butter.

PLAYBOY: And there is a great feeling of warmth with the audiences.

HOGAN: It's like Glad Wrap. You used to have a bit of salmon left for the garbage tin. Now you wrap it in Glad Wrap, put in the fridge for two weeks and *then* throw it in the garbage tin.

PLAYBOY: That's progress. Your other thing is the hyperbole. You'll take something that's happening in public affairs and just exaggerate it to the power of 10. Which do you like doing the best? The sort of human comedy or the inhuman comedy? In other words, human versus satire. Do you prefer humor with all its warmth or satire with its ability to beat out a politician's brains?

HOGAN: Oh, y'know, I like to mix 'em up. Probably humor. When I work live I do more humor, more in that vein of association comedy. I talk about the problems when you are a teenager, the problems of every-day life.

PLAYBOY: I think that it bites deeper. You get bigger laughs off satire. People don't roar with laughter at a gentle humorous piece. But they feel it more deeply.

HOGAN: Yeah, they remember it the next day.

PLAYBOY: To explore what's inside the fridge, or inside the kitchen drawer, requires a higher level of artistry.

HOGAN: Oh yeah, there is more satisfaction from doing that, from actually sitting down and making something out of your everyday life and looking for the funny part of it and then presenting it to people and having them see it too. It's how you put it together, and so there's more satisfaction in that than say doing a *Hawaii Five-O* produced and directed by Benny Hill, like the last show I did, which was all slapstick and some color and movement thrown in.

PLAYBOY: Of the other characters you've developed, whom do you enjoy the most? Which is the one that gives you the most fun?

HOGAN: My "Life. Be In It" bloke, at the moment. He's only just come in it on the last two shows.

PLAYBOY: He's the lampoon of my Norm, is he?

HOGAN: No, he's based on a real guy that I used to work with. Your Norm is sort of based on him.

PLAYBOY: I rarely read other people's comedy. Do you?

HOGAN: I don't read much at all.

PLAYBOY: Spike Milligan told me once that he's never interested in other people's comedy. He didn't want to know, 'cos it might corrode his sense of individuality.

HOGAN: I wouldn't say I avoid it. I do a shot-gun sort of television show, as I think you must if you want to be on at prime time and rate fat figures. You can't do your own narrow sort of definitive area. That's why Barry Humphries does not work often on television. He does Edna, and y'know, so he does Edna for an hour, and then he does Edna for another hour, and that's it. You've seen enough of Edna. If I did a one-hour television show you might get 15 minutes of Hoges, then me doing an impression of Tony Barber or John Laws, directed by Benny Hill. You know, the Australian sense of humor now, of anyone under 30, is broader than probably any other country in the world. Because all the kids under 30 have been brought up on American *and* Australian television, and they like to laugh at Alf, and *On The Buses,* and they laugh at Archie Bunker. So you've got this rounded, cosmopolitan sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: Yet you are very much a gung-ho nationalist?

HOGAN: Yeah I send it up, but I don't put it down. Did you see Willesee's Paul Makin? I used to squirm with embarrassment every time Willesee would give the big grin of approval to what he did. He used to do that when I was on sending up Gough Whitlam, but this Makin was putting down a one-legged pensioner or something. I mean, he used to take a retarded aboriginal amputee and cut him down to size. And that was humor? And Willesee used to give his approval. And it used to make me squirm that this guy was my replacement, and he was doing better than me according to Mike Willesee.

PLAYBOY: Mike has never been well known for his sense of humor. Paul, I reckon humor is the most serious of businesses. The bloke who can make somebody laugh is doing something magical. Any mug can be serious, but it's very hard to make people laugh. If you're filming a car chase, it's almost a mechanical process to make it all exciting. It's cutting, it's rhythm, it's blaring music. But humor's not like that. You never know if it'll work.

HOGAN: Right.

PLAYBOY: The world is so bloody sad, people are so frightened underneath the couple of onion layers. So humor is a great gift. But most humorists would like people to laugh while understanding that they're saying something of consequence.

HOGAN: I've always worked on that principle, that it's nice to make a comment about something, but first and foremost, if you take on this job as a job, it has to be *funny.* And if at the end of an hour you haven't said anything worthwhile, but everyone had a good laugh, well then you've succeeded. But if at the same time you've made them aware of some shortcoming in our lifestyle or whatever, well, that's a bonus. But if you do want to say something meaningful about everything, you end up just being boring. And the world, as you said, is full of people who can be serious about anything.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about Lennon getting shot, did you feel . . ?

HOGAN: Oh, yeah, a bad taste.

PLAYBOY: A sense of threat? In a funny way the audience like their sacrificial objects. They like their Janis Joplins, their Jimmy Hendrixs, their James Deans, their Lennon murders.

HOGAN: Just like with Elvis Presley's death. It saves all the fans the humiliation of watching them getting old and embarrassing. It annoyed me that somebody killed Lennon to attract attention to themselves. That seems the only motive. That they picked on somebody who did no harm, who did only good. I mean, sure if you want to make a name for yourself, go and shoot an Idi Amin or some other evil person.

PLAYBOY: When will you stop, when will you walk away from it? Ever?

HOGAN: Oh yeah, when it doesn't feel right, I guess. No rush.

PLAYBOY: There's something terrible about watching that living, walking corporation Bob Hope endlessly performing. It seems to be an addiction.

HOGAN: As soon as it becomes a repetitious procedure, or performance, or I know that I've done this before. If I was, say, Benny Hill, I'd have given it up by now, because he's got a real formula, every show looks the same. They've done the same and he never takes any risks.

PLAYBOY: What if you were John Singleton? What of his show?

HOGAN: Now the thing about John Singleton's show was that the biggest thing he had going for him was that

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he never took himself seriously. But that's not enough. It's the same when Ernie Sigley was an ocker, but that's not enough.

PLAYBOY: But Ernie was graceless.

HOGAN: Oh, yeah, awful. And say, well, look at me, I don't take myself seriously. You've gotta produce the bloody goods. Otherwise they say, well that's right, we're not taking you seriously either, cos you're not doing anything. You've got to look like it was effortless, but you've got to contribute something.

PLAYBOY: You clearly take pleasure in it; pride in your achievement.

HOGAN: Oh yeah, last year now the only thing that out-rated the Hogan Show in Melbourne was the Royal Command Performance which got 48.

PLAYBOY: On which I thought you were excellent.

HOGAN: I was pleased to be in that.

PLAYBOY: It was one of your most minimal performances, but it was a very confident one.

HOGAN: I got a good reaction from that. There were the odd people who said that we shouldn't have someone like him on in front of the Queen. But that only adds to it, because I always stay within the bounds of good taste.

PLAYBOY: You've never worked blue?

HOGAN: No, I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: You've often got your set draped in the Benny Hill manner with attractive dolly birds.

HOGAN: That's part of the shot-gun thing. I do a Benny Hill sketch in three minutes. Adds, y'know, color and movement.

PLAYBOY: The other thing you ought to do, I reckon, is do a Sinatra run, a straight acting part, a non-funny part.

HOGAN: Yeah, I'm willing to do that, in a serious film.

PLAYBOY: In a serious film, cos that wouldn't affect anything, it would just give people a surprise?

HOGAN: What I'm not going to do is appear in a comedy which I think is not funny. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: For a very popular comedian you seem to seek privacy with a lot of determination. There were reports late last year that you had planted trees round your Sydney home to stop neighbors peering in and calling out "Hello Hoges".

HOGAN: That's a fact. A couple of places I had before in Sydney were in a prominent position. People would peer over the wall or knock on the door at all hours and want to come in, particularly when they had a few grogs aboard. Dutch courage. Some just wanted to say hello, to see me, or walk through the house. And get autographs. The latest anyone came was one in the morning. So we've moved to a less prominent locality, planted trees and got two dogs. One is a half-Afghan Alsatian and the other is pure Alsatian; I can't tell you their names, of course. But 90 percent of people are okay. It's just the few who are demanding. They sort of think they know you. They want to have a beer with you, thinking Hoges likes his beer any time.

PLAYBOY: You're known in the television industry as a very private person, a family man. Can you give some examples to show us how the Hogan family lives?

HOGAN: We live as normally as we possibly can.

PLAYBOY: What would you describe as your idea of a perfect day?

HOGAN: A perfect day?

PLAYBOY: Yes, a great day. What were you doing today: a private day?

HOGAN: Today was a private day and I did nothing.

PLAYBOY: Did you sit and watch any television?

HOGAN: I like to be able to get up when

"If I see or read about something the government has done, or whatever, I can send it up later on television. You know, have my say."

I wake up. To go to a quiet beach. Very basic.

PLAYBOY: What is it like in the Hogan household? How do you and your wife and five children spend your time?

HOGAN: It can be a bit of a lunatic asylum. Four sons, unruly, loud-mouthed and all big eaters, friends coming round, quadraphonic sounds. Different record-players in different rooms playing at the same time.

PLAYBOY: You like to get away from it all sometimes?

HOGAN: No, not really.

PLAYBOY: What are your children's names and ages?

HOGAN: There's Brett, who is 21; Clay, 19; Todd, 18 and Scott aged seven. And there's Loren, the girl, aged 12.

PLAYBOY: What do they all think of the character Hoges?

HOGAN: Basically they like him.

PLAYBOY: Do they talk to you about him? Have you seen them rolling over on the floor laughing when he's on?

HOGAN: They all give their expert opinions, shall we say.

PLAYBOY: And what about Mrs Hogan. What does she think of Hoges? Does she think he is like you, at all?

HOGAN: Oh, a lot. She doesn't find him all that funny. I think she has lived with me too long.

PLAYBOY: And you, do you think he is a lot like you?

HOGAN: Sort of like I was when I was 18 or so. You know, all bravado.

PLAYBOY: What sort of things did you get up to then?

HOGAN: Anything that was going. You see, Hoges is the sort of bloke you wouldn't mind having at a party, but you wouldn't want him all the time.

PLAYBOY: Late last year you, or your character rather, were banned from continuing in cigarette ads because of Hoges' alleged influence on kids under 18. How do you feel about that ban?

HOGAN: It was a bit like being sent off for kicking too many goals. It was a situation where I could do nothing. If there was any credibility in the claims about Hoges' influence, and I don't know if there was, then he should not have been doing the ads.

PLAYBOY: Do any of your sons smoke?

HOGAN: Two of them.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about that?

HOGAN: They're old enough to decide for themselves. In fact, one doesn't really smoke when he is training for sport. He's just a light smoker. But it's one of those personal decisions. They're not kids. I don't like anyone telling other people what to do. I can't cop "do-gooders".

PLAYBOY: Have any of the trappings of fame changed your lifestyle? Have you developed new tastes in food, clothes or holidays?

HOGAN: No, not really. With food the only thing is avocadoes. I didn't eat them before. Now, often. But the main change is that I'm now my own boss. I get up when I wake up. No more clocking on and off the job. And if I see or read about something the Government has done or whatever I can send it up later on television. You know, have my say. Something the ordinary bloke can't do.

PLAYBOY: What are some of these things you like to comment about?

HOGAN: Oh, you know, social comment, things about our lifestyle. If I read something in the paper when I'm sitting on the loo I might be able to do something with it.

PLAYBOY: That's a power. Can you give any occasion when it has happened?

HOGAN: Oh, it happens all the time. Something about, say, taxation. You read something, a thought goes through your mind and a month later you use it on television. Send it up.

PLAYBOY: Do you often do this sitting on the loo? Getting ideas?

HOGAN: They come when they come. In the oddest places. Ideas just drop. At the beach too. Anywhere.

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"oh good god! what a scene of whoredom is going on here." so wrote a witness to the first fleet's lascivious landing at sydney in 1788

article by Ronald Rose

THE FULL-SCALE re-enactment of the First Fleet, planned for 1988, is OFF. The Bicentennial Authority says it's the cost (a mere $20 million to rebuild the *Sirius* and *Supply*), but I suspect that they've looked a little more closely at our early history and found, as I have, that our beginnings were extraordinarily lusty and, here and there, somewhat less than heroic. Moreover, if the participants were to be thoroughly dedicated and act out their parts in historically accurate detail, the strain could be too great on them.

Most people, I fear, have the wrong mental picture of the First Fleet. They see it sailing majestically into Port Jackson (Hollywoodian music swelling in the background), sailors clambering round on the rigging and yard-arms, reefing sails, all jolly and tar-like; the officers shading their eyes from the sun and mentally composing grand phrases like ". . . the finest harbor in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security . . ."

[Governor Phillip's first despatch, 15 May, 1788. *Historical Records of NSW.* Vol. 1, Pt. 2. P. 122.]

It didn't happen like this. Captain Arthur Phillip found Botany Bay quite different from how Captain Cook had described it. There were no "green pastures", only swamps. It was far too shallow and exposed to the weather for a harbor. Exploring in a couple of long boats Phillip found Port Jackson, which Cook had sailed past, and determined to move the fleet there.

But he was too impatient. He had the 11 ships up-anchor and head to sea in the teeth of a nor' easter. After more than eight months on the voyage out the fleet almost came to grief on the short trip from Botany Bay to Port Jackson. Lieutenant Ralph Clark, on the transport *Friendship*, wrote:

> ". . . the *Prince of Wales* and we got foul of each other, they carried away our jib's boom but what damage we did her I cannot say . . . I was afraid we should both have been driven on shore, as the winds blew fresh. Soon after the *Charlotte* ran foul of us and shook us very much . . . if it had not been by the greatest good luck we should have been both on shore or the rocks and the ships must have been all lost and the greater part, if not the whole on board, drowned for we should have gone to pieces in less than half an hour . . ."
>
> [Ralph Clark, *Journal*, Mitchell Library C219, P.84]

Surgeon Arthur Bowes Smyth, on the *Lady Penrhyn*, also recorded "many hairbredth escapes". He wrote:

> "The *Charlotte* was once in the most imminent danger of being on the rocks. The *Friendship* and the *Prince of Wales* who could not keep in stays came foul of each other and the *Friendship* carried away her jib boom. The *Prince of Wales* had her new mainsail and main topmost staysail rent in pieces by the *Friendship's* yard. The *Charlotte* also ran foul of the *Friendship* and carried away a great deal of the carved work of the *Charlotte's* stern . . ."
>
> [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth*, P.64.]

Captain Phillip was probably seasick, for one contemporary wrote these words of him:

> "Well I remember his little figure, smothered up in his brown camlet cloak lined with green baize, his face shrivelled, his chin beneath his knees, sitting under the lee of the mainmast, his sharp and powerful voice exclaiming, 'I cannot bear this; I am as sick as a dog!' "
>
> [Quoted by Arnold L. Haskell, *The Australians*, P.19.]

It was sex, however, that caused the most trouble. Before we consider the instances of indecent exposure that were one of the highlights of the fleet's few days at Botany Bay, the saturnalia that followed the disembarkation of the female convicts at Sydney Cove when the others "got to them", and other incidents that would make a realistic re-enactment good spectator sport, we need to go back just a little in history.

Captain Cook's merry men set the pattern as they cruised the South Seas. They called in at the various islands and sampled the full range of hospitality. In those days the going rate for a screw was a nail. If the sailors couldn't get copper nails from the ship's stores they pulled them out of the woodwork. It's a wonder His Majesty's ships in the South Seas didn't fall apart and sink.

Cook's friends were, however, frustrated at a tiny island called Suabu where apparently the locals told them, in effect, "no, we don't do that sort of thing here. No, no sex." The *London Evening Post* of August 29, 1771, quoted a letter from a "gentleman" who accompanied Captain Cook. He wrote: ". . . we also met with the first miracle of this world — a country well inhabited whereon fornication was never known." Cheerfully he continued: "This chastity not entirely agreeing with our desires, we soon abdicated the virtuous Indians for the sumptuous city of Batavia . . ."

[*Historical Records of NSW.* Vol. 1, Pt. 1, P. 493.]

South Sea island beauties for the sexual gratification of the male convicts were on the mind of Lord Sydney when the convict settlement at Botany Bay was being planned. On the First Fleet male convicts outnumbered females by more than three to one, and the disproportion continued over the years. Lord Sydney's suggestion was

Illustration by Mark Salwowski

that "a further supply of women" could be picked up from the Friendly Islands [now Tonga], and New Caledonia, etc. ". . . whence any number may be procured without difficulty; and without a sufficient proportion of that sex it is well known that it would be impossible to preserve the settlement from gross irregularities and disorders".

[*Historical Records of NSW.* Vol. 1, Pt. 2, P.18]

This was incorporated in the formal Instructions to Arthur Phillip by King George III, but Phillip never brought it into effect. A pity, perhaps.

The "gross irregularities and disorders" Lord Sydney referred to were, of course, sodomy and other homosexual acts. Arthur Phillip had liberal ideas for his time, but he detested sodomy. This and murder were the only two offences that he would punish with death, he wrote. True! These are his words on the subject:

> ". . . I would wish to confine the criminal till an opportunity offered of delivering him as a prisoner to the natives of New Zealand, and let them eat him. The dread of this will operate much stronger than the fear of death."
>
> [*Historical Records of NSW.* Vol. 1, Pt. 2, P.53]

Were there gay parties on the *Sirius* on the voyage out, under Phillip's very nose? I don't know, but there are a couple of enigmatic entries in First Fleet diaries that puzzle me. First, Philip Gidley King jotted down a little note in French — *"C'est bien a propos ce soir"* [*The Journal of Philip Gidley King,* P.26] which may be roughly translated as whacko tonight! There were only two women on the *Sirius*, the boatswain's wife and a seaman's wife, both above suspicion — but 160 males. Perhaps King was only referring to a sing-song around Surgeon Worgan's piano?

But, and this is the second entry that puzzles me, Surgeon Arthur Bowes Smyth wrote in his journal, "three of the Lieutenants on board the *Sirius* have been afflicted with ruptures . . ." [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.24.] Due to bursting with happiness?

Well, they were three rather strange lieutenants — Maxwell, Bradley, and King. George Maxwell went insane early in 1789. He rowed himself backwards and forwards across Sydney Harbor for two days and was rescued just as he was about to go on to some rocks. William Bradley, a quiet fellow and a great mate of old John Hunter, who never married, became mentally disturbed much later in life, committed some petty frauds on the post office and was sentenced to death; he was pardoned on condition he exile himself from England. Philip Gidley King, later quite a good governor of the colony by the standards of those days, was given to occasional excesses and there is an account of him, in a moment of drunken buffoonery, jumping into a basket of eggs.

But it is the women who interest us more. Scribbling some notes early in 1787 on the proposed settlement, Arthur Phillip concluded: "The women in general I should suppose possess neither virtue nor honesty." He conceded that there might be some "who still retain some degree of virtue". He thought these should be allowed to keep together and ships' masters instructed that they were not to be "abused and insulted by the ship's company, which is said to have been the case too often when they were sent to [penal colonies in] America". Phillip also wrote: "The greatest care will be necessary to prevent any of the convicts from being sent that have any venereal complaints."

[*Historical Records of New South Wales,* Vol. 1, Pt. 2, P.51.]

He was disappointed on both counts — sailors, marines, and male convicts enjoyed the women's company on the way out, as we shall see, and, as well as prickly pears and rabbits, the First Fleet brought VD with it. Surgeon George Worgan later wrote, "the women convicts are a shocking abandoned set . . . a vile pack of baggages . . . The Disease, that scourge of mankind, has made its appearance among them."

The eleven ships of the First Fleet assembled at the Mother Bank early in 1787. Roll call on the *Lady Penrhyn* revealed the shape of things to come. Surgeon Arthur Bowes Smyth recorded that five women were missing on that vessel. Two marine lieutenants found them, ". . . four with the sailors and one with Squires, the second mate".

[*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.13.]

On May 12, 1787, the *Sirius* made the signal for the fleet to sail — but it didn't. There was an industrial dispute. The sailors hadn't received enough pay. It was a complicated affair but Philip Gidley King resolved it and the fleet set forth the following day.

Only four days later there was yet another strike, this one rather more interesting. The seamen on the *Friendship* (which carried 76 male convicts, 21 female, and four children of convict women) refused duty. They said they were not satisfied with their rations. They wanted two pounds of beef a day instead of the ration of one and a half.

Lieut. Ralph Clark had them summed up. He wrote:

> "I never met with a parcel of more discontented fellows in my life. They only want more provisions to give it to the whores, the convict women of whom they are very fond since they broke through the bulkhead and had connection with them. I had never thought there were so many abandoned wenches in England. They are ten thousand times worse than the men convicts . . ."
>
> [Ralph Clark, *Journal,* Mitchell Library C219, P.14.]

In fact, things became so bad on some of the ships that the *women* were severely flogged.

On one occasion Ralph Clark noted ". . . the corporal did not play with her, but laid it home, which I was very glad to see . . ." He recorded some of the abuse hurled by a female convict at the officer who was having her punished, before they got the gag on her. The language she used was too lurid to reproduce here.

It took a storm at sea to clean up the females' language — but only briefly.

> "During the storm the convict women in our ship were so terrified that most of them went down on their knees at prayers, and in less than one hour after it had abated, they were uttering the most horrid oaths and imprecations that could proceed out of the mouths of such abandoned prostitutes as they are."
>
> [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.55]

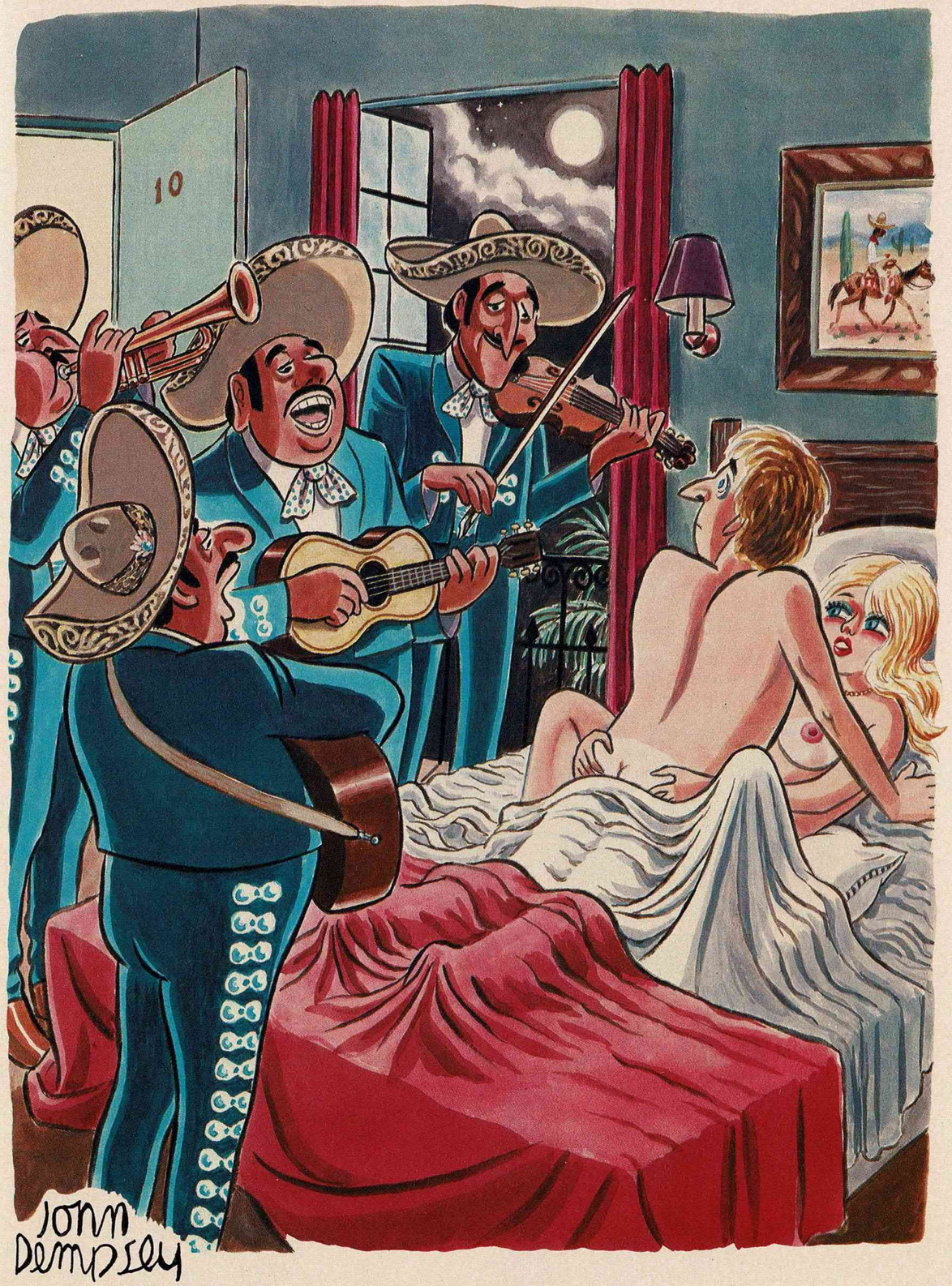
On board the *Charlotte*, passing through the tropics, Surgeon-General Dr John White commented that the hatches over the women ". . . could not be suffered to lay off during the night without a promiscuous intercourse immediately taking place between them and the seamen and marines". He continued: "In some of the other ships the desire of the women to be with the men was so uncontrollable that neither shame . . . nor the fear of punishment could deter them from making their way through the bulkheads to the apartments assigned the seamen."

[John White, *Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales,* P.63.]

And when the women were not crawling out of the woodwork to get to the men, the men were bribing the sentinels to get to the women. One of them was sentenced to 300 lashes for this, but was forgiven the punishment for this serious offence.

Ah, the tropics! And the ingenuity of British seamen! Sailors on board the *Lady Penrhyn* with 101 female convicts and no males could not wait to get to the equator to engage in some Father Neptune type sport with their passengers. They had their party as the fleet crossed the Tropic of Cancer. This frivolity might never have come to light except that, leaving the ship to sail on unattended, they almost collided with the unlucky *Charlotte*.

"We crossed the tropical line in 18°20' west longitude," wrote John



"Aren't they supposed to do that outside under the balcony?"

White, "and was nearly pressed on board the *Lady Penrhyn* transport, whose people did not attend to her steerage, being deeply engage in sluicing and ducking all those on board who had never crossed it."

[John White, *Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales,* P.60.]

More horseplay took place at the equator, "ridiculous ceremonies" Captain David Collins called them.

What went on at the ports of call? At Tenerife one or two convicts escaped but were later recaptured. The Corpus Christi festival occurred during the fleet's stay but no boats were allowed to land during it because of the renowned misbehavior in port of English sailors.

The officers went on shore, however, and Surgeon John White, a ladies' man, made his assessment of the female convict population:

> "Some of the women are so abandoned and shameless that it would be doing an injustice to the prostitutes met with in the streets of London to say they are like them. The females of every degree are said to be of an amorous constitution, and addicted to intrigue, for which no houses could be better adapted than those of Tenerife."
>
> [John White, *Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales,* P.56.]

And Captain Watkin Tench of the Marines wrote that the immodesty of the lower class of women here was "highly disgusting".

[Watkin Tench, *Narrative of an Expedition to Botany Bay,* P.17.]

At sea again and one of the convicts, John Barrett (who was later hanged at Sydney Town) began making counterfeit coins to be passed at the next port of call. They were splendid imitations, made in part from melted down pewter spoons. Barrett arranged with seamen and marines to utter the coins.

As the fleet moved on the women came out of the woodwork again and the seamen and marines got to them. Phillip was probably seasick. A female convict fell down a hatchway but fortunately landed on her head "which, being well defended by false hair, rolls, etc. she sustained no material injury". [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.49.] The sanctimonious Ralph Clark had some bad luck. His little dog, Efford, was thrown overboard by the first mate.

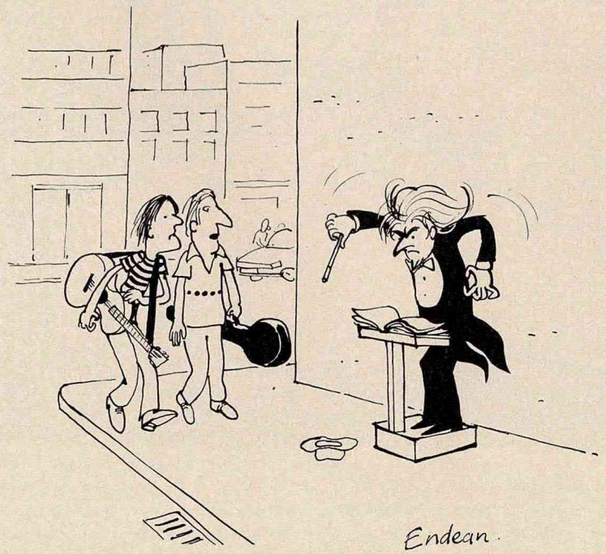
The fleet flirts, John White and Watkin Tench, were studying a volume by Mr J. Hawkesworth which declared that the women of Spanish and Portuguese settlements in South America made "less difficulty of granting personal favors" than those elsewhere. It was generally held that there was not a modest one among them. Dr Daniel Solander, the amiable Swede who accompanied Captain Cook, had "no very exalted idea of their chastity".

[J. Hawkesworth, *An Account of the Voyages, etc.* Pp. 30-31.]

White and his mates didn't do so well with the Rio ladies, a little better perhaps with the native Brazilian wenches — (White rhapsodised about their "most lovely, piercing dark eyes") and finally had some gentle moments with some nuns, "frequently conversing with them at the grate". White wrote wistfully ". . . we formed as tender an intercourse with them as the bolts and bars between us would admit of". [John White, *Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales,* P.87.] The officers lacked the ingenuity of the seamen and women.

At the next port White's love life was a little more robust: ". . . at the Cape," he wrote, "if you wish to be a favorite with the fair . . . you must in your own defence *grapple* (his emphasis) the lady, and paw her in a manner that does not partake of the least gentleness."

[John White, *Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales,* P.99.]



"But you have to admit it gives busking class."

At last, in January, 1788, the First Fleet straggled into Botany Bay. On January 21, following instructions, Phillip decided to make contact with the Aborigines. Some long boats manned by seamen and with a few marines in each, took off with beads, fishing hooks, foolscaps, and other presents.

The Aborigines, all completely naked, were bewildered by the Englishmen. They roughly pulled aside the men's jackets looking for what Surgeon George Worgan coyly called "the usual distinguishing characteristics of women". [George B. Worgan, *Journal of a First Fleet Surgeon,* P.6.] They failed to find them and "started back with amazement". How to solve this problem? I am not sure what particular expression was current at that time but Lieut. Philip Gidley King ordered one of the Englishmen to drop his trousers and flash.

> "(It) was very fully interpreted by very plain signs they wanted to know of what sex we were, which they explained by pointing where it was most distinguishable. As they took us for women, not having our beards grown, I ordered one of the people to undeceive them in this particular when they made a great shout of admiration, and pointing to the shore we saw a great number of women and girls with infant children on their shoulders make their appearance on the beach . . . those natives who were round the boats made signs for us to go to them, and made us understand their persons were at our service; however I declined this mark of their hospitality but shewed a handkerchief which I offered to one of the women, pointing her out. She immediately put her child down and came alongside the boat and suffered me to apply the handkerchief where Eve did place the fig leaf . . ."
>
> [*The Journal of Philip Gidley King,* P.34.]

It does appear from Arthur Bowes Smyth's journal that quite a few of the Englishmen went ashore and flashed.

> "They seemed to express a wish to know of what sex we were and several of the persons on shore satisfied them in that particular. When they found we were men like themselves they expressed their joy and astonishment by loud exclamations and grotesque gestures and immediately shook hands with us."
>
> [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.58.]

Worgan wrote a letter to his brother Richard telling him, "We had recourse to the evidence of *ocular demonstration*, which made them laugh, jump and skip in an extravagant manner."

[George B. Worgan, *Journal of a First Fleet Surgeon,* P.6.]

A few days later the fleet staggered from Botany Bay to Port Jackson and the work of establishing the colony began. By February 6, the tents had been erected for the female convicts and they were brought ashore. Most of the First Fleet diarists maintain a discreet silence on the disgraceful events of that day, for tents were not the only erections. Our friend Smyth, however, gives us a glimpse of what happened at the birth of a nation:

> "At five o'clock this morning all things were got in order for landing the whole of the women and three of the ships' long boats came alongside us to receive them. Previous to their quitting the ship a strict search was made to see if any of the many things which they had stolen on board could be found, but their artifice eluded the most strict search and about six o'clock pm we had the long wished for pleasure of seeing the last of them leave the ship. They were dressed in general very clean and some few among them might be said to be well dressed. The men convicts got to them soon after they landed and it is beyond my abilities to give a just description of the scene of debauchery and riot that ensued."
>
> [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.67.]

A violent storm came up. The poor, exhausted sailors were so glad to see the women go they asked for, and got, an extra allowance of grog:

> "The scene which presented itself at this time and during the greater part of the night beggars every description; some swearing, others quarrelling, other singing, not in the least regarding the tempest . . . the sailors almost all drunk and incapable of rendering much assistance had an accident happened . . ."
>
> [*The Journal of Arthur Bowes Smyth,* P.67.]

Phillip warned the people that he would treat such licentiousness seriously. Sentinels were given instructions to fire with ball on anyone entering the female camps. The governor recommended marriage but forgot to remind the people that it is customary when entering that Holy estate not to be already married.

Five days after the disembarkation at Sydney, Ralph Clark wrote:

> "Several of the convicts were married yesterday and amongst them that were have left wives and families at home. O Good God! What a scene of whoredom is going on here in the women's company. No sooner has one man gone in with a woman but another goes in with her . . ."
>
> [Ralph Clark, *Journal,* Mitchell Library C219, P.88.]

Men and women could not be kept apart. Carpenters, sailors, and a boy caught in the women's tents were drummed out of the camp.

Private John Easty was court-martialled for "bringing a female convict into camp" and received 150 lashes for his daring.

[John Easty, *Memorandum of the Transactions of a Voyage,* etc. Pp. 98-99.]

Before many of them took their mistresses from among the convict women, some officers considered "affairs of gallantry" with Aboriginal girls who would "frisk, flirt, and play a hundred wanton tricks equally as significant as the solicitations of a Covent Garden strumpet. [George B. Worgan, *Journal of a First Fleet Surgeon,* P.47.] Worgan referred to the exciting "softness, roundness, and plumpness in their limbs and bodies" but the old black magic didn't work. He was put off by "the constant appearance of the excrementitious matters of the nose which is collected on the upper pouting lip in rich clusters of dry bubbles and is kept up by fresh drippings".

[George B. Worgan, *Journal of a First Fleet Surgeon,* Pp. 47-48.]

When the sailors rowed around the harbor and came across a group of Aborigines they called to the men the equivalent of "bring on the dancing girls". Daniel Southwell, mate of the *Sirius*, wrote:

> ". . . after several waggish intimations from our people that a sight of their ladies would be very agreeable, they caused about 20 of them to pass close to us . . . they were quite facetious, and so far as our slender knowledge of their dialect extended, kept up a very warm, animated, and amorous discourse."
>
> [*Historical Records of NSW.,* Vol. 2, P.701.]

The saturnalia in the colony continued — wild orgies, brawls, a duel, child rape, incest.

Years later the colony was still being described as a "wicked and profligate settlement" where "iniquity abounds", and Mr T. W. Plummer, writing from Westminster, said it was "little better than an extensive brothel".

[*Historical Records of Australia,* Series 1, Vol. VII, P.205.]

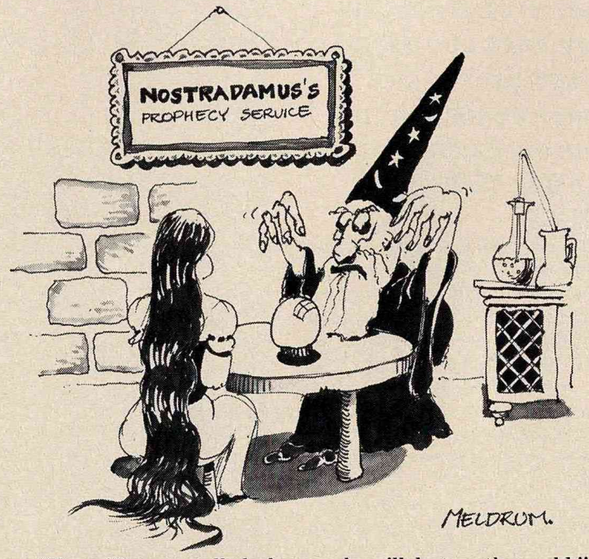
Now, if the organisers change their minds, suitable actors can be found, and the First Fleet re-enactment *does* take place, there are at least three highlights that spectators should not miss under any circumstances.

I would suggest that observers gather on January 21, 1988, at Sans Souci and Taren Point — that's where, repeating the original contact with Aborigines, the flashers will hang out. Those nautically minded should take up positions at La Perouse, Malabar, and Maroubra for grand spectacle and many "hairbredth escapes" as the fleet moves up the coast in ethos-shattering disorder a few days later.

And don't forget February 6, 1988, at Circular Quay when the ladies come ashore. Anywhere around that area for the next few weeks should also be worthwhile, with plenty of entertainment for those interested in bondage and discipline.

Good viewing, fellow Australians! And happy 200th birthday, Australia!

[Ronald Rose's book *This Peculiar Colony* will be published this month by Rigby, $12.95]



"You will meet a tall, dark man who will destroy the world."

Australian Playboy April 1981

DUTCH TREAT

"if i am able to excite my lover in some new way, then i've done enough for one day." so says annik van rie, who can excite any man — any day of the week

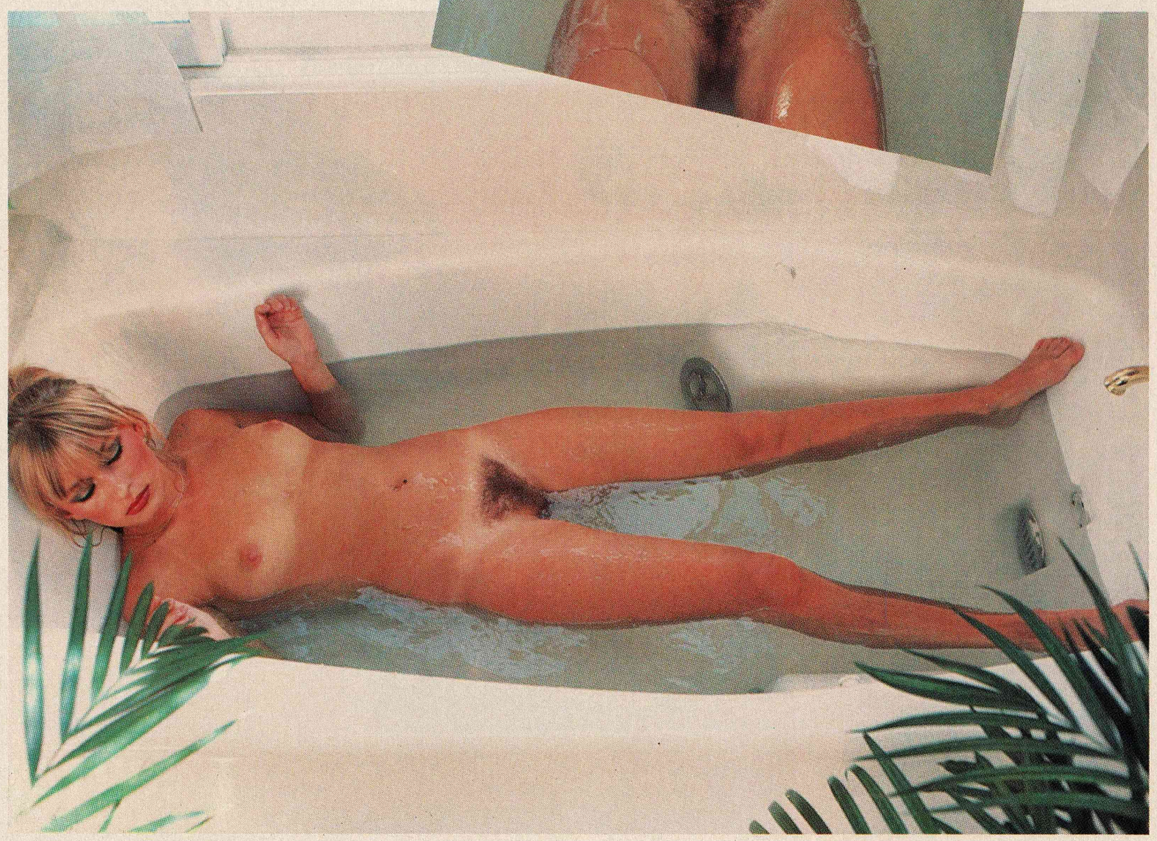
SHE LIVES ALONE in a canal-side flat in old Amsterdam. She's rich, a little spoiled and has no ambitions other than the one quoted above. So, how does Annik Van Rie fulfil her man's desires?

Let the 20-year-old explain: "You see, I'm a quick change artist. I'm forever in and out of my clothing to keep everyone on their toes. Turn your head away and I'll appear in new clothes — or none at all.

"One evening at a restaurant I thought my man was ignoring me (how could anyone ignore Annik?) so I took

Photography by Jeff Dunas

"I have no time for routine and I won't let anybody take me for granted. Perhaps it's because I have money and have been spoiled."



off my blouse. My guy almost choked on his dinner. It was a spicy Indonesian meal, I found out later that hot spices DO add flavor to a man's sex drive."

Indeed they do, but Annik's teasing ways can sometimes get a little out of

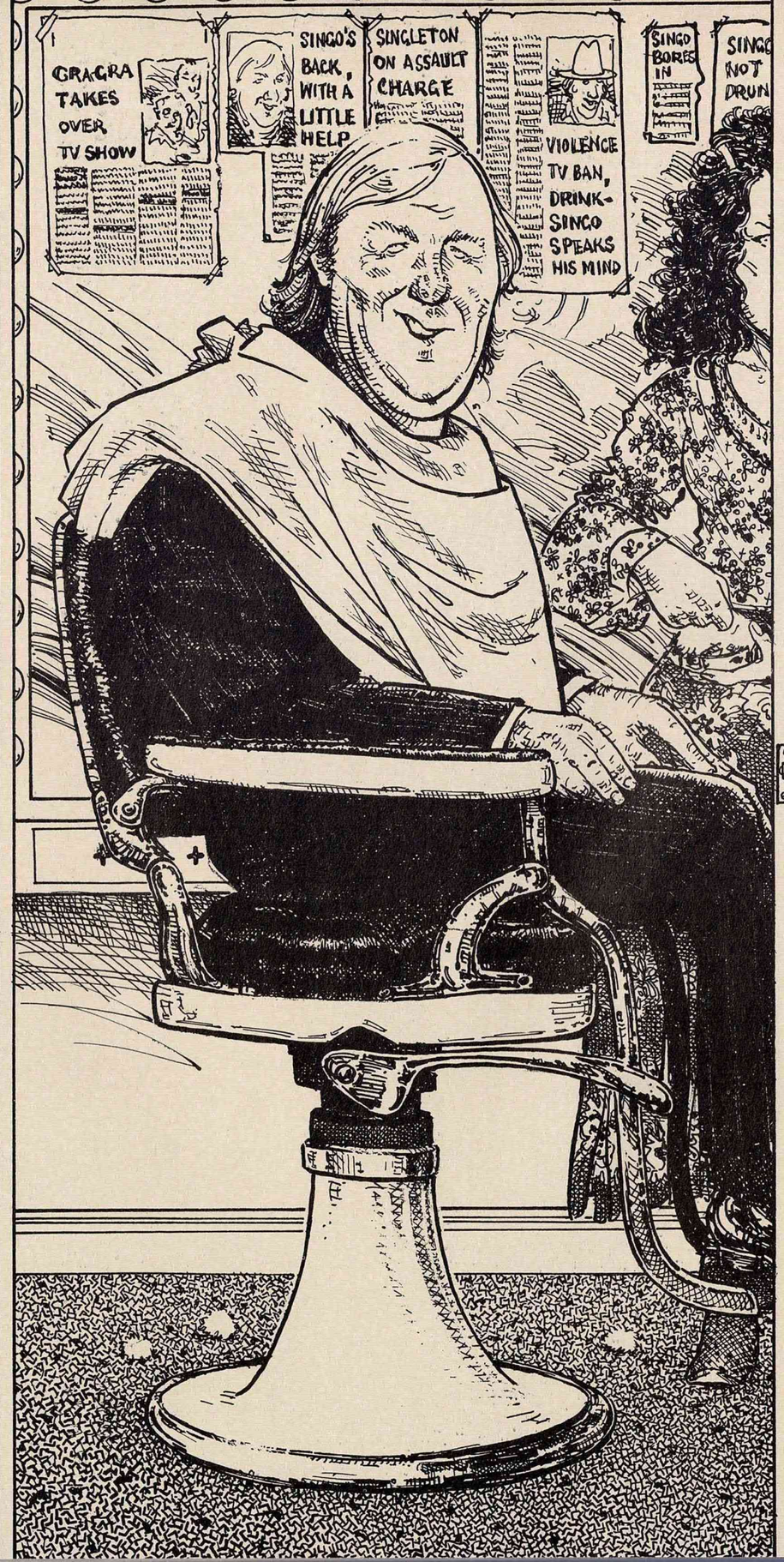
"We will not begin with the camera until I feel excited about the way I am looking."

hand. PLAYBOY readers do not know the trouble photographer Dunas went to get this pictorial to you. First Annik said "nee" (that's no in Dutch); then "misschien" (a Dutch way of saying "I might") and finally, and thankfully, "ja".

But before Dunas got that "ja" he had to chase Annik all round her flat: the kitchen, bedroom, living room — even the bathroom; clicking that shutter all the time.

Annik's comment is: "I never sit still for any of my boyfriends, so why should you be any different?"

Why indeed!



MY OWN "BRILLIANT" CAREER (SO FAR)

article by John Singleton

FOR A START I want you to know that this is a true story. No names have been changed to protect the innocent; and that goes especially for my name as I am especially innocent; no matter what you may have read.

First, I want you to realise that I am not another usual, run-of-the-mill multi-media superstar. Oh no.

I didn't win amateur talent quests as a child. I don't dance, not the fox trot or even the barn dance. I don't sing, not even full of ink after rugby games. I don't tell jokes. I hate other people telling jokes.

I am even forced to admit there are better looking blokes around in the sex appeal department.

In fact, I think that it is pretty important I take you back about four years to when I was just a normal suburban home-loving fella just like everyone else who has sold off their advertising agency to the yanks for a couple of million bucks.

I am driving a nice new shiny black Rolls Royce, which is owned by the company. My wife, Maggi, is driving a nice sleek white Mercedes Sports.

Company.

I have every international credit card that's ever been printed.

Company.

I have an open first class air ticket anywhere in the world anytime I want to go.

Company.

And I am making do on a salary and share of profits which even four years ago was in the $250,000 a year plus bracket; which is better than a wack in the eye, which we will get to.

Then, one day, I am sitting in my acre of absolute Rose Bay water-frontage home and I think: this is the great Australian dream come true.

I have it made. I am 35 and the world is at my feet. Naturally I have no alternative but to toss it all in.

Do not, for Christ's sake, ask me why. Don't you think I have asked myself that very question ever since? Well, don't you?

Why? I fell out of my tree; that is the best way I can put it. So, suddenly I am retired. Now what?

For a while I am called "non-executive" chairman of the advertising agency which means that you pretend to be still working when you really aren't. And in return the company pretends to be paying you, which they really aren't.

I really get to spend a lot of time at Giles' gym at Coogee in Sydney trying to compensate for 20 years of ripping and tearing. And I do get some very interesting job offers.

Richard Gray from Radio 3AW in Melbourne wants to know whether I would like to do a women's morning talk-back radio show? I don't think so.

Many businessmen think that I can help them; but I do not think that they can help me.

I decide I will take a five-year paid holiday. Even an unpaid one if that's the way it has to be.

Just stop work. And start again at 40. Maybe. Wouldn't you do the same if you could? Won't you if you can? Shouldn't you have if you didn't?

For a start, I begin fulfilling my fantasies. I am breeding racehorses with the Norman Ross boss. We are breeding many winners of many races.

I am fulfilling frustrated football ambitions by investing in the bottom-of-the-table Sydney Newtown League team which is now doing better every year. (Just missed the semis in 1980.)

I feel I am getting younger, instead of older. Or at least not getting any older so quickly.

I am even getting paid *not* to go back into advertising until January of this year.

And then one night the whole world changes; it always does, which is now known as Laws' Law.

I am sitting at home with Mr and Mrs J. Laws and Maggi is serving one of her piss elegant dinners and we are having a riotous time. At least Laws and I think it is riotous.

Every time he speaks I am falling around laughing, and every time I speak he is falling around laughing, and we are generally spending a lot of time falling around.

On reflection this has nothing to do with humor and much to do with J. Daniels and J. Walker who join us at the same time Maggi and Caroline leave us.

And then, about half past drunk, J. Laws says: "Hey, why don't we do this on the radio every day?"

And I say: "Hey, why don't we?" And then we fall around some more. I

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

mean, you can see yourself how funny it all is.

Naturally next day I go directly to the beach and J. Laws goes directly to his radio show and I put the whole thing down to the usual o.d. of lunatic soup. But no. Dammit. No.

At midday Lawsie phones Maggi and says: "Hey, where's me mate?" and Maggi says, "he's at the beach," and so our first show doesn't go all that well.

But the next day I actually front Australia's Master of Media (he really is) and we do this show together, which Lawsie called THE OGRE AND THE OCKER. (I assume I am the ogre.)

It is an under-estimation to say that this show is the greatest self-indulgence in the history of radio.

Maybe a record, maybe a couple of ads and an hour of seeing who can ace whom. I never heard the show myself, or at least not on the wireless, but amazingly it works, and during the last rating period (it is now 1978) the show has the biggest jump of the year. None of which makes any sense to me. But I do know it is also the most stimulating time I ever have in my life. No one has ever worked with John Laws before. Maybe no one will again. You don't know what you're missing. It is just a bit of a pity I forget to ask to be paid.

But I don't forget to promote the rodeos and circuses and boxing and other things I'm involved in at the time, so it all works out pretty okay.

Especially for the World Rodeo Titles that absolutely fills Sydney Showground for the first time since 1903, to the country's amazement, especially my own, which is another story. And anyhow . . . that is how I get discovered.

One of the *Ogre And The Ocker* show's greatest fans is a mate of mine called Ian Kennon who is also a director of Sydney's Channel 10. He is such a fan that, if he happens to miss the show one day, his secretary has to tape it for him to play later.

Naturally Ian thinks everyone likes the show this much, which isn't so, unfortunately, but when you run a TV station you are allowed to think whatever you like.

Now Channel 10 also happens, by great coincidence, to be planning a variety show in 1979 and as I am a radio star Ian phones and asks me if I would like to be a TV star next.

I say I would prefer to be Prime Minister, or captain of Newtown; and one way or another let Kennon know that I assume he is joking — or if he is not joking then he certainly should be.

But naturally I do not knock back a free lunch with an old mate at Primos and there I find out that he is dead serious about it all.

Well why not, I think, there must be worse ways to get paid for a paid holiday? So I ask for $1 a year more than Graham Kennedy got that year for *Celebrity Dirty Talk*.

Kennon agrees. (Why shouldn't he? How do I know what Kennedy gets anyway?) I ask for Alan Catt as producer/director. (I figure that any man who can build his reputation through producing and directing fashion awards *and* Rugby League games at the same time is the sort of man I am looking for. Imagine: an aesthetic League fan. Perfect.)

And then I can't think of anything else to ask for and the channel makes the great announcement and it is already too late to pull out; but they promise they will if it really hurts.

Well I can't start to tell you how much preparation doesn't go into this first show. I am flat out trying to pretend that the show is not really happening at all. And Alan Catt is flat out convincing me that it really is.

One day we compromise. I agree to actually talk about the show as long as the talk is on my speed boat on Sydney Harbor; so it still won't really seem like it's really happening at all.

THE MEETING: Name of show: John Singleton. With A Little Help From His Friends. (We change that to A Lot Of Help.)

FORMAT: I like the dogs. So we have the daily double live. I love Rugby League so we have a League segment. Politics fascinate me. So we have Pub Politics. Two super intelligent, super disrespectful political experts (Max Newton and Mungo McCallum) and me asking the rich suspecting pollies the sort of questions *you'd* ask if they were standing next to you in a pub:

Did Gorton really lose all his bond money at The Lodge?

Did Gough and Margaret really?

That sort of thing. Plus a serious interview every show. Plus a couple of lunatics. Plus lots of local variety.

As Alan Catt put it: like a Leagues club in your lounge room. Even down to the audience sitting at tables and being plied with piss.

STARTING TIME: 8.30 pm on Saturday nights.

FINISH TIME: When it finishes.

And that is my first and my last conference (fair dinkum) until THE night. Then suddenly (just imagine it is *you*) the orchestra starts up, the showgirls brush past you, hope you break a leg (that's showbiz talk), and start dancing, and the announcer says: Ladies and gentlemen your host, Mr John Singleton.

Remember this is live. Straight from studio to your TV set. And no scripts. No nothing. You are standing there and the curtain is there and somehow you have to walk out through that curtain and say some bloody thing. Anything.

Well, once the big game starts you might as well play: just like your first naughty I suppose. You really want to do it; but you also really don't.

And suddenly I'm in. No getting off at Redfern now, old mate.

I walk through the curtains. There are people and cameras everywhere. And then, just to make it really hard, Jack Grimsley's orchestra strike up If My Friends Could See Me Now. And I just hope like crazy that my friends are seeing just about anything else.

And then, you know, a funny thing happens: I have a fantastic time. The guests are great.

Billy McMahon drops an exclusive in my lap (as one PM to another, he would have told Gough to take no notice of Kerr. In fact he could have told him how to ride out the thing).

The acts are great. Alan Catt does a fantastic job of hiding my myriad of deficiencies and next thing the show is a smash, which is showbiz for better than a whole load of shit.

Ian Kennon even sends a memo to everyone in the whole of Channel 10 saying: "Who says only Channel Nine can produce great variety shows?" The Channel 10 board then invite me to lunch to say well done and all that stuff that boards say.

And the only really serious talk about the show is whether the second edition is going to be on a Tuesday or Thursday night.

Me? How am I travelling? I am finding it all vastly amusing if you want to know. I even have a big color photo of me and my dog right where the *96* cast used to be.

In fact, I can't remember when I have had such a good time. For week after week the euphoria grows. For six whole weeks. Something has to go wrong and it does. It really truly does. World War Three coming up.

Eager newspaper readers might remember something about a little bit of fun and games up at Kings Cross. The real story is too boring even to bother you with.

But the way the papers play it, it's El Alamein all over again and the war rages through the Cross for days and 200 police finish up in hospital (this is fair dinkum the sort of Disneyland stuff they write in the papers). My exaggeration does not equal theirs.

And they go on that a mate and myself are likely to be sentenced to death or life, whichever comes first.

Well, the next morning I do not know that this is in all the papers because I think everyone has shaken

"Third floor . . . men's room."

hands and that is the end. This is the way I am taught. So next morning I am having a very grown up meeting with two directors of Amatil and Ian Kennon, at my home, about some rodeo telecast.

And when the meeting is finished I take Ian Kennon aside, saying: 'Look, there was this bit of a five-minute wonder up at the Cross last night, so if you hear about it, this is really what happened there, etc."

And he listens — and says it is already in the papers along the lines I have written above.

But he says: "Look, forget it, it will probably help the ratings anyway." Which is always one way of looking at it, I suppose.

Now if you think that's the end of it . . . one week later I am in Adelaide to promote the Australian Rodeo Titles. Now, anyone who watches telly will tell you if you put a couple of hundred cowboys in one place at one time there's likely to be some drinking going on. And some noise. And maybe even a little tiny bit of high spirits. Don't you agree?

Now you put eight (yes, eight) carloads of Adelaide police outside this motel where a couple of hundred cowboys are staying and imagine they've heard some noise. Well they can read, can't they? They know who is promoting this bloody rodeo, don't they? That bloody John Singleton, that's who.

He's that bastard who puts 400 cops in hospital last week in bloody Sydney. Well, isn't he? It said so, right there in the papers.

And to cut a long and bad story short, for the second time in a week I find myself in a police car. This time I am taking part in a conversation along the lines as above. I could understand their sentiments if the Sydney reports had been true. But I say to them:

"Look, at least ring the cops in Sydney first and you'll find that all that shit in the papers was just that."

Well, they're not real bad blokes and they phone Sydney and find out I am telling the truth so they say sorry mate. No hard feelings. Let's all forget it. And good luck for the rodeo and like that. They even offer me a lift back. Not bad blokes at all, I think.

But hold on, what's wrong now. One of them is coming over. He takes the others aside. They talk and talk some more and talk some more. Dead, dead serious. What is going on?

Then one comes over. He's lost the toss. "Sorry mate, it's already on the radio. We'll have to go on with it."

"Sorry mate."

GO AHEAD WITH WHAT??????? Suddenly there is a double shuffle of uniformed and un-uniformed police and finally someone tells me I have to be charged and go in a cell. In that order. Charged with what?

And everyone looks pretty sorry about it all, especially me. (Jumping ahead for a moment: just so that you can better understand the thrills of stardom, it is important that we jump ahead for a moment: just so that case in Sydney was dismissed. Later in the Adelaide court the charges were dismissed on appeal.)

Now back to the past. The papers of course are having a ball.

Ian Kennon phones me and says: "Well, it doesn't look too good."

After all, there are the Tribunal hearings in a week or so. And I tell him what happened in real life.

I ask to meet with the channel chairman, Sir Kenneth Humphreys. We have breakfast the next morning in Melbourne.

He says he believes me implicitly, etc, but he is the chairman of a public company, etc, and his first loyalties must, etc, and there is the Tribunal hearing the next week, etc, and it doesn't look too good, etc.

"The crowd is only disappointed when the bull decides it won't go on with the job and gore me to death."

Well, it certainly looks a lot worse than "not-too-good" when I get on the plane and there it is: three quarters of the front page shows Ian Kennon and Graham Kennedy happily toasting in champagne the fact that Kennedy is taking over *my* show.

Well, just when you know things can only get better they go and get worse. When I walk into Channel 10 in Sydney to get the arse formally my pride of place photo is gone!
Graham Kennedy happily toasting in place. Oh, have they NO feelings.

Well, my friends, that is the end of that. And like everything you don't realise how much you want it until you haven't got it. Oh isn't that the truth.

And isn't this also the truth: when one door closes another door closes. And another and another.

Imagine that same week, that same weekend. Imagine the ads in Adelaide. They actually said: "Bring your kids to John Singleton's *family* rodeo."

The crowds stay away in their millions, and the few thousand who do appear only get really enthusiastic once: watching me being dumped in the qualifying rounds by more than a ton of brahman bull and stomped on.

The crowd is only disappointed when the bull decides it won't go on with the job and gore me to death. Mind you, I think at the time that I am as disappointed as the crowd.

The very *next* weekend exactly the same disaster occurs at the World Rodeo Titles in Brisbane. Oh well, it's only money and reputation.

But just because everyone is now picking on me I don't get paranoid. I just decide to go away and hide like a mangy dog. Wait for about a hundred years until it is forgotten, or at least some of it, at least by someone.

But not everyone is weak as piss when you are down and sorry for yourself like a mangy dog. There's always family. And a couple of really good friends.

One of them is a bloke called Kerry Packer who, between overs, runs a couple of TV stations and magazines.

He says: "What are you doing?" So I say I am going away to hide like a mangy dog and write some poems and short stories about the Outback where men are men and women are women and you don't need a hormone test to tell the difference.

And he then says: "You're not just running away like a mangy dog are you?" And I say that's bloody right, that is what I said.

And he says: "It *is* 1979 (at least it was then) so if you must waste a year at least take a film crew and make some documentaries."

Anyway, that's how Alan Catt and I get to make five films on the real Australia that if you haven't seen you should, because they are so good I will watch them myself, even though I am in them; which is their *only* weakness. They really are good.

And do you know something even better? At last 1979 is finished and I could be more pleased only if it had never happened at all.

And then one day Maggi and I and a few friends are having a few beers at the Newtown Leagues' Club when the phone rings and it is Pal Cleary from Channel 10. What does he want?

He wants to know: "Would you be interested in putting your show back together next year?" That's really what he wants to know.

Now you probably think it is funny that Channel 10 have such a quick change of heart, but you have to remember that there are also a couple of changes at Channel 10 while I am away. Rupert Murdoch has taken over the place.

Oh how the TV selector knob turns. Anyway, there is Pal Cleary wanting to know whether I want to have the chance to finish something I only just got started. Naturally I say yes; in principle. Which means yes; but how much? Next night I meet with Rupert and the first hitch occurs. He starts talking about Johnny Carson and late nights and how people in Sydney have to start staying up later, like in the United States.

"Hold on," I say. "I am talking about a Saturday night show like last year, *not* every night of the week."

And then we have dinner with Pal Cleary and Brian Morris, who is not only a top bloke but also the new headmaster at Channel 10. And Pal and Brian agree with me that four or five nights a week at 10.30 pm is much, much, much too late.

Saturday night is now the go. Or Friday. Or Friday *and* Saturday. If Rupert must. And at a proper time, like 8.30. At the latest 9.30. It is unanimous. Except for one single dissenting voice which happens to belong to one Rupert Murdoch who happens to own the station. I only make one mistake; and it is fatal. I go along with him, and I don't have to.

Because then, right then, I could have stuck with my own terms. I can't do it while Kerry Packer is stuck with the Outback docos so Rupert agrees to buy them sight unseen.

If I had held out I would have won for sure. *Now* I am sure. (Bloody hindsight is worse than blind if you want my opinion.)

But then, in the truth department, I am that anxious to prove I can do it, I will even agree to 20 nights a week at 1.15 am if that's the way it is.

Which is all so bloody stupid that now, when I think about it, I try very hard not to.

So we start off Rupert's first new show idea on 10 which is the wrong idea at the wrong time. But a bloody good show anyway.

And even though everyone else at the station is against it, everyone still tries a bit here and there.

Even when we get half and three quarters of the audience (which we often do) it still isn't enough to make it all worthwhile.

Mind you, we have a fantastic time. And we do one and a half hours, four nights a week that we are all very proud of; most of the time.

But it's not the right idea. Not like *The Mike Walsh Show*. Walsh was spot on with his midday slot because people were up; they were available. Just like the opportunity there is now in the mornings, in the afternoons and at the weekends.

But at 10.30 at night people just have to go to bed because they have to get up. No show is going to change that. So when the year is up I don't know who is the more pleased. Me, or Channel 10.

Or maybe we're both a bit pleased and also a bit disappointed that we didn't stick to our guns and put all the effort and budget into a show at the proper time in the first place.

But that is all history. And for the record I have listed for you the 10 most interesting interviews. The 10 most boring. The 10 top entertainers. The 10 people I would most have liked to interview except they refused to come on or weren't allowed to.

But what about the news behind the news? Did I ever get off with all/some/any of the big-names?

Did singers promise me anything just to get on to the show? Was I mobbed by young girls who just wanted to use my body to say they slept with a star? No, none of this ever happened for me.

I didn't even get to do one of those series in the paper where you tell lies about just what you are really like. Nothing. Really it is just a pretty normal year except every afternoon when the sun is sinking, instead of going to the pub to talk to a few people I go to the TV station to talk to a few people.

"Will I go back into advertising? Will I go back into TV? They are two questions I am happy not to know the answers to. Not yet."

So now if you ever wondered how to get into TV. Or off TV. Or both, well now you know.

And if you still want answers to the two great unanswered questions:

Will I go back into advertising? Will I go back on TV?

In the fair dinkum department they are two questions I am happy *not* to know the answers to. Not just yet anyway.

In the meantime there are still plenty of things I haven't done yet that *I* want to do. As for PLAYBOY's original question: Has superstardom spoiled me? How could anything? Now for the real lowdown:

Ten most interesting political interviews of 1980:

Sir Robert Askin, Lord George-Brown, Malcolm Fraser, Vince Gair, Sir John Gorton, Barry Unsworth, Mr and Mrs Joh Bjelke-Petersen, Sir William McMahon, Jack Ferguson and Bill Hayden.

Ten most boring political interviews of 1980:

Jim Killen, Ed Casey, Senator Neville Bonner, Sir Billy Snedden, John Howard, John Mason, Ralph Willis, Barry Jones, Nelson Meers and Senator Colin Mason.

Ten most interesting showbiz interviews of 1980:

John Meillon, Spike Milligan, Mr and Mrs Bobby Limb, June Salter, Cul Cullen, Roger Woodward, Belinda Green, Joe Martin, Michael Parkinson and Andrea.

Ten most boring showbiz interviews of 1980:

Jasper Carrott, Googie Withers, Frankie Howerd, Ralph Nader, Bill Collins, Richard Sterling, Sumner Locke Elliott, Allan Carr, Edward Woodward and John Inman.

Ten most interesting sporting interviews of 1980:

G. K. Wilson, Rex Mossop, Des Renford, Gelignite Jack Murray, T. J. Smith, Wally Carr, Greg Hartley, Ian Chappell, Mark Spitz, Dawn Fraser. (Johnny Raper, Tommy Raudonikis and the entire Newtown football team were ruled ineligible.)

Ten best Australian acts of 1980:

Ricky May, Digger Revell and Judy Stone (tieing 1st), Slim Dusty, Col Joye, Alison Durbin, Daly-Wilson Big Band, Kamahl, Billy Kearns and Debbie Byrne.

Ten best overseas acts of 1980:

Rod McKuen, Tiny Tim, Craig Russell, Bobby Rydell, Eartha Kitt (especially with Robert Morley — especially *not* with Jilly Cooper), Leslie Uggams, Blood, Sweat & Tears, The Ritchie Family, 5th Dimension and Jimmy Witherspoon.

Ten predictions for 1981 (watch them all go):

Johnathon Coleman, Robyn Archer, Sandy Thorne, Keith Garvey, Lenore Zann, Jack Caroleon, Roadapple, Cowboy Bob Purtell, Johnny Fogwell and Queenie Paul.

My favorite memories of 1980:

John Laws, Ron Saw, Larry Pickering, Ted Noffs, Mike Willesee, Dymphna Cusack, Alex Buzo, Sir Phillip Baxter, Lang Hancock, John Farragher. And a special rise from the dead citation to former Nixon-aide and now God-aide Charles Colson.

Ten I would most like to have interviewed but couldn't because they wouldn't: Kerry Packer, Rupert Murdoch, Ita Buttrose, Sir John Kerr, Bob Hawke, Dame Patti Menzies, Mr and/or Mrs Neville Wran, Maggi Eckardt, Mr and/or Mrs Gough Whitlam and Graham Kennedy.

UPSTAIRS Elevation

LOUNGE Nº2

GAY

Shower

Bath

Bathroom Nº3

TV

HOT

RECEPTION Nº2

Sofa

Bedroom10

Two-way Mirror

Flagellation

DAZZLING

Douche

Bedroom 11

Humiliation

Bedroom 12

Movies

6

Rubber Aids

RUBBER

UNBREAKABLE

Bedroom 13

Sauna

Massage

3

Waiting Area

Stairs UP

4

Beautiful

HALLWAY Nº3

Private Hall

Stairs Down

HALLWAY Nº1

Tramp

Lovely

Two-way Mirror

Alarm

Famous

PLAYROOM Nº1

RECEPTION

RECEPTION Nº1

2

WOW!

Massage Table

TV

ENTRANCE

please every man

1

PATIO

YES

Fridge

Kitchen

Water Sports

Sling

AMAZING

5

Bedroom22

S&M

Two-way Mirror

Vanity

Stove

TV

BALCONY

ROBERT Pearce

GROUND Elevation

BROTHEL BLUES

being the disjointed diary of a melbourne massage parlor and slimming clinic owner. article by Greta W. Jordan

HAVING the parlor here in Ringwood, I get a lot of Poms. They really go for indoor sports. While the Aussies are off for a game of tennis the Poms are into their own ball games. Dosed up with their daily Valium, their wives never notice. They tell me English girls are little ravers before marriage but afterwards they're into coffee with purple hearts, while the kids crawl around the Art Deco. Worried the North Sea oil will run out sooner rather than later, they move to Australia. Melbourne appeals, it's so English, and Ringwood still has its trees. Suburbia soon palls. Back to the Valium washed down with sherry and, homesick, they're in a TV stupor when their husbands get home.

I'm making a good living here, under cover of a slimming clinic for men. They

queue up to get in on Saturday mornings; their wives drop them off at the door. We have all the machines, the rollers are the most effective on the paunches. I employ a qualified nutritionist to advise on diets and for the tax man we have a little takeaway diet food business. The real money is upstairs. I keep it sordid. They like that. My clients have enough of house beautiful at home. My girls dress as nannies; Englishmen always fall in love with their nannies, masturbating after they kiss them goodnight. I keep little enamel potties under the beds and Mabel Lucie Atwell pictures on the walls.

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Must have a drink. God! I drink a lot these days. It's aging me , but I've got to have something.

I'm wondering what's going to happen in the inner city. Half of the councils are trying to clean up the massage parlors, and the other half are drawing fantastic rentals from them. It's getting a bit hot these days, I'm glad I'm out here.

Yesterday we were having a whisky on the rocks — all ready for the rush hour, wearing our navy blue knickers and gym slips. Then in came all the businessmen. It was the biggest orgy we've had. They're really into group massage these days. The bloke next to me spurted his goods into my eye. I charged him double, to make up for it. Today I bought a bottle of eye drops, not the usual thing that I keep in my first aid cupboard.

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I've no trouble getting girls — the unemployment problem assists me. Girls with terrific figures come along to work in the slimming salon, and soon realise the big money's upstairs. Australian suburban life just doesn't develop backbone. The same school and friends, with Mummy taxi-ing them around for 16 years, doesn't prepare them for the big bad world. They crack up in no time, they're so naïve, believing anything men tell them. When it falls through, they're popping the pills just like their mothers before them. Their looks go, and bad nerves have no place in this sort of business.

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I'll just get another drink. I should eat something, I'm losing too much weight. I'm only eight stone now. The phones never stop, I've never been so busy. I'm always watching for cops, must control my drinking, I've done so well to get this far. I started off in St Kilda Road, but they took too much money. The boss put it all on the horses, but we never did see any of the winnings.

• • •

It's hard to get out of there, but I got pregnant. I went home, Mum didn't know, I told her the old story — he was married. Her grandson is the joy of her life; he spends all his school holidays with her. After he was born I worked on my own, going to hotels, until I found a flat in Brighton. Most of my regulars were English so I started on my own here. I've never looked back. If I could just get off the booze, and keep the girls I've trained ... I always pay them well.

• • •

Fat girls are good. Amazing how men ask for them, I think they have enough of neurotic dieting wives at home. Annie is my big girl, I'd like to get her into bed myself, I fancy her something terrible. I'll have to take it slowly because I don't want her to take offence and leave.

"Last week I lost Kitty, to become a stripper. I could never rely on her ... her boyfriend was on the dole, knew what she did, liked the money."

(Another funny phone call, do I get them! A woman saying she'll shoot my son. I try not to worry when I get these calls, but I can't help it. I never tell anyone where he goes to school, but it's a good one in the hills. It costs me a thousand bucks a year. The headmaster knows what I do; in fact, he was very interested in the business side. He said if Labor got in he'd have to go into something else. He thought he might start something like my salon for women. John is seven now, and he takes my cards back to the school for his teachers. I give them a special discount.)

Annie comes from Holland, she's always phoning home. Her Mum's coming out on holiday soon. Annie's in a rush to get her house up to scratch and a swimming pool in before she arrives. The Dutch are so house proud. She came to work in the takeaway shop while her husband babysat. She soon saw where the money was. We didn't have a dress to fit her, so we cut a hole in a lace tablecloth for her head and she was a wow. She fell in love with one of our clients, an abortionist who doesn't really like what he's doing but has an expensive wife. He always asked for Annie, booking her for hours at a time. Annie left her husband and three children to live in a flat so he could visit her, but he didn't like it, he felt guilty about the kids and couldn't get it up. We started to see him at the salon again. Annie was drinking too much, and smashed her husband's car. She gave the flat up and moved back home in time for her mother's visit. She's still stuck on the guy, and drinking too much, but I can't talk, who knows how much women are drinking anyway? I may be able to make her happy myself later.

I lost a good girl today, Girda, a redhead. She could sit on her hair. The men go a bundle on real long hair. Unfortunately, she was on pot, I wouldn't have taken her on if I'd known. Girls who come to me have expensive habits. She was on the dole, drew quite a lot too as she claimed for her two children. Her husband didn't want the responsibility and went to Europe with his friends. She's just gone to Bali to sit on the beach smoking all day. I feel sorry for the kids, they were doing well at school. They were such scrawny little kids, like a pair of Burmese kittens.

If one leaves, it unsettles the others. Last week I lost Kitty, to become a stripper. I could never rely on her as she lived in Melton. She lived with her father and used to hitch in. It didn't always work out and it messed up the appointments. Her boyfriend was on the dole, knew what she did, liked the money.

We're not allowed to advertise, but we put ads in shop windows and word of mouth is the best recommendation. Kitty wanted to get rich quick, she was inclined to get nasty if a client only wanted a straight massage, she said she wasn't here for that. We used to get phone calls for her:

"Is that Kitty? I bet you're weeing your knickers," and, "Kitty, I want to screw you."

We always hung up, it was bad for the business. I have to keep the standard up. I don't want any trouble,

"That's the Golden Fleece?"

and I am careful with the phones, I think they're bugged.

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The Ringwood men seem to like our Aboriginal girl, Alma. Alma was doing a computer course at Caulfield Tech, and fell in love with a German student. He was into the good life, and soon had her on the streets. He booted her out when she was pregnant and she ended up at St Kilda. She was saving for a car, but the boss of the parlor took all her money and bashed her if she didn't make enough. She miscarried and when she left hospital he was with a younger girl, who gave her my address. She works full time for me, but I wish she were twins. Grateful she found me, she works hard and is saving for a milk bar; I think she'll make it.

Lana, a six-foot brunette, also works for me. I don't know what to make of her really, she's a good class girl, educated and travelled. She's a single parent, she chose the father for his brain and never saw him again. I don't know whether she's a lez or not; pehaps she doesn't know herself. She leads an expensive lifestyle.

She's very afraid of being raped and she never lets men go the whole way, not even if she fancies them. An Asian businessman is desperate for her, he's into fellatio, but she won't play. He's beginning to wonder what he's paying for. She keeps a hatpin at hand and is always crying. She's full of nerves, frightened people will find out and her son will be taken away. If she leaves there's only poverty, she can't cook and her typing is too slow. If anyone was born to marry money, it's her. Of course, all our clients are married.

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Here's Melinda, we'll have a drink together. I wish the others were so uncomplicated. She has a bit of backbone, her mother brought up four children on her own and before the pension. Melinda helped out with Saturday jobs and a paper round. She's hitched all over the world and met people from all walks of life. Many of her friends have been rich, so she has seen the high life and likes it. She could never stand a routine job and a steady boyfriend.

Her mother knows what she does; they laugh about it when they're eating their tea. She drives a pink Mazda and looks the real daddy's girl. Her face is clear skinned without make-up, but she spends a fortune on skin care.

She's paid for her mother's house to be painted and put in a luxury kitchen. The latest thing they have is a hot tub in the back garden. In Prue Acton clothes she's doing very nicely, thank you. No straight sex — she's looking after her tubes in case she needs to produce a son and heir. Melinda takes too many holidays for my liking, she's always looking at holiday brochures. But she returns bright eyed and tanned. I'm not complaining, she doesn't have hang-ups; the little daughter to them all before we send them home to their own pimpled, unemployed realities. On her last holiday in China she found a nice little line of additions for men to wear, to bring life to their jaded wives.

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Jennifer was our hairdresser, she used to do the girls' hair when we were quiet. Older than the usual girls, she was very well kept. Many men ask for an older woman. She was good. I was going to make her a partner, then she got silly over the young boys. She said she was in love with some 16 year old, he was always round here. I didn't want his class following him, and told her to see him at home. She overdid it and her periods went on too long, so she could hardly ever work. One night he and his friends had been drinking and called at Jenny's for an orgy. Poor Jenny's body couldn't take it. She couldn't face her friends after that, and took an overdose, and she wasn't found in time.

"Poor Jenny's body couldn't take it. She couldn't face her friends after that and took an overdose, and she wasn't found in time."

I have got a new girl starting tomorrow, an ex-air hostess. She was raped by a footballer over Africa. You can't run far in an aircraft. I'm lucky to get her.

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I've had a bad year, I wonder if it's worth it. No wonder I'm hitting the booze. It started with Vanessa, she was a level-headed divorcee, saving hard for a house she could let to pay her way through uni. She met a man at Monash and all her savings went on him. She felt he was tiring of her so she took him to Bali and promised a trip to America. He sported expensive clothes and a car but took out other girls. We tried to tell her but it didn't make any difference. She was working just to give him the money, and he treated her like dirt. Inevitably, she was found with her wrists slashed. He didn't even go to see her in hospital.

My mother allowed her to stay afterward but I had to let her go. She looked so ill no one wanted to book her. She went to St Kilda, I heard she's an informer for the drug squad.

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Camilla was quite the jet set type. Her Lebanese boyfriend was typically possessive. She told him she was a receptionist for the slimming clinic. Of course she worked upstairs, she needed the money to pay for her car and her expensive clothes. Her ex-husband used to hang around and kicked her car in one night. The clients didn't like her, she only let them stay the bare 30 minutes, and it was so obvious she wanted rid of them. Her husband took her to court for custody of their daughter and started to shout that she was a whore. She in turn sued him for the damage to her car. Her boyfriend was in trouble with his rich father, who threatened to stop his $1000 allowance if he didn't stop seeing her. She was left with no money and her Toorak parents disowned her. Now she's in Parkmore.

Lorraine, my friend and bedmate, left until the gossip died down. She went to Singapore. There's big money there. She phones, but it's not the same as her warm body next to mine. I'm worried she'll go on the hard stuff; she was okay with me. I didn't drink so much then, and I'm getting slack. The girls take advantage, I just went down for another bottle of whisky, and the girls had closed the takeaway early. They didn't ask.

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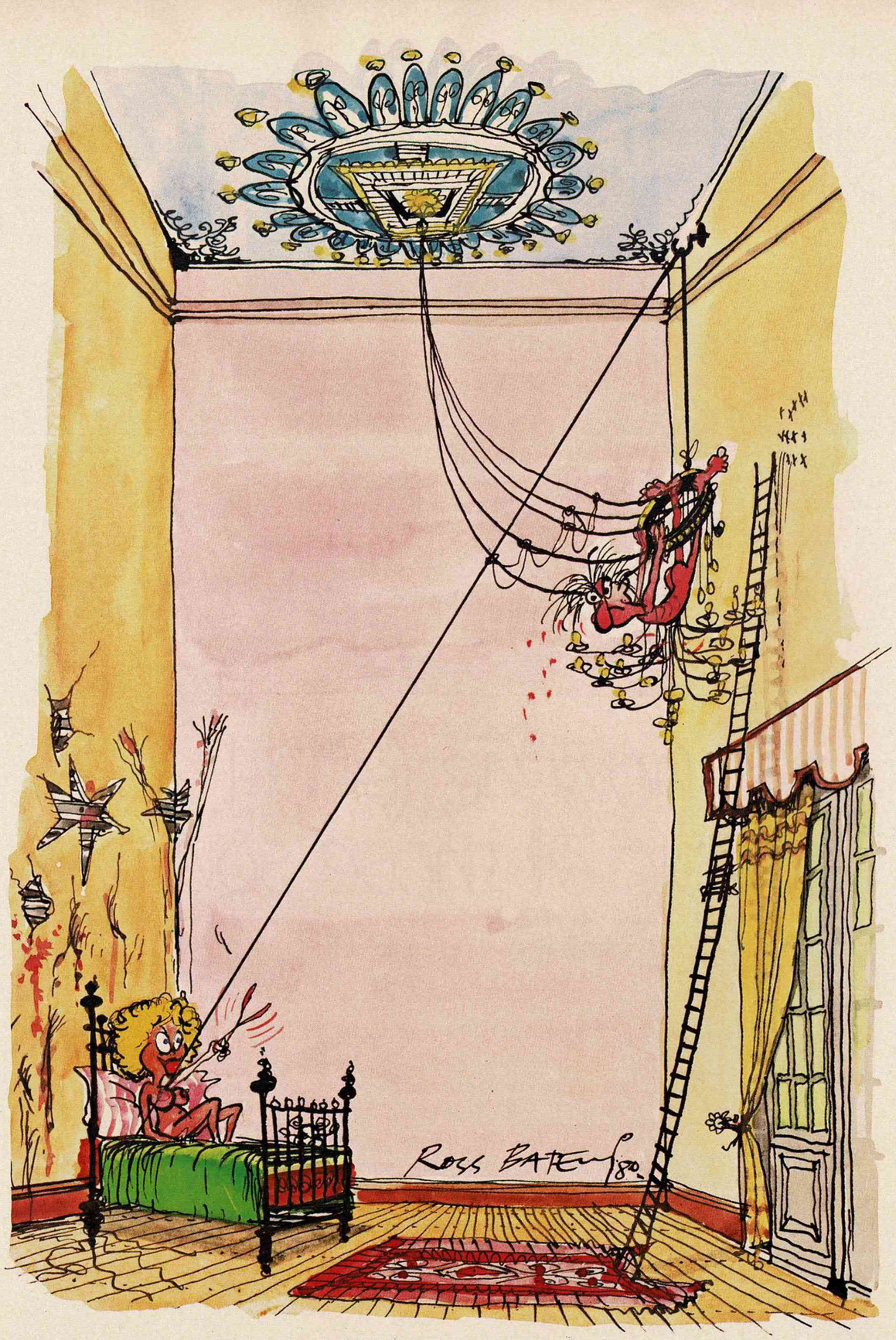
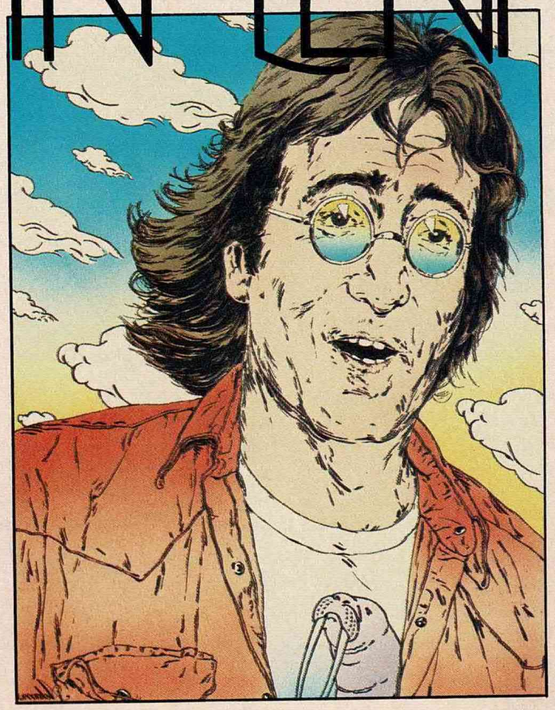
I'm afraid the St Kilda boys will do my place in. They say I'm taking their clients. But it's the petrol situation, they work and play nearer home these days. I sleep with a gun under my pillow, I feel safer then. I don't know whether I'd be able to use it but it would scare one or two. I'll just have another drink.



"A little more to the right this time."

JOHN LENNON



tells how he (and Paul) wrote all those songs

THEIR SONGS defined a generation, and one week before he died John Lennon was in the process of defining these songs for PLAYBOY.

It was a project that grew out of conversations for the PLAYBOY Interview (January 1981), and Lennon was an enthusiastic participant. "You're asking about my work, about my life's *work," he told interviewer* ***David Sheff.*** *"I'm proud of it. Let's get it on the record."*

What follows is Lennon talking about his major work during the '60s and '70s. We think it's a fitting tribute to a man and his music.

Across The Universe: It was one that drove me out of bed. I didn't want to write it. I was just slightly irritable and I went downstairs and I couldn't get to sleep until I put it on paper and then I was able to go to sleep. It is a lousy track of a great song. I was so disappointed by it. The guitar is out of tune and I'm singing out of tune because I was psychologically destroyed. Nobody was supporting me or helping me with it, but we would spend hours doing little detail cleaning on Paul's parts. When it came to mine, somehow this atmosphere of looseness and of casualness — "Let's try a few experiments" — would come over. It was subconscious sabotage, yeah. He will say this doesn't exist, that I'm paranoid, but I'm not paranoid. It's the absolute truth. So I just gave the song to the Wildlife Fund of Great Britain with no plans to do anything else with it, but then Phil Spector dug it up for *Let It Be.*

remember polythene pam? no way was she a man, and the lady liked it inside wrapping paper! nor was lennon inspired to compose norwegian wood while sleeping in the bath. he and paul wrote "we can work it out" as a joint effort to end their feud.

All My Loving: All My Loving is Paul, I regret to say (laughing). Put that laughter in brackets, right? It is a damn good piece. (singing) "All my loving, I will send to you . . ." But I do play a pretty mean guitar in back.

And I Love Her: And I Love Her is Paul again. That was his first Yesterday. You know, the big ballad. I believe I put something in the middle eight.

Any Time At All: An effort at writing It Won't Be Long. The old C to A minor, like Michelle.

Baby You're a Rich Man: That is a combination of two separate pieces, of Paul's and mine, put together and forced into a song. One half was all mine: (singing) "How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people, now that you know who you are da da da da ..." And then Paul comes in with (singing) "Baby you're a rich man ..." Because he just had this "Baby you're a rich man" around.

Back In The USSR: Paul completely. I play the six string bass on that — the (singing while mock-bass playing) "da da da da da da ..." Try to write *that* with your typewriter.

Ballad Of John And Yoko: Guess who wrote that one? There is only me and Paul playing on the record. George and Ringo weren't there. I wrote it in Paris on our honeymoon. We had it before we were married. It's a piece of journalism, a folk song. It's like a traditional folk ballad.

Being For The Benefit Of Mr Kite: The whole song is from a Victorian poster which I bought in a junk shop. It is so cosmically beautiful. It's a poster for Pablo Frankie's Fair, which is a genuine thing that must have happened in the 1800s. Everything in the song is from that poster except the horse wasn't called Henry. Now, there were all kinds of stories about Henry the Horse being heroin. I had never seen heroin in that period. No, it's all just from that poster.

Can't Buy Me Love: That is Paul completely. There is a middle eight I probably helped on. Let's see. (singing) "Can't buy me love, can't buy me love, love, money can't buy me love. Money can't da da da . . . I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love. Can't buy me love . . ." Maybe I had something to do with the chorus. I don't know. I always considered it his song.

Carry That Weight: Paul. I think he was under strain during that period.

Come Together: It's me, writing obscurely around an old Chuck Berry thing. Though it's nothing like the Chuck Berry song, they took me to court because I admitted this once years ago. I left in one line, which is not just Berry's: "Here come old flattop." I could have changed it to "Here comes old iron face". The song remains independent of Chuck Berry or anybody else on this Earth. The thing was created in the studio. The lyrics are gobbledygook and Come Together was an expression that Leary had come up with when he was running for President. They'd asked me to write them a campaign song. I tried and tried and tried and couldn't come up with it. But I came up with this Come Together, which would have been no good for them. They couldn't have had a campaign song like that, right? But Leary attacked me years later saying I ripped him off. Well, I had written another little thing called (singing) "Come together and join the party . . ." It never got further than that. And they never came back to ask for the song. I didn't rip him off. I had the song there waiting for him. It's a funky record. It's one of my favorite Beatle tracks, or one of my favorite Lennon tracks I'd say. It's funky, it's bluesy and I'm singing pretty well. I like the sound of the record. You can dance to it. I'd buy it.

A Day In The Life: Just as it sounds. I was reading the paper one day and I noticed two stories. One was the Guinness heir who killed himself in a car. That was the main headline story. He died in London in a car crash. On the next page was a story about 4000 holes in Blackburn, Lancashire. In the streets, that is. They were going to fill them all. Paul's contribution was the beautiful little line in the song "I'd love to turn you on."

Dear Prudence: Me, and written in India. It's a song for Mia Farrow's sister who went just slightly balmy, meditating too long, who wouldn't come out of the little hut that we were living in. (singing) "Dear Prudence, won't you come out and play . . ." They selected me and George to try and bring her out because she would trust us. We got her out of the house — she'd been locked in for three weeks and would not come out. She was trying to find God quicker than anyone else. That was the competition in Maharishi's camp: Who was going to get cosmic first. What I did not know is that I was already cosmic.

Dr Robert: Another one of mine. It's mainly about drugs and pills; you know that I was the one who carried all the pills when we were on tour in the early days. Later, the roadies did it.

Eight Days A Week: Eight Days A Week was the running title for *Help* before they came up with *Help.* And it was Paul's effort, though I helped on a lot of it. It was his effort at getting a single for the movie, which luckily turned out to be Help, which I wrote like BAM BAM, like that, and got the single. They gave us the title and Paul wrote the song, but it was never a good song. They changed the movie's name because *Help* was a better title.

Eleanor Rigby: Paul's first verse and the rest of the verses are basically mine. Paul had the theme, the whole bit about Eleanor Rigby in the church where a wedding had been. He knew he had this song and he needed help, but rather than ask me to do the lyrics, he said: "Hey, you guys, finish up the lyrics" while he sort of fiddled around with the track or with the arranging or something at another part of the giant studio at EMI. I sat there with Mel Evans, a road manager who was a telephone installer, and Neil Aspenall, a student accountant who became a road manager, and it was the three of us he was talking to. I was insulted and hurt that he had thrown it out in the air that way. Actually, he meant for me to do it, but he wouldn't ask. That was the kind of insensitivity he had which made me upset in the later years. It's just the kind of person he is. It meant nothing

to him. I wanted to grab a piece of the song, so I wrote it with them sitting at that table thinking: "How *dare* he throw it out in the air like that." Part of it we worked out together: he didn't have the middle — "Ahh, look at all the lonely people." He and George and I were sort of sitting around the room throwing things around and I left to go to the toilet. I heard someone say that line and I turned around and said: "That's it!" I remember we first put Father McCartney in place of Father McKensey, but Paul thought his dad would get upset by it. I can't take the credit for the violins and the beautiful arrangement. Jane Asher, who Paul was with at that time, turned him on to Vivaldi and he got the arrangement straight out of his work. (pretending to play violin, singing) "Father McCartney, writing the words to a sermon that no one will hear..."

Fool on the Hill: Paul, again proving that he can write lyrics if he's a good boy.

For No One: Paul's. One of my favorite pieces of his, too. That and Here, There and Everywhere. A nice piece of work, I think.

From Me to You: We were writing it in a van on an early tour heading for Scotland or Newcastle or somewhere like that. The first line was mine. Then we took it from there. It was far bluesier when we wrote it. That was truly a combination song. It was written together singing into each other's noses.

Get Back: Paul's. That's a better version of Lady Madonna. It's a pot boiler record. I think there's some underlying thing about Yoko in there. Every time Paul sang the line, "Get back to where you once belonged," he'd look at Yoko. Maybe he'll say I'm paranoid.

Getting Better: It is a diary form of writing. All that "I used to be cruel to my woman, I beat her and kept her apart from the things that she loved" was me. I used to be cruel to my woman, and physically — any woman. I was a hitter. I couldn't express myself and I hit. I fought men and I hit women. That is why I am always on about peace, you see. It is the most violent people who go for love and peace. Everything's the opposite. But I sincerely believe in love and peace. I am a violent man who has learned not to be violent and regrets his violence. I will have to be a lot older before I can face in public how I treated women as a youngster.

Give Peace A Chance: All we were saying is give peace a chance. I didn't write it with Paul but he got credit on the song because I wasn't ready to take his name off yet.

Glass Onion: It's just a throwaway song, *a la* everything I have written. "The walrus is Paul" line, as I've said, was just to confuse everybody a bit more and, especially, because I felt slightly guilty because I'd got Yoko and he'd got nothing and he was losing me 'cause I was going to quit. The walrus is really just a bit of poetry that didn't mean anything. It could have been "I am the fox terrier" and then this song would have gone, "And here's another clue for you all, the fox terrier is Paul."

Good Day Sunshine: Paul's song completely. Maybe I threw in a line or something.

Good Morning: Good Morning is mine. It is a throwaway, a piece of garbage, I always thought. The "Good morning, good morning" was from a Kellogg's commercial. I always had the TV on very low in the background when I was writing and it came over and then I wrote the song.

Got To Get You Into My Life: Paul's. One of his best songs, I think. The lyrics are good and I didn't write them. When I say that he can write lyrics if he takes the effort, here's an example. The song actually describes his experience taking acid, at least it's a result of that.

Happy Xmas (War Is Over): Yoko and I wrote it together. There is nothing more to say about it. It was still the same message: we're just as responsible as the man that pushes the button, you know. The idea that somebody is either going to give us power or has taken our power; that somebody has made us go to war or not made us go to war; that God in the sky is a separate thing, that we're separate nations, religions, whatever. It's all the same garbage. As long as people imagine that someone is doing something to them and that they have no control then they have no control.

Hard Day's Night: It was pure commercial writing. The title came from an off-the-cuff remark of Ringo's, you know, one of those malapropisms, only not a real malapropism. It was a Ringoism. I put it in *In His Own Write* and Dick Lester (the film director) saw it and said we were going to use it for the title of the movie and the next morning, well, I brought in the song. There was a little competition between Paul and I about who got the A side and who got the singles. If you notice the early days, the majority of singles — in the movies and everything — were mine. And then only when it became self-conscious and inhibited did Paul start dominating the group a little too much for my liking. But in the early period obviously I was dominating the group. I did practically every single with my voice except for Love Me Do. They were either my song or my voice or both. The only reason he sang on Hard Day's Night was because I couldn't reach the notes. (singing) "When I'm home, everything seems to be right, when I'm home, feeling . . ."

Help!: I just wrote the song because I was commissioned to write it for the movie. But later, I knew I really was crying out for help. It was my fat Elvis period. You see the movie: he— I — is very fat, very insecure, and he has completely lost himself. And I am singing about when I was so much younger and all the rest, looking back at how easy it was.

Helter Skelter: Paul completely. All that Manson stuff was built around George's Little Piggies and this song of Paul's about an English fairground. It has nothing to do with anything, and least of all to do with me.

Here, There and Everywhere: Paul's song completely, and it's one of my favorite Beatle songs.

Hey Jude: Paul said it was written about Julian. He knew I was splitting with Cyn and leaving Julian then. He was driving to see Julian to say hello. He had been like an uncle. And he came up with Hey Jude. But I always heard it as a song to me. Think about it: Yoko had just come into the picture. He is saying, "Hey, Jude" — "Hey, John." Subconsciously, he was saying, Go ahead, leave me. On a conscious level, he didn't want me to go ahead. The angel in him was saying, "Bless you." The Devil in him didn't like it at all, because he didn't want to lose his partner.

How Do You Sleep?: It was like Dylan doing Like a Rolling Stone, one of his nasty songs, venting my anger or frustration or whatever and using Paul as the object of it.

I Am the Walrus: The first line was written on one acid trip one weekend. The second line was written on the next acid trip the next weekend, and it was filled in after I met Yoko. Part of it was putting down Hare Krishna. All of these people were going on about Hare Krishna, Allen Ginsberg in particular. And the reference to "Element'ry penguin" is to the elementary, naïve attitude of going around chanting "Hare Krishna," or putting all your faith in any one idol. I was writing obscurely, a la Dylan, in those days. The walrus comes from *The Walrus and the Carpenter* from *Alice in Wonderland.* To me, it was a beautiful poem. It never dawned on me that Lewis Carroll was commenting on the capitalist and social system. I never went into that bit about what he really meant, like people are doing with the Beatles' work. Later, I went back and looked at it and realised that the walrus was the bad guy in the story and the carpenter was the good guy. I thought, oh, shit, I picked the wrong guy.

I Feel Fine: That's me completely, including the guitar lick and the first feedback on any record anywhere. I defy anybody to find a record — unless it is some old blues record from the 1920s — with feedback on it before I Feel Fine. Everybody was doing feedback and far out stuff but nobody was putting it on record. It is the first feedback. I claim it for the Beatles. Before Hendrix, before The Who.

I Should Have Known Better: That's me. It's just a song. It doesn't mean a damn thing.

I Want To Hold Your Hand: We wrote that in the basement of Jane Asher's house.

I'm Happy Just To Dance With You: That one was written for George. I couldn't have sung it.

Imagine: Dick Gregory gave Yoko and me a little kind of prayer book. It is in the Christian idiom, but you can apply it anywhere. It is the concept of positive prayer. If you want to get a car, get the car keys. Get it? Imagine is saying that. If you can *imagine* a world at peace, with no denominations of religion — not without religion but without this my-God-is-bigger-than-your-God thing — then it can be true. The song was originally inspired by Yoko's book *Grapefruit.* In it are a lot of pieces saying, imagine this, imagine that. Yoko actually helped a lot with the lyrics, but I wasn't man enough to let her have credit for it. I was still selfish enough and unaware enough to sort of take her contribution without acknowledging it. I was still full of wanting my own space after being in a room with four guys all the time, having to share everything. So when Yoko would even wear the same color as me I used to get madly upset: we are not the Beatles! We are not f..... Sonny and Cher!

(Just Like) Starting Over: It's what it says. I wrote it when I was in Bermuda with Sean while Yoko was attending to business. It just came out that way. All the other songs were finished and it and "Clean-up Time" came out sort of like fun after the work was done. It has the fifties-ish sound because I have never really written a song that sounded like that period, although that was my period, the music I identified with. So I just thought, why the hell not? In the Beatle days, that would have been taken as a joke. One avoided cliches. But, of course, now those cliches are not cliches any more. I nearly took the words "spread our wings and fly" out because I thought, Oh God, they'll all be saying, "What's that about, Wings?" It has nothing at all to do with Wings.

Lady Madonna: Paul. Good piano, but the song never really went anywhere. Maybe I helped him on some of the lyrics, but I'm not proud of them either.

Let It Be: That's Paul totally. It had nothing to do with the Beatles. It could have been Wings. I think he was inspired by Bridge Over Troubled Waters. He wanted to write one.

A Little Help From My Friends: Paul with a little help from me. I did some of the lyrics and all those little licks going on in the background from the second voice.

Long and Winding Road: That's Paul. He had a little spurt before we finally split up. I think the shock of what was happening between Yoko and me gave him the creative spurt for Let It Be and Long And Winding Road. That was the last gasp from him.

Love Me Do: Paul's song, written when he was a teenager. I might have helped on the middle eight, but I couldn't swear to it. I know he had the song around, even in Hamburg, way, way before we were songwriters.

Lovely Rita: That's Paul writing a pop song. He made up people like Rita, like a novelist. You hear lots of McCartney influence going on now on the radio: these stories about boring people being postmen and writing home. I'm not interested in writing about people like that. I like to write about me because I know me. I don't know anything about secretaries and postmen and meter maids.

Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds: My son Julian came in one day with a picture he painted about a school friend of his named Lucy. He had

sketched in some stars in the sky and called it Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. The other images were from *Alice in Wonderland.* There was also the image of the female who would someday come save me — a "girl with kaleidoscope eyes" who would come out of the sky. It turned out to be Yoko, though I hadn't met Yoko yet. So maybe it should be Yoko in the Sky with Diamonds.

Magical Mystery Tour: Paul's song. I helped with the lyrics, but it was Paul's concept.

Maxwell's Silver Hammer: That's Paul. I hate it. All I remember is the track. He made us do it a million times. He did everything he could to make it into a single. It never was and it never could have been. We spent much more money and time on that song than on any song on the whole of the album.

Michelle: Michelle is Paul up until the middle eight, where I suggested this bit from Nina Simone. (singing) "I love *you.*" That bit. The French lyrics were Paul's idea.

Norwegian Wood: Norwegian Wood is my song completely. It's the first pop song that ever had a sitar on it. I asked George to play this guitar lick on the sitar. In the song, I guess I was very careful and paranoid, because I did not want my wife at the time to know that there was really something going on outside of the household. I always had some sort of affair going, so, in the song, I was trying to be sophisticated in writing about an affair, in such a smoke screen way that you couldn't tell it was real. I can't remember any specific woman that it was to do with. I don't know *how* in the hell I got myself into Norwegian wood.

Nowhere Man: Me. It just came, the complete melody and the words, after six hours of trying to write a song. (singing) "Making all these nowhere plans for nobody . . ."

One After 909: I wrote it when I was about 17, either right before or after Hello Little Girl, and it was resurrected for that album, probably for lack of material. Nine has always been around. I'm not sure why. I was born on October 9, I lived at 9 Newcastle Road, Revolution 9, 909. Numerologically, I'm apparently a number three or six, so I'm not sure where the nine comes in.

Paperback Writer: It is sort of Paul's version of Day Tripper, meaning a rock and roll song with a nice guitar lick on it.

Penny Lane: It was Paul's based on a place I lived. Penny Lane is not only a street, but it's a district, like Times Square or Columbus Avenue. Penny Lane is a suburban district where I lived with my mother and father up until age four. Well, my father was a sailor, always at sea. My grandfather lived in the house, too. It was one of those row houses like they always picture in the early Beatles' life stories and in Yellow Submarine — you know, drooly versions of the four working class lads. Anyway, I wrote some of the lyrics. I can't remember which. It was all his melody.

Please Please Me: That is me completely. It was my attempt at writing a Roy Orbison song, would you believe it? I remember the day I wrote it. I remember the pink eiderdown over the bed sitting in one of the bedrooms in my house on Menlove Avenue, my auntie's place. I heard Roy Orbison doing Only The Lonely on the radio. Also, I was always intrigued by the words to a Bing Crosby song that went (singing) "Please lend your little ears to me, please . . ." I was intrigued by the double use of the word "please". So it was a combination of Roy Orbison and Bing Crosby.

Polythene Pam: That was me, remembering a little event I had with a woman in Jersey, an island off the French coast. A poet, England's answer to Allen Ginsberg, a beatnik that looked like a beatnik who was from Liverpool, took me to this apartment of his in Jersey. This was so long ago. This is all triggering these *amazing* memories. So this poet took me to his place and asked me if I wanted to meet this girl, Polythene Pam, who dressed up in polythene. Which she did. In polythene bags. She didn't wear jack boots and kilts — I just sort of elaborated — and no, she didn't really look like a man. There was nothing much to it. It was kind of perverted sex in a polythene bag. But it did provide something to write a song about.

PS I Love You: That's Paul's song. He was trying to write a Soldier Boy like the Shirelles' track. I might have contributed something.

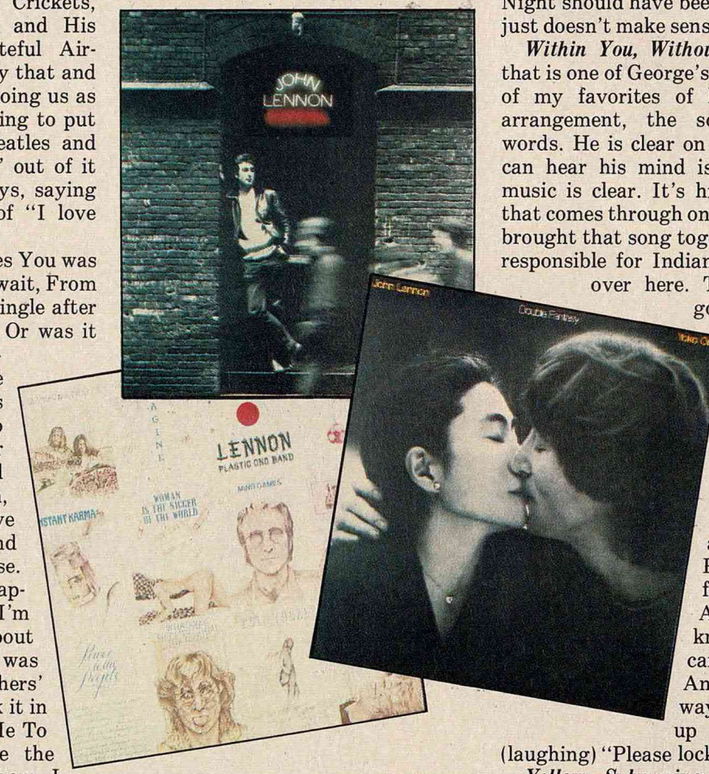
Revolution: You look at the song and see my feeling about politics, radicalism and everything. I *want* to see the plan. Waving Chairman Mao badges or being a Marxist or a thisist or a thatist is going to get you shot, locked up. If that's what you want, you subconsciously want to be a martyr. You see, I want to know what you are going to do after you have knocked it all down. Can't we use some of it? If you want to change the system, don't go shooting other people.

Revolution 9: Well, the slow version of Revolution on the album went on and on and on and I took the fade-out part, which is what they sometimes do with disco records now, and just layered all this stuff over it. It was the basic rhythm of the original Revolution going on with some 20 loops we put on, things from the archives of EMI. We were cutting up classical music and making different-size loops, and then I got an engineer tape on which some test engineer was saying, "Number nine, number nine, number nine." All those different bits of sound and noises are all compiled. There were about 10 machines with people holding pencils on the loops — some only inches long and some a yard long. I fed them all in and mixed them live. I did a few mixes until I got one I liked. Yoko was there for the whole thing and she made decisions about which loops to use. It was somewhat under her influence, I suppose. Once I heard her stuff — not just the screeching and the howling but her sort of word pieces and talking and breathing and all this strange stuff, I thought, my God, I got intrigued, so I wanted to do one. I spent more time on Revolution 9 than I did on half the other songs I ever wrote. It was a montage.

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band: Paul wrote it after a trip to America. The whole West Coast long-named group thing was coming in, you know, when people were no longer called the Beatles or the Crickets, they were suddenly Fred and His Incredible Shrinking Grateful Airplanes. He got influenced by that and came up with this idea of doing us as somebody else. He was trying to put something between the Beatles and the public. It took the "I" out of it some. Like in the early days, saying "She loves you" instead of "I love you." So that's the song.

She Loves You: She Loves You was written right about the . . . wait, From Me To You was the third single after She Loves You, wasn't it? Or was it the other way around — From Me To You after Please Please Me? Well, She Loves You was written by the two of us together. I remember it was Paul's idea. Instead of singing I love you again, Paul decided we would have a third party passing and latch it on to something else. And that little detail is apparently in his work now. I'm more inclined to write about myself. The "woo woo" was taken from the Isley Brothers' Twist And Shout. We stuck it in everything — this, From Me To You. I don't know where the "yeah, yeah, yeah" came from. I remember thinking when Elvis did All Shook Up that it was the first time in my life that I heard "uh, huh," and "oh yeah" and "yeah yeah" all sung in the same song.

Strawberry Fields Forever: Now, Strawberry Fields is a real place. After I stopped living at Penny Lane, I moved in with my auntie who lived in the suburbs in a nice semi-detached place with a small garden and doctors and lawyers and that ilk living around — not the poor slummy kind of image that was projected in all the Beatles stories. Near that home was this Strawberry Fields, a house near a boys' reformatory where I used to go to garden parties as a kid with my friends Nigel and Pete. We would go there and hang out and sell lemonade bottles for a penny. We always had fun at Strawberry Fields. So that's where I got the name. But I used it as an image. Strawberry Fields forever. (singing with eyes closed) "Living is easy. Misunderstanding all you see." It still goes, doesn't it? Aren't I saying exactly the same thing now? The awareness apparently trying to be expressed is — let's say in one way I was always hip. I was hip in kindergarten. I was different from the others. I was different all my life. The second verse goes, "No one I think is in my tree." Well, I was too shy and self-doubting. Nobody seems to be as hip as me is what I was saying. Therefore, I must be crazy or a genius — "I mean it must be high or low," the next line. It was scary as a child, because there was nobody to relate to. Neither my auntie nor my friends nor anybody could ever see what I did. It was very, very scary and the only contact I had was reading about an Oscar Wilde or a Dylan Thomas or a Vincent van Gogh — all those books that my auntie had that talked about their suffering because of their visions. Because of what they saw, they were tortured by society for trying to express what they were. I *saw* loneliness.



Ticket to Ride: That's me, one of the earliest heavy metal records. Paul's contribution was the way Ringo played the drums.

We Can Work It Out: Paul's first half, my middle eight. He came to the house with the first bit and I came up with (singing) "Life is very short and there's no time, for fussing and fighting my friend . . ."

Whatever Gets You Through The Night: As (producer) Jack Douglas put it, that was a novelty record. It's the only one I've done since I left the Beatles to get to number one. We didn't get a good take on the musicians, but I quite like the words. It was more commercial than, say, Imagine, but in my opinion, Imagine should have been number one and Whatever Gets You Through the Night should have been number 39. It just doesn't make sense. Who knows?

Within You, Without You: I think that is one of George's best songs, one of my favorites of his. I like the arrangement, the sound and the words. He is clear on that song. You can hear his mind is clear and his music is clear. It's his innate talent that comes through on that song; that brought that song together. George is responsible for Indian music getting over here. That song is a good example.

A World Without Love: McCartney. I think that he had the whole song before the Beatles and resurrected it to give to Peter and Gordon. Peter is now the famous Peter Asher. I don't known what became of Gordon. Anyway. We always used to crack up at the lyrics. (laughing) "Please lock me away ..."

Yellow Submarine: Paul's baby. Donovan helped with the lyrics. I helped with the lyrics. We virtually made the track come alive in the studio but it was based on Paul's inspiration, his idea, his title. I count it as his song. And it was written for Ringo.

You Never Give Me Your Money: That's Paul, another unfinished song stuck with the others on *Abbey Road.*

You're Gonna Lose That Girl: Me.

You've Got To Hide Your Love Away: That's me in my Dylan period. I am like a chameleon, influenced by whatever is going on. If Elvis can do it, I can do it. If the Everly Brothers can do it, me and Paul can. Same with Bob Dylan.

Playmate of the year

Golden girl Karen West has her gorgeous blue eyes fixed on new horizons now that she's been chosen as Playboy's Playmate of the Year. Sydney's sublime light outlines the reasons why.

Photography by Colin Stead

"I'm not just a summer lover. I'd like to make love in the snow. It'd be cold, but sexy."

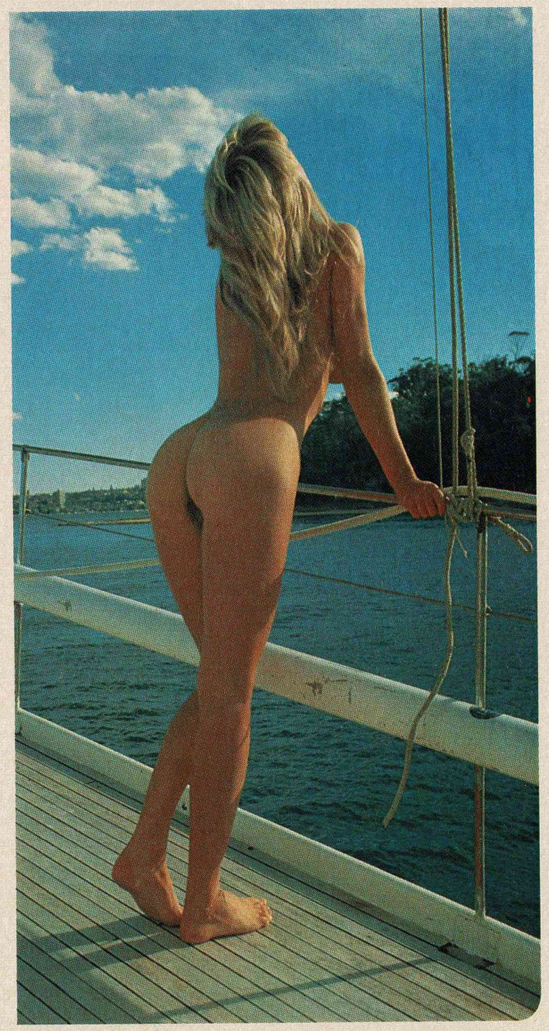
KAREN WEST, the pick of Playboy's delightful dozen for 1980, is a creature of the elements. Says Karen: "I like the feel of the wind and the sun and the sea on my body. Naturally, a person can't go around nude all the time — although I'd like to. In summer, I compromise by not wearing any panties under my dresses. I like the feeling of freedom about it — and frankly, the naughtiness kind of turns me on, too. I stay aware of myself."

Karen's big ambition is to ski nude down the slopes of Kosciusko. We couldn't quite organise that for her, so she happily made do with baring her body to the winds and the delighted gaze of passing small-boat sailors on Sydney's beautiful harbor.

"I love making love in new places. But it has to come about naturally. Give me the right man at the right time — pow!"

If any craft on these sparkling waters has ever boasted a more beautiful figurehead, well—you know our address. We just won't believe it unless you show us.

Karen, a successful model and actress in her home city of Melbourne, credits her old school, Penleigh Presbyterian Ladies' College, with sparking off her love for sports *au naturel.* "Not that they were anything but completely proper," adds our nature girl quickly. "But it was there I learned to enjoy the pleasure of having a trim body, and using it." Young Karen used her body to such success that she became school running champion—so you'll have to be quick to catch our beauty of the year.



Playmate
of the year

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karen Kest

BUST: 36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'6½" WEIGHT: 8st 4lbs SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 19.11.51 BIRTHPLACE: Melbourne

GOALS: For my model agency to be very successful.

TURN-ONS: Clark Kent and Superman

TURN-OFFS: Lois Lane

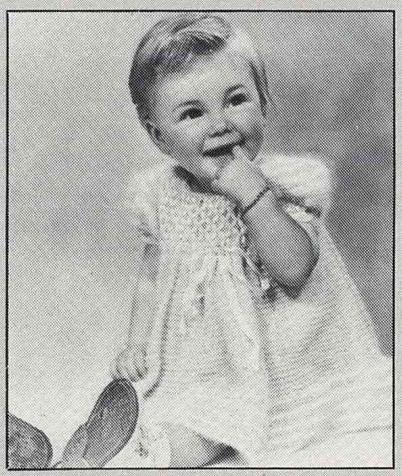
RELAXING: Having a body massage by a nice body

FAVORITE SPORTS: Horseriding, sailing and tennis

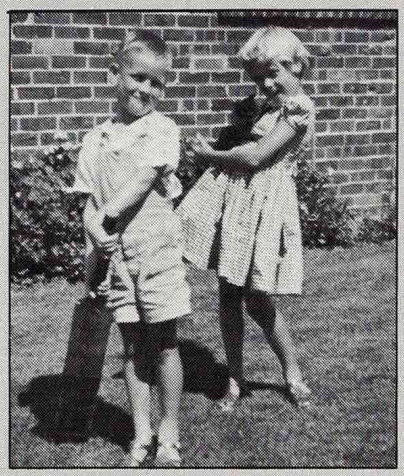
FAVORITE MOVIES: Superman and The Rose

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Bette Midler and Rod Stewart

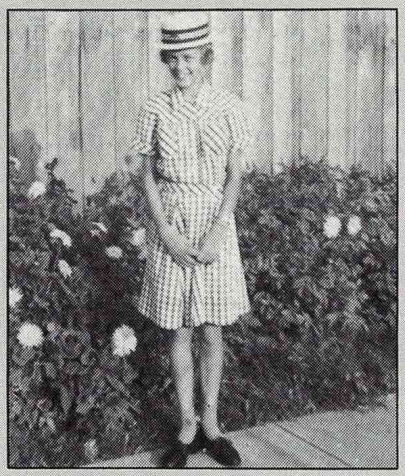
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Rolling Stones



12 months - My first photo session



7 years - Anyone for cricket?



12 years - My new school uniform

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"What astrological sign do you relate to best in a woman?" small-talked the girl in the singles bar.

"I have a definite favorite," smiled the fellow. "It's Clitaurus."

"You're a true man of the world, Mr Farnsworth," announced the physician.

"What does that mean, doctor?" asked the patient.

"The lab-test results indicate that you've built up an immunity to penicillin."

"Since our son Raoul is beginning to become a man," the French housewife said to her husband, "it is fitting, it seems to me, that you tell him about . . . well, you know . . . about the birds and the bees."

"Raoul," the man said to the boy that evening, "you remember, do you not, that special instructional session that I arranged for you with my very good friend Mam'selle Yvette?"

"Oh, but yes, Papa!"

"It is time that you knew, then, that the birds and the bees do the same thing."

Young Raymond was careless, they say,
When planning his rolls in the hay;
For his last bedded doll
Was a Mob capo's moll —
The result was . . . some holes in the Ray!

Resorting to a desperate measure in an attempt to break down his date's resistance, the horny and oafish guy unzipped his pants and pulled out his penis. "I wanna get in your groove with this, sweetheart!" he panted.

"Come to think of it," responded the girl coolly, "it *does* happen to be just about the same size as a phonograph needle."

We suppose that a famous ballerina's protegelover could be said to be under her tutulage.

Waxing eloquent on the sins of the flesh, the dynamic young preacher raised himself to full height, leaned over the pulpit and boomed, "Brothers and sisters, if there are any among you who have committed adultery, may your tongue cleave to the woof of your mowf."

These old-fashioned formal portraits of married couples are so odd," commented the guest leafing through the family album, "what with the husband seated and the wife standing with her hand resting on his shoulder."

"The picture you're looking at is one of Grandpa and Grandma taken right after their honeymoon," elucidated the host. "He was probably too tired to stand up, and she was too sore to sit down."

It was during foreplay in the motel room that the girl asked, "Whatever are those tiny marks that look like they've been tattooed on your organ?"

"Notches," said her date.

If I died, George, would you remarry?" the woman asked her husband out of the blue.

"That's a morbid question to spring on me, Louise," answered the man, "but, to be frank, in due time I probably would."

"Would you bring your second wife here to live?"

"Since the house is all paid for — yes."

"Would you let her wear my mink coat?"

"It would make more sense than taking a loss selling it."

"I suppose you'd even let the hussy who'd replace me use my custom-crafted golf clubs!" railed Louise.

"No, no — not that," responded George. "She happens to be left-handed."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shrewd sheiks* as oil slicks.

Nanook," whispered the igloo-settlement gossip, "I've just seen your ex-wife smooching with Uglut!"

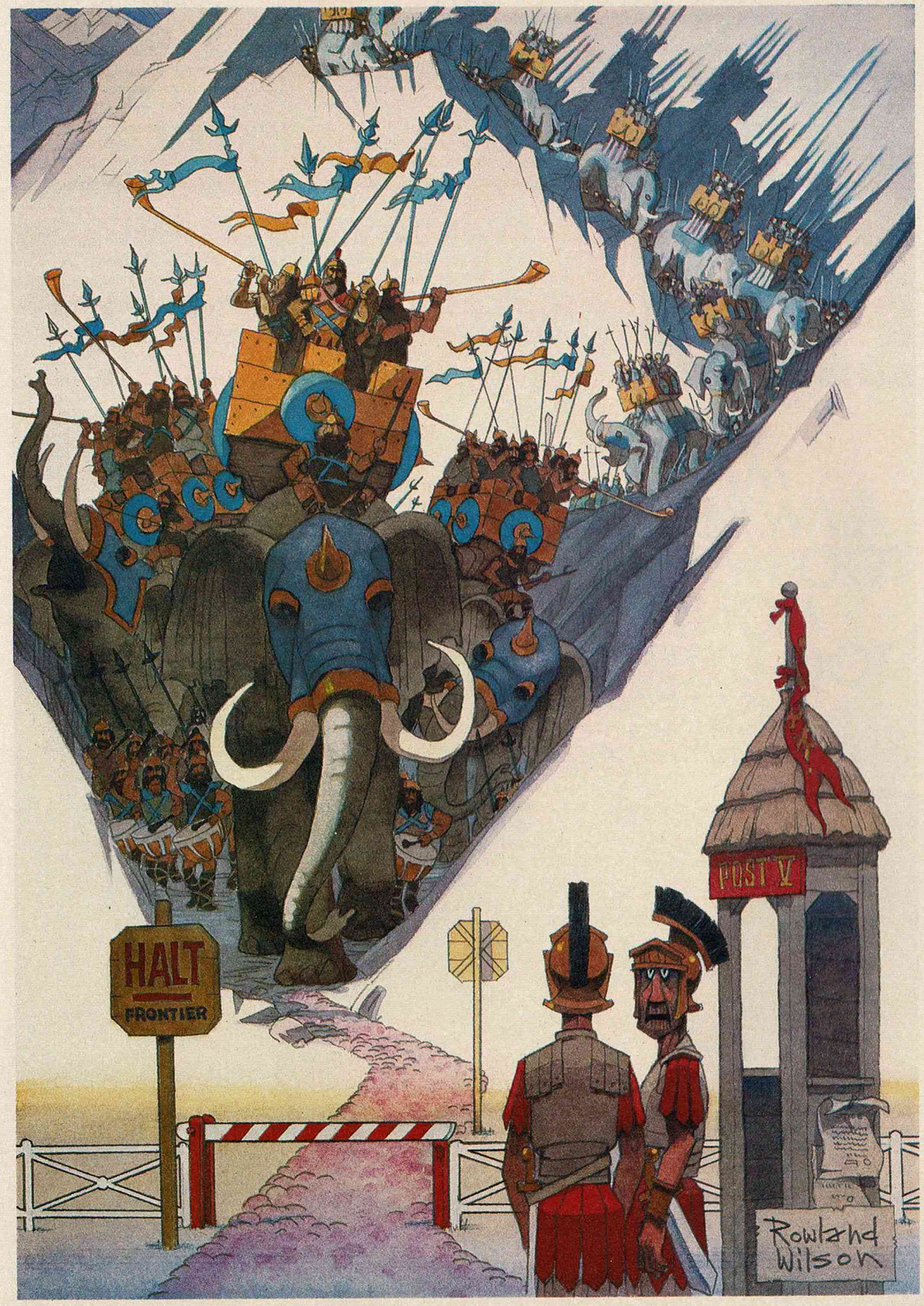
"So what, already?" responded Nanook in a blase fashion. "That's no skin off *my* nose."

We recently heard the procedure whereby a Nobel Prize winner donates sperm for artificial insemination purposes referred to as *a stroke of genius.*

My last boss told me during the job interview that he was interested in a combination of input and output," the girl told the employment counsellor, "but I soon learned that what the combination involved was his putting it in while I put out!"

A transplanted Cockney golf groupie is so accessible to the guys on the tour that she's been nicknamed the British Open.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Oh, oh . . . here comes trouble!"

THE LAW

TOO MANY LAWYERS, TOO MUCH MONEY, TOO LITTLE JUSTICE

article by Lee Patterson

"And (Jesus) said Woe unto you lawyers also! for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers."

Luke 11:46

LIKE IT OR NOT, we are members of an increasingly litigious society. More and more money is being spent on legal fees, more and more law schools are now disgorging more and more lawyers. We elect more and more of them to our many governments which are already alarmingly over-populated with the breed. Australia's overnumerous legislatures are passing more and more laws which are less and less well-debated, well-considered, or even understood by the people we have elected to make laws and weigh such matters; while more and more regulations adorn each new statute, requiring more and more lawyers to interpret, argue and litigate over them before burgeoning benches of judges and jostling courts full of QCs, barristers, solicitors, registrars, associates, plus clerks and assorted underlings.

But it will take someone far more influential than the Lord Jesus (and more than an accusatory "Woe!") to rid us of, or at least protect us from, the worst excesses of lawyers.

As in other matters of wretched excess, the United States is streets ahead of the rest of the world when it comes to being overlegalised. But Australia is moving fast into the same crowded neighborhood.

Our intoxication with the law is *not* a cheap habit.

It is estimated that Australians lavished in excess of $830 million in fees paid to the legal profession in 1980. Some $400 million of this was for largely unnecessary land conveyancing work on the East Coast, which, it has been proved, can be done more cheaply, and as efficiently in most cases, by land brokers or non-legally qualified conveyancing companies.

The estimated $40 million or so that is spent by Federal and State governments and the privately-funded legal aid schemes fail pathetically each year to grapple with the massive problem of providing legal services to the poor and the disadvantaged.

While the legal aid schemes pioneered by the Whitlam Government in the early '70s have alleviated some of the discrimination at the lower end of the socio-economic scale, the Commonwealth of Australia since 1975 has gone distinctly cold on legal aid. There are now grave doubts whether this system provides a satisfactory long-term answer to the question of how

Illustration by Geoff Kelly

legal services for *all* Australians can be afforded, dispensed and paid for in a fair and equitable way.

Legal costs have soared to such an extent since the late 1960s that many middle class people on quite healthy incomes, and many small companies and corporate bodies, simply can no longer afford to risk pursuing a matter in court because of the punishing and possibly ruinous expense of the exercise.

Australia's legal profession is also proliferating, rather like rabbits.

The number of lawyers per head of population in Australia rose by 50 percent as fast again as the increase in population between 1968 and 1975. There are almost 17,000 qualified lawyers in the country today.

There are currently 19,342 aspiring solicitors, barristers, judges and legal officers enrolled at the university law schools and other institutions across Australia. Enrolments at the nation's law schools have more than tripled in the past 15 years.

Since 1975, the growth rate of the admissions of solicitors and their number per head of population has speeded up to the extent that close to 2000 new solicitors are being admitted in Australia every year.

Proliferating even more luxuriantly is the number of laws, ordinances and regulations passed by Australia's nine State, Federal and Territorial legislatures, plus the hundreds of shire and municipal councils and authorities at local government level.

Under these hothouse conditions, Australia has now passed the magic mark of 1000 new statutes handed down by the law-makers each year, according to the Commonwealth's Attorney-General, Senator Durack.

The number of courts operating in Australia is on the increase and so is the number of cases they hear. Public disenchantment with the courts and the legal system and the people's cynicism and distrust of lawyers may be on the increase, but more and more people volunteer, or are forced, to initiate legal actions and lawsuits under a system they do not like or trust. Presumably, they do so in the often long and fruitless search for justice or compensation.

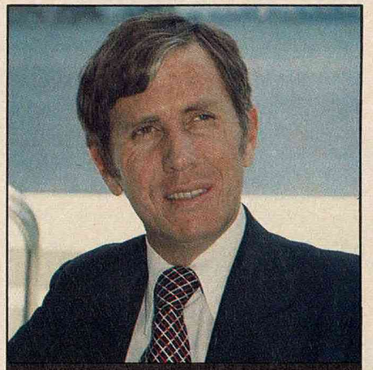
Litigants in all the States face extensive, irritating and costly delays in having their matters heard.

In New South Wales, the Bureau of Crime Statistics reports an approximate 25 percent increase in the number of appearances in criminal trials in New South Wales courts, and a similar rate of increase over the same period (1973-1978) for Petty Sessions.

The Supreme Court lists in the Australian States (excepting criminal appeal cases) are now overwhelmingly clogged with litigation between corporate giants, the insurance companies, the bureaucracy, and the tax man.

The law has left the little man way behind in its vulgar, headlong rush for the big buck.

No institution better epitomises the arrogance, the grandiose self-interest and detachment of the law than does the High Court of Australia, now ensconced in its extravagant $49 million citadel on the shores of Lake Burley Griffin, described by Labor Shadow Attorney-General Senator Gareth Evans as being "of such grandeur as to make St Paul's Cathedral look like a country lavatory." One of the most notable achievements of the High Court of Australia in those twilight years under its now departed, and



Mr Justice Michael Kirby says: "Politics, the media and technology will increasingly concentrate power."

its longest-serving Chief Justice, Sir Garfield Barwick, has been to simply entrench and defend a flourishing tax avoidance industry in the Australian Commonwealth — an industry patronised by the richest people in our community. One of the court's most recent and dated decisions upheld the right of a South Australian sheep farmer to have his flocks graze on public highways. A woman injured when her car collided with these worthy animals received no compensation because of the attitude of the Court, which sought refuge in a legal precedent of the 13th century.

The High Court is widely criticised, not only for its numbing conservatism and over-literal interpretation of the law, but for its apparent lack of understanding of the mood and sensibilities of a quickly evolving society. Sir Garfield Barwick's unofficial biographer, David Marr, who studied Barwick and the Court for four years while writing his masterful profile, *Barwick*, says the Court is many things, but is often conservative and erratic. "Sometimes it has been practical, sensible, impressive, consistent and it has also shown some understanding of what is happening in Australia. At other times it has been erratic, remote, producing absurdly doctrinaire results.

"The recent Adelaide grazier's decision is a case in point. On a more serious level still, the recent decision of the High Court in the McInnis rape appeal has set a horrendous and a regrettable precedent. It is a decision which will further erode the standing of the Court, not only in the eyes of the profession, but in the eyes of the Australian people."

More than ever, English law, as it is practised in Australia, seems to be preoccupied with the protection of the wealth and property of the few, as opposed to the civil rights and other concerns of the many.

While the criminologists and other experts argue, there is a very real and enduring impression in the minds of the public that murderers, rapists and others — such as drunk drivers — who commit crimes against human beings are relatively lightly sentenced in many instances, and soon released, while anyone who robs banks, sticks up jewellery stores, or threatens the establishment's wealth and position, is dealt with, comparatively, in a much harsher way.

The law seems disinterested in the sociological causes of crimes and in human misery. Some argue that they should not be its concern.

But, for how long can those who make and those who apply the law ignore all the social consequences of jailing citizens for committing crimes that are essentially crimes of poverty?

Critics, clients and law reformers are calling more loudly for alternative ways of resolving those inevitable disputes which occur in civil and commercial life in an increasingly complex society. They are searching for more efficient, more effective and rational ways of resolving disputes, and determining the truth of matters which do not involve injurious, expensive and maddening delays — and which do not necessitate the unnecessary employment of gaggles of solicitors and overpaid barristers, who will present a bill to litigants which will lead them from one court straight into the bankruptcy division.

More pressingly, others are deeply concerned that so many Australians who genuinely need legal representation are still denied it.

Why are we so infatuated with the law and the legal process? Why do we so unthinkingly say, in conversation, when confronted with some problem: "There ought to be a law against it?" Why are we so quick to demand our day in court, resorting to legal solutions to every problem? Why is it only the law and lawyers who can show us how to right every wrong, speaking their own language, moving in their own secretive, clubby, elitist society, exuding their own musty coldness and incestuous mystique?

The law and the legal process, as many have found to their cost, are not synonymous with justice or equity, if ever they were.

But most people want to live in a civilised, secure and ordered society where there is at least some justice, where there are equal rights and where citizens have equal standing before, and access to, the law. There have to be rules, and the increasing economic, social, commercial and bureaucratic contact which modern society generates between peoples, governments and organisations, must inevitably generate a corresponding number of rules and regulations under which we must try to live and prosper.

But, as Professor Laurence Tribe from Harvard University said in *Atlantic* magazine: "An excess of law inescapably weakens the rule of the law. Frustrated citizens naturally distrust an expensive, inefficient, frequently incomprehensible non-system that often seems contrived to serve lawyers rather than the law. The scale of despair is alarming."

Tribe argued persuasively and very rationally for selective simplification and deregulation of the laws.

As William Pitt said in his speech on the Wilkes case: "Where laws end, tyranny begins." But the existence of laws is no automatic guarantee or protection from the tyranny, either. Francis Bacon, two centuries earlier, wrote that: "Laws are like cobwebs; where the small flies are caught, and the great breakthrough."

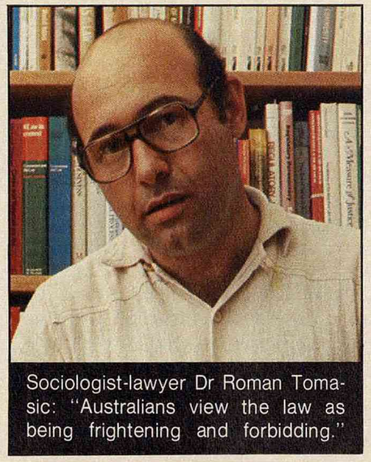
Of course we need laws, courts, a legal system . . . and lawyers. But do we need the concentration and number under whom we all labor today? Are there not too many rules and too few results? Is there not too much law and too little justice?

THERE IS PRECIOUS little, if any governmental or public scrutiny of, or participation in, the process of making up scales of legal fees — solicitors in many States, barristers and their respective councils and societies set their own fees. Clients, in most cases, discover the costs when they get a bill.

In 1976, the Victorian Bar Council overnight increased barristers' fees for certain services, including representation on divorce matters, by as much as 40 percent. The scale of fee increases went from 25 percent to 40. It is the same range of increase used by many unionists as ambit claims, and there would be hysterical headlines in newspapers and condemnation in the mouths of politicians if they were paid to ordinary workers. But there is absolutely no public debate over whether or not legal fees are fair, nor is there any meaningful right of appeal. To challenge a legal bill before the protonotary at court is a course that is slow and expensive.

Barristers' fees, especially in the Eastern States, vary enormously, depending on the counsel, his experience, specialty, reputation and what he or she thinks the market can bear.

But a minimal appearance in court by the most junior barrister in Sydney and in Melbourne on straightforward matters will cost $500. The average



Sociologist-lawyer Dr Roman Tomasic: "Australians view the law as being frightening and forbidding."

silver-tongued barrister's fee in both cities is $750 per day.

Top flight barristers, such as Sydney's Tom Hughes QC and Murray Gleeson QC, who defended the accused Cabinet Minister, Ian Sinclair, are said to earn up to a quite staggering $2000 a day.

Brisbane solicitors told PLAYBOY that some of the barristers north of the NSW border are winning fees higher than those charged in Sydney.

The fee that is actually charged by Australia's nigh on 2000 practising barristers does not necessarily bear much relation in every case to the minimum fee scale set by the Bar Council or associations.

In NSW, the minimum set fee for junior barristers is currently $425 per day and $295 on the brief with two thirds of that fee for succeeding days. QCs get 50 percent on top of that and they cannot, and will not, appear without junior counsel assisting, who will be on two thirds of the senior counsel's fee.

In Victoria, the junior barristers currently receive $405 per day with conferences charged for at $50 an hour. QCs negotiate their own fees at well above this rate. The figure in Adelaide is $440 on the brief, with daily top ups thereafter, at $275 per day. In WA, junior barristers receive a minimum which has just been doubled to between $225 and $775, while QCs get double even this range per day.

Queensland has a large and active bar to which some 230 barristers have been admitted and who charge no less than Sydney barristers, PLAYBOY is informed, while there is no set minimum fee. In Tasmania, fees are set at an hourly minimum of $55.

While Hughes QC, a former Liberal Attorney-General, is reputed to be having no trouble winning briefs at between $1500 and, some believe, $2000 a day, at the Sydney bar, former Labor Attorney-General Kep Enderby QC is believed to average fees out for most cases at $750.

But there are reported to be dozens of "arm and leg" barristers working exclusively in the compensation and personal injuries area for unions and the big insurance companies who earn incomes of between $100,000 and $200,000 per year.

One of the most recent illustrations of how law-obsessed governments, as well as the citizenry, can run up huge, and possibly unnecessary legal bills in ill-advised litigation, concerns the Greek social security conspiracy case in which 183 people were charged with various frauds against Social Security Acts two years ago.

Justice may be priceless, but the determination of guilt and innocence in this particular series of cases has proved to be very costly for the Australian Government.

It is now obvious that, while the Government must uphold the law, it is also risking overkill — at least, in this case.

The Commonwealth has now dropped the charges against all but a few of the original defendants and committal proceedings against these few have already cost the government a cool $5.8 million, not to mention the costs of the defendants. Charges were first laid on April 1, 1978, and the committal hearings began in March, 1979, and ended on October 30, 1980. Those against whom charges have been dropped have been offered miserly compensation ranging from $125 to $800.

Judged in monetary terms, the Greek conspiracy case has been a most worthwhile exercise for the legal advisers to the very litigious Department of Social Security. Their bills are paid by taxpayers.

It is not suggested that barristers and solicitors do not sometimes earn

the fees they charge. But, given the circumstances in which their fees are originally determined, and the nature of the market in which they work, public concern is hardly surprising.

John Spender QC, now a member of Federal Parliament, is said to have put in a bill for $250,000 for his services investigating the Gollan corporate collapse. Bill Fisher QC, who is now a Supreme Court judge in NSW, is supposed to have received well in excess of $100,000 for his services as Counsel Assisting the Woodward Royal Commission into Drugs. I am personally acquainted with five compensation barristers in Sydney and Melbourne, working for insurance companies in compensation cases, who became millionaires in their first eight years at the Bar.

ONE OF THE reasons the legal profession has taken such a pounding in the professional credibility stakes in recent years is the rising number of publicised cases of fraud involving clients' trust funds.

The Law Consumers' Association speculates that the amount of money fraudulently misused by solicitors is well in excess of the $3 million per year the Law Society in NSW alone pays out to clients who lodge claims for recovery of their money to the society's Fidelity Fund.

The Law Society of NSW receives about 1000 complaints about legal practitioners each year.

Max Burgess, President of the Law Consumers' Association, is convinced that a great many of the financial claims on the Fidelity Fund are not fairly considered.

"Two solicitors a month are being struck off in NSW. If you go and see a solicitor in this State today, there is one chance in 25 that the solicitor is at that time under investigation by the Law Society," Burgess says.

The most memorable case of the fraudulent misuse of clients' funds on the part of a solicitor involved a woman solicitor, now dead, called Betty Bryant who rocked Victoria and particularly the Victorian Law Institute Fidelity Fund when it was discovered that she had defrauded her clients of close to $8 million. She received a seven-year sentence. Other fraudulent solicitors are also jailed, but the legal profession's way of dealing with these offences is often secretive and, in many cases, soft.

The Solicitors' Statutory Committee in NSW still hears complaints against solicitors and passes down its judgements in private, a privilege enjoyed by only one other group in the community — children. When the NSW Law Reform Commission began hearing complaints against solicitors in NSW it was deluged with 800 cases.

In its discussion paper on disciplinary procedures, the NSW Law Reform Commission found the Law Society's methods of dealing with misappropriations to be "inherently unsatisfactory". The Commission, after investigating many cases, concluded that the Law Society's investigations into professional misconduct relating to trust accounts, while "often thorough and effective", still led them to the view that the system was "unfair and ineffective".

The Society displayed an "excessive reluctance" to take action on complaints and has an "excessive sympathy for, and leniency to, solicitors whose conduct is the subject of investigation and adjudication."

IT IS NOT surprising that one of the last aspects of our society to come in for critical consumer attention has been the law. But law's day in court has well and truly arrived.

It is, however, interesting that one of the few people who first has a kind word to say about the law and the lawyers, apart from predictable union apologists such as the Law Society, is the president of the Law Consumers' Association, Max Burgess. "Some solicitors do work extremely hard to spread the benefit of their knowledge and expertise across a wide spectrum of society," he says.

"But it is astonishing to realise that the larger part of the legal profession in Australia has managed to sustain a monopoly of land conveyancing activity for more than a century in the Eastern States; charging clients hundreds of millions of dollars for unnecessarily complicated and time-wasting procedures which have been performed most cost-efficiently in WA and in SA, for example, by land brokers, agents and conveyancing companies.

"Nothing is a more telling example of the legal profession's exacting self-interest than its greedy attachment to land conveyancing as income."

The legal profession has not sought to simplify conveyancing law in NSW and, indeed, the Law Society has sought to frustrate the reform of conveyancing law and procedures. Between 1971 and 1978, conveyancing costs in Victoria escalated 400 percent while the CPI rose over the same period by 240 percent.

The ACA, in its submission to the NSW Law Reform Commission's Legal Profession Inquiry, advocated increasing consumer participation in the regulation of the legal profession. They see restrictions on advertising, which are slowly being relaxed, as a barrier preventing consumers from seeking out a lawyer of their choice, or one specialising in a particular field.

AND WHAT DOES the public think of the legal profession? Not much, is the only conclusion of anyone who looks carefully into the question.

Dr Roman Tomasic, a sociologist and a lawyer, who is the head of the Department of Legal Services at the Kuring-gai College of Advanced Education in Sydney, has spent four years researching this and the other relevant questions. He previously worked for the Law Foundation in Sydney, who funded much of his research into the profession, but who declined to publish the latest batch of his findings.

"The dominant theme and most important results of an exhaustive survey of attitudes among 600 lawyers in NSW," says Dr Tomasic, "was that both the public and the lawyers see the legal profession as being totally self-interested and pre-occupied with money.

"The second most important held view of Australians about lawyers is that both the public and lawyers feel that the best thing clients can do is to avoid any contact with the profession, if possible. Australians view the law as being frightening and forbidding.

"The public attitude to lawyers is confused, but it is clearly cynical and distrustful of the profession.

"The lawyers agreed substantially with the proposition that, if clients were treated badly by the law or lawyers, there was little they could do about it."

The significance of Tomasic's work is that it demonstrates quite conclusively that lawyers are businessmen and not providers of a service, some lofty, mysterious calling. It is possibly the greatest fear of the legal profession that the somewhat commercial nature of the work they actually do — especially in the area of land conveyancing and property finance areas — will be used to erode their professional standing and their claim to be true professionals. If the law begins to be looked upon as a business it is more likely to be forced to submit to some level of regulation and public supervision of its work.

Dr Tomasic, in a survey of the attitudes of 2000 representative members of the community in NSW, asked whether people thought the present legal system in Australia favored the rich and powerful. The results: 30.3 percent agreed strongly with this statement, while 24.5 percent agreed, with some reservations. That is to say, well over half of those surveyed believed the system favored the rich

RAPE CASE: JUSTICE DONE OR DENIED?

ONE OF THE great gaps in our legal system is that people can go to court on serious charges without legal representation, for economic or other reasons. The Australian legal system and its high priests, the Justices of the High Court, were last year involved in a classic illustration of how citizens can fail to receive results many imagine to be enshrined in the law.

Brian Leslie McInnis, a 35-year-old West Australian, is today serving six years for rape. It is the second term of imprisonment for rape he has served in the West Australian jails. In 1972, McInnis was sentenced to six years for raping a woman in a forest, while her fiance, a policeman, was tied to a tree. McInnis pleaded guilty at the trial. He had spent most of the previous 12 years in prison, for offences beginning when he was a juvenile.

After five years in prison on the 1972 rape charge, and with good reports from the parole board, he was released from jail.

On March 9, 1978, McInnis was charged by police at Perth Royal Hospital — where he had been admitted after swallowing 70 pills — with assault, rape and unlawful deprivation of liberty. The police alleged that McInnis confessed to the crimes and signed a confession. McInnis waited in Fremantle Jail for his trial to come up. He had spent some of the time since he was last in jail living with the woman he was alleged to have raped, but the affair ended and on the night of March 8 McInnis had called on her.

That night was a real nightmare for McInnis, and for the woman.

But a new nightmare was about to begin for them. McInnis said the woman had consented to intercourse (she denied this) and pleaded not guilty.

McInnis' case was taken by Brian Singleton, a leading Perth barrister. Singleton asked McInnis to fill in a form applying for legal aid. McInnis assumed, wrongly, that, by signing the form, funds for his defence were guaranteed.

The day before the trial was to begin McInnis learned that legal aid had been denied him. Singleton also told McInnis that he was dropping the case.

Singleton told David Marr of *The National Times:* "What am I to do — take the case for nothing? Why should I? I take the contract on the basis that I am going to be paid. It is not a question of being mean or greedy; a man is entitled to be paid for his services."

Briefly, the consequences for McInnis were that Mr Justice Wallace, who had sentenced him to jail in 1972 on the charge of rape, refused him an adjournment. He said he would not permit the "nervous stress" placed on the woman to "continue any further". McInnis was without legal aid and without legal counsel. He faced experienced prosecuting counsel in court — alone.

Denied an adjournment, McInnis defended himself — in some ways too competently, although he made several glaring but excusable errors, including one of procedure.

Justice Wallace gave McInnis half an hour to examine the court papers before the trial began. After three days of evidence, McInnis requested an adjournment. Justice Wallace gave him 15 minutes to read the transcript of his trial which by then was seven centimetres thick. McInnis made his address to the jury, during which he was interrupted and told he was saying "lots of irrelevant things". He was convicted and sentenced to six years imprisonment.

But a passing law student, David Krasnostein, delivering papers to the Supreme Court, noticed the McInnis trial and, with the aid of a solicitor named Matt Zilko, agreed to help McInnis mount an appeal.

By the beginning of 1979, the case was already becoming an embarrassing *cause celebre* in Perth legal circles.

The Legal Aid Commission now agreed to supply the bulk of the legal aid required.

The director of the Western Australia Legal Aid Commission, Len Roberts-Smith, said: "Everyone here was quite horrified when the adjournment was refused." He explained to David Marr that what began as a rape case was now a fundamental and serious dispute over the right of an accused person to legal representation at a criminal trial and the right to adjournment.

But, while the Chief Justice of Western Australia, Sir Francis Burt, concurred with McInnis' defenders that a re-trial was deserved and necessary under the circumstances — the other two justices on the Court of Criminal Appeal disagreed.

Krasnostein and Zilko turned to the High Court, where they were again disappointed. It was their ultimate disappointment.

The implications of the decision are, effectively, that Australians have no rights to representation in our courts. Additionally, the High Court has ruled that prisoners have no absolute or automatic right to pursue all of those avenues of assistance the law provides.

Prior to the failed High Court Appeal, the Perth Bar held an inquiry and then circularised its members to the effect that they should not become involved with clients before they had the money.

Many judges, including Justice Michael Kirby of the Australian Law Reform Commission, have been privately and publicly critical of the WA Criminal Appeals Court, the profession and, most of all, the High Court in the McInnis case.

Justice Kirby said in a speech not long after the High Court's rejection of McInnis' appeal: "The problem with our method of doing justice is acutely illustrated by this case. Unless a person on a serious criminal charge is always represented, the procedures of adversary trial break down. If one person is represented and the other is not, the system breaks down. If one person is defended by a silk of the greatest skill and the other by the rawest junior, the system has a tendency to break down.

"More and more of our lawyers perceive, as an attribute of their professionalism, a responsibility for the state of the law they help to administer. McInnis might have got the right verdict. But can we be content that he got a fair trial and was convicted after due process of law? It is when lawyers stop talking of justice and fairness and content themselves with the form of things and the letter of the law that society expresses its disquiet. It is the boast of our legal tradition that even a plainly guilty man is entitled to a fair and public trial. But the fair trial guarantee will be empty unless, in every serious case, there is an enforceable right to be legally represented. That right exists in the US. It does not exist in Australia."

"I meant for you to rediscover the sexuality of your body at home, Mr Smith — in the privacy of your own home. . ."

and powerful, as opposed to other interests. Only 28.5 percent disagreed.

Only 24.5 percent were terribly sure that they would get a fair trial if they were accused of a crime and 38.4 percent were of the view that there were too many rules and regulations in society. And 79.1 percent of those surveyed thought that it took too long to get anything done through the process of law.

Lawyers are well aware that they have a bad public image. And some lawyers answered they were aware of cases in which certain colleagues had acted unethically.

While the number who answered "yes" was small, when Tomasic asked how many of these cases they had reported to the authorities the answer was none.

Most lawyers answered a written questionnaire about their motives in the law, saying that "an interest in the law", a desire for independence and the prospects of a high salary were the most important motivations: 67.2 percent of city solicitors and 77.8 percent of suburban solicitors said prospects of a high income was the most important reason for entering the legal profession.

SO, ARE THERE too many lawyers?

NSW Law Reform Commissioner Julian Disney says there are no easy answers to the question but feels that there are too many lawyers trained in the present manner, and not enough legal aid centres, like Redfern and Fitzroy, serving the poor.

"There is certainly a need to have more para-legal workers now. I mean that in the exact sense of the word. There is not a need for second-rate lawyers, which is the way para-legal workers are sometimes regarded."

While Disney is disturbed about some of the consequences of governing the size of the legal profession (making it even more elitist than it is now, for example) he feels the risk is justified and that some limit is going to have to be set at some stage.

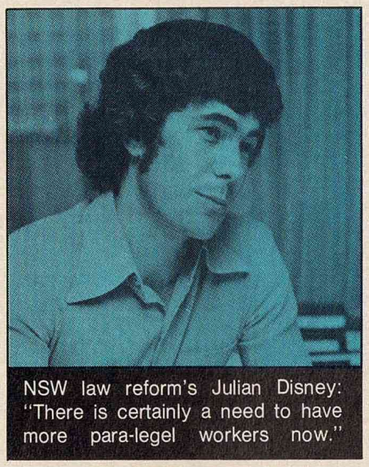
Mr Justice Michael Kirby of the Australian Law Reform Commission says there is legal overmanning, but that it is impossible to restrict or control manpower in a free economy like ours. "I want to see a prosperous, independent and free legal profession. I believe the legal profession should, and will, seek out areas of presently unmet legal need to service once new technology claims conveyancing work as a source of income from them."

The President of Labor Lawyers, barrister Rod Madgwick, and secretary Tom Kelly, believe that the adversary system, which relies on top price barristers, is steadily becoming beyond the financial grasp of ordinary people. "Only insurance companies and other big companies can really afford it any more," they say.

Justice Michael Kirby concurs with the criticism laid against the present adversary system by eminent British legal figures Lord Scarman and Lord Denning. Justice Kirby sees a more European style of judicial inquiry replacing the English adversary system, which casts the judges as bewigged and supposedly impartial umpires between two, or even more, jousting adversaries.

"It is not always the best way of determining matters or getting to the truth," Kirby says.

THE ARGUMENT for delegalisation and for deregulation must be always



NSW law reform's Julian Disney: "There is certainly a need to have more para-legel workers now."

finely balanced against the legitimate interests of those who want and need protection under the law.

But it is difficult not to be more than a little sympathetic to those who cry out for less regulation for regulation's sake.

The Confederation of Australian Industry released a paper last year which contained a somewhat bald but frightening estimate of the cost of regulation being $1 billion a year. These were Federal regulations.

In the 20 years to 1979, Federal and State governments in Australia passed 16,631 Acts and no less than 32,551 statutory rules, or a grand total of 49,000 statutory instruments in two decades, with the vast majority of new laws made in the 1970s.

Many would believe that our law making is far too serious a business to be left to mere politicians (many of whom would be doing ex-colleagues out of a job if there were too much delegalisation) and there is even an argument that law making should now be shared with some non-elected law commissioners who may have better expertise and have more time to ensure that legislation is necessary, workable and properly drafted.

Proposing the delegalisation of this country is, naturally, a lot easier than achieving it.

But Australian reformers should learn from the American experience, where those with vested interests in the status quo, such as the American Trial Lawyer Association — which represents lawyers who specialise in personal injury litigation — have narrowly, but so far successfully blocked any attempts to introduce mandatory national no-fault coverage which would have vastly simplified personal injury litigation.

As personal injury litigation earns the legal profession a great part of its income, it remains to be seen how far the profession will allow the scheme to be applied here, although it is being experimented with in Victoria today.

WAITING FOR POLITICIANS and the legal profession to reform the law, to deregulate and to delegalise our society is starting to become as time-consuming as waiting for Godot.

The problems of effecting change in the law are daunting indeed. One Cambridge don, F.M. Cornford, was very pessimistic about the chances 70 years ago. He believed that nothing is ever done "until everyone is convinced that it ought now to be done, and has been convinced for so long that it is now time to do something else."

Overburdened postwar Western societies are by no means the first to have become irritated with this situation and to have wanted to reform it. One of the most famous, oft-quoted and stirring perorations in legal history was made by a great Victorian Lord Chancellor and law reformer, Lord Brougham, 150 years ago. It comes from a six-hour and three-minute speech he made in the House of Commons in 1828 and the words are, no doubt, still recited mistily into the shaving mirrors of some young law students today.

Lord Brougham said: "It was the boast of Augustus . . . that he found a Rome of brick and left it marble . . . but how much nobler will be our Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, and left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and of oppression, and left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

Noble words indeed.

But we are still waiting.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

all five sexes rolled up for pierre's orgy, and amid the entwined flesh was john hindle, notebook on the rise

WHAT TO WEAR? That was my major problem. I'd never been asked to a "come as your own sexual fantasy" party before, and I was having trouble choosing an outfit. A conventional wardrobe just can't cope with a sincere sexual fantasy that involves making love in a cedar tub full of milk-softened elephant's teats.

So I set off in my usual, straight gear. And I claimed that I had become weary of the perverse, the exotic and the kinky, and that my clothes reflected my current sexual fantasy, which was for staid, grey-rinsed, missionary-style sex. The sort of thing that you can't get your teeth into.

Strangely, my story was believed. My fellow guests thought that I was really weird. But that was later . . .

The party was held at Inflation, Melbourne's aptly-named, up-market disco and fornicatorium. I made it through the door unbruised — the Inflation border guards are enormous, fierce blokes who look as if they train on wing-ribs of raw Angus beef — and then I said hello to my host.

Pierre Sinel is a little guy with bright eyes, a recherché beard, a penchant for exhibitionism, and some of the instincts of a high-class perve.

Pierre throws strange parties. A psychiatrist might be able to explain why he does this, and why he adores to be surrounded by flesh — but it's possible that the psychiatrist that you ask is one of Pierre's guests, and that he shares Pierre's passions.

It's hard to talk to Pierre because his attention is constantly diverted. He regards the party — or show, if you like — as his personal, bi-sexual harem. Questions are parried by an endless, stream-of-sexual-consciousness.

The passing parade inspires much of the raunchiness. "Did you cop the muff on that one?" he asks, in answer to a question about his motives. "Come here and show the man your pubes darling," Pierre says to a splendidly naked young hedonist, whose "costume" accentuates her robust mat of blonde pubic hair. And, "Christ, I love garter belts," he says, apropos of everything.

It's hard to pin him down, but I persist with the questions.

"Pierre," I demand, "just what do you hope to gain from all of this?"

He's silent for a while. Thinking. Mechanically, he kisses a mons here, a nipple there, then he answers. One word. It sounds honest.

"Fame."

Okay, I'll go along with that. Pierre Sinel throws the wildest parties in Australia because he craves fame. And why not?

Upstairs, the scene resembles a suburb of Sodom. I bump into a chap whose outfit would make the Sex Pistols blush. He's wrapped in Glad Wrap, and there's a spigot where his cock should be. Somehow, he manages to pour green wine from his groin into glasses, and his friends drink with much smacking of their thirsty lips.

Who are these people? Pierre's in the rag trade — maybe his guests are in the drag-trade. One of the most beautiful women at the party is a bloke, and more than a few of the less-attractive ladies are, too. But there are also women dressed as women, men dressed as men. All of the five sexes are represented.

I pause for a drink, and start talking to a stunning, statuesque bird who seems to be heavily into gin squash. We talk about the relationship of catenary arches to modern bra design, but Pierre waves me over.

"Don't bother," he says. "She's too loose for a nice boy like you. It's like throwing a strand of spaghetti down Swanston Street."

I bow to his opinion. What Pierre doesn't know about pudenda you could fit up your nose . . .

Suddenly, I'm aware of change. I'm in Inflation. I'm talking to Pierre. A semi-blitzed hoyden is rubbing her crotch against my thigh. Everything is as it was, but this is a different party. It is. It's Pierre's latest extravaganza — a "Berlin in the '30s" night. Jackboots, swastikas, the shiny leather of the S & M set.

"Get your clothes off," says a tall girl with a bull whip. I think about it, shrug my shoulders, decline. If God had meant us to be nude, I tell her, He would never have created Prue Acton. She gives her riding boot a couple of good licks with the whip, then goes off muttering guttural curses of a prodigiously lurid nature about me.

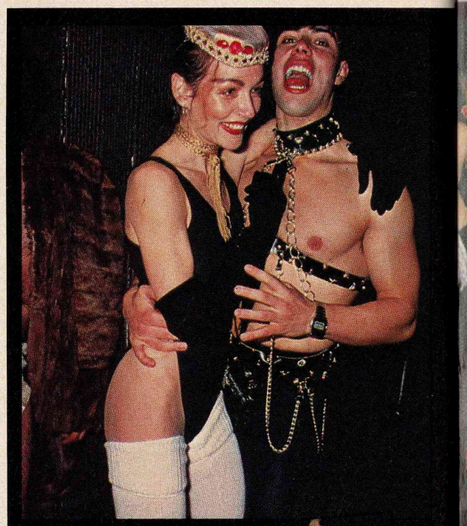
I sit down on a couch, next to a couple who are sort of humping, with considerably more enthusiasm and energy than discretion and subtlety. "What's your name?" she pants. I answer, then realise that she wasn't talking to me. She just wanted to meet the fellow who was doing it to her. Oh, well . . . some people are a bit old-fashioned about these things.

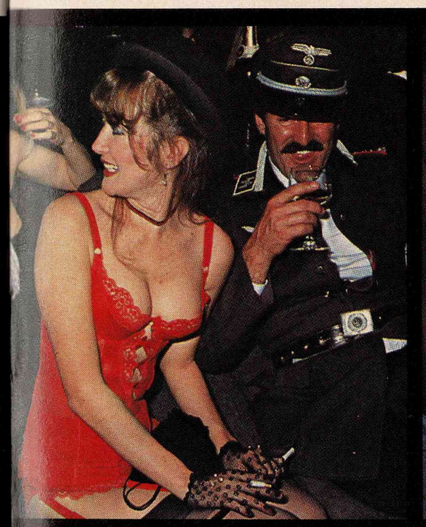
I drag out my notebook and scrutinise the scene. I start to write: "Strangely, the girls with the prettiest faces tend to wear most clothes," and "A fact: there is no embarrassment in staring at exhibitionists," and "Christ, but it's hard to write when the lights are strobing," but I'm interrupted by an SS *obergruppenfuhrer* who pushes me to get my attention, then threatens, "No names!"

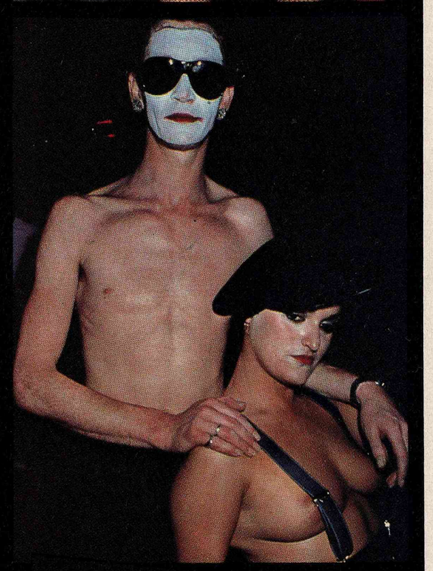
Yes, indeed. No names. A palpable clue — the semi-public exhibitionist must remain the semi-private person. Part of the fun is the guilt, but the boss likes sober, respectable, industrious employees. The boss would go spare if he caught the "no names" SS wimp with his hair — and his pants — down. That would be Nadaville!

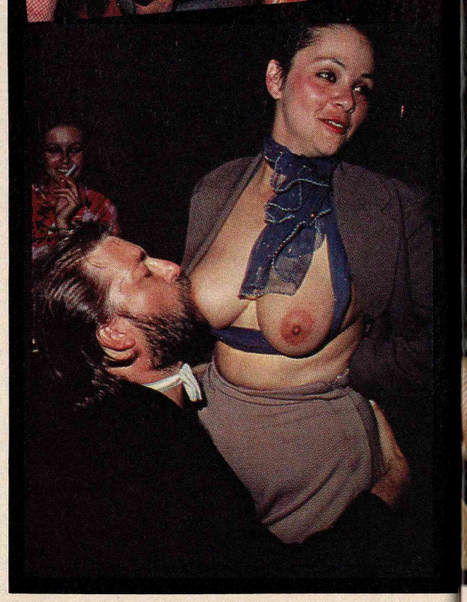
So Pierre's fantasies, choice though they may be, aren't for the world at large. For the writhing masses of his guests, excess may not be enough, but a surfeit of publicity would ruin everything for them.

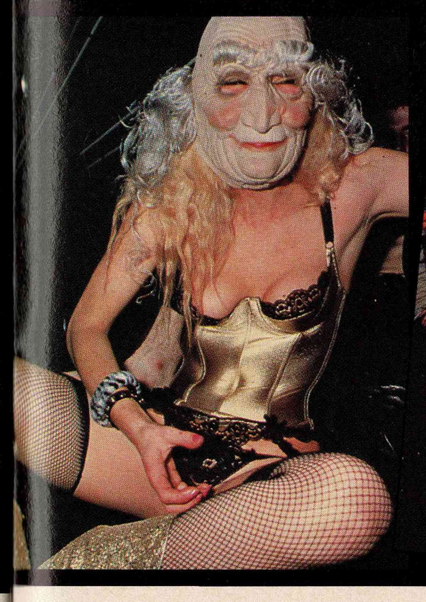
Enough said. While I think of it, I'd better pour some more milk on my bathful of elephant's teats. God knows, I want them to be in good condition for Pierre's next party.

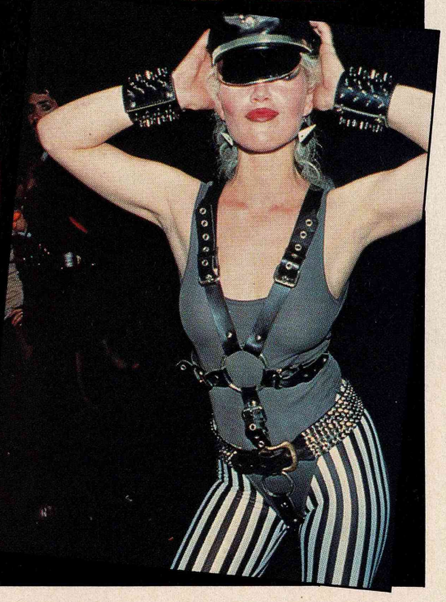




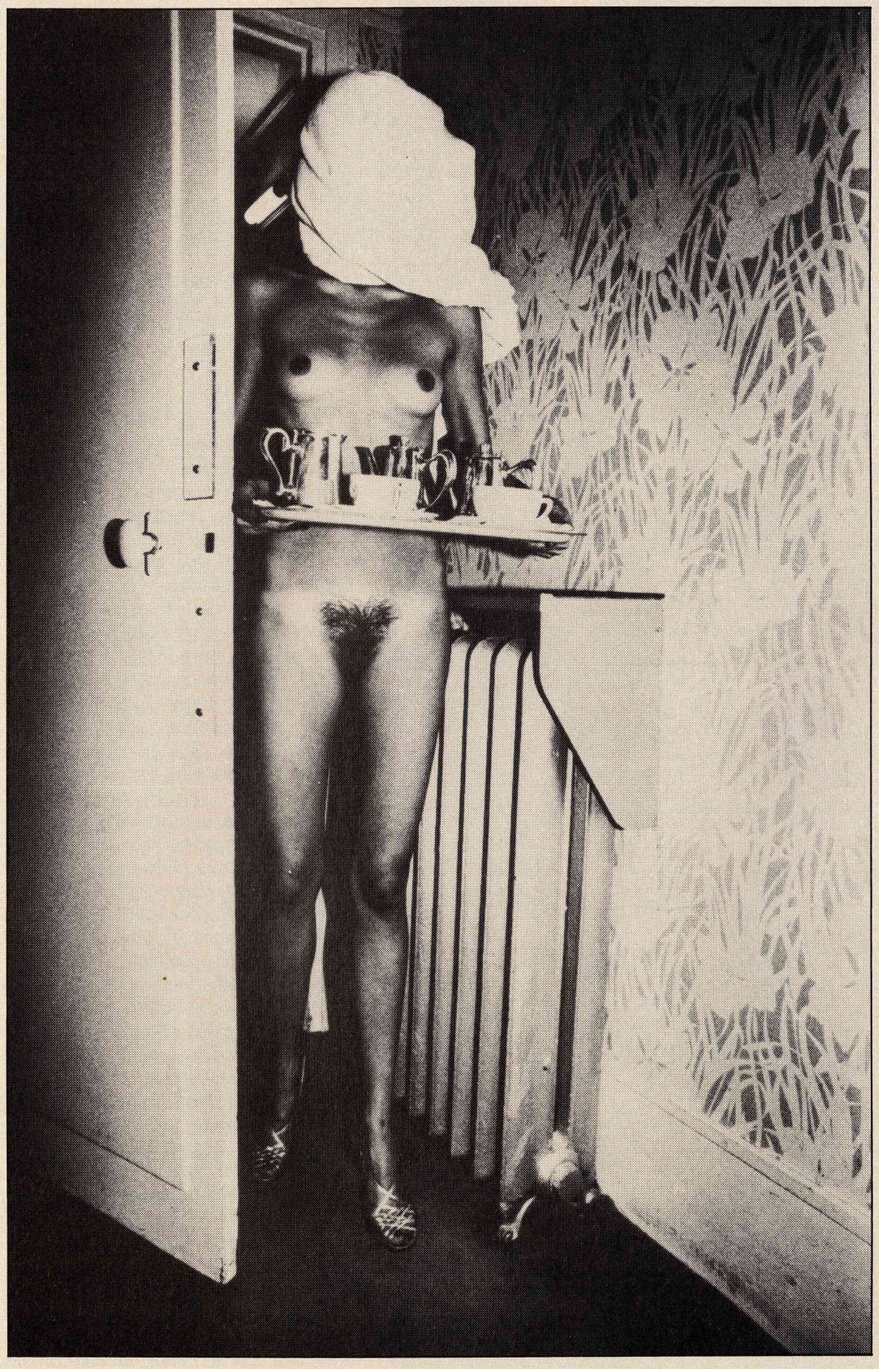








Photography by Harry Forecast



TROUBLE AND STRIFE

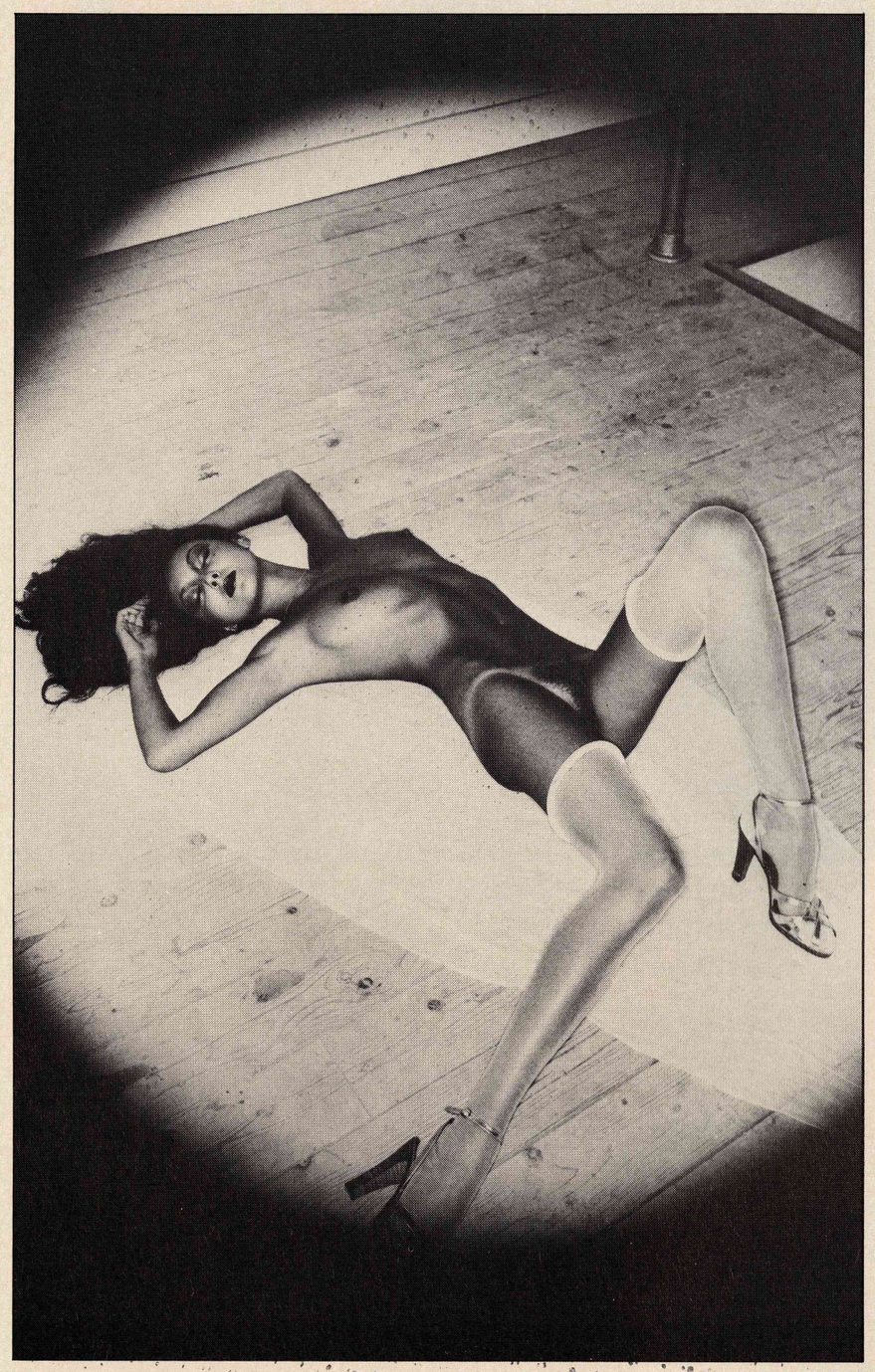
david bailey's model wife, the delectable marie helvin, is captured once again by her photographer husband's lens

Bailey is clearly in love, both with taking pictures and with the reality and fantasy of his wife. These photographs of Marie Helvin are impressed with an aura of sensuous guile that is both intimate and stylish, seemingly caught naked by some intruding eye. If glamor is the art of illusion, these photos show him trying to lay it bare. But Marie emerges exquisite and unscathed, her mystery only enhanced by this honest record of the fickle moods of an intimate relationship, the photographic diary of the couple's private love affair.

As a photographer whose personal life had become as famous as his pictures, David Bailey and his idiosyncratic approach to fashion photography were the perfect conceit for the '60s. Antonioni's film *Blow Up* was loosely based on his lifestyle and career — you remember, that photographer crawling around on multi-colored background paper with a pair of lissome would-be models? Well, times have changed, and now Bailey seems to be devoting his energies to focus in on pictures of his beautiful young model wife. He's chosen a perfect subject.

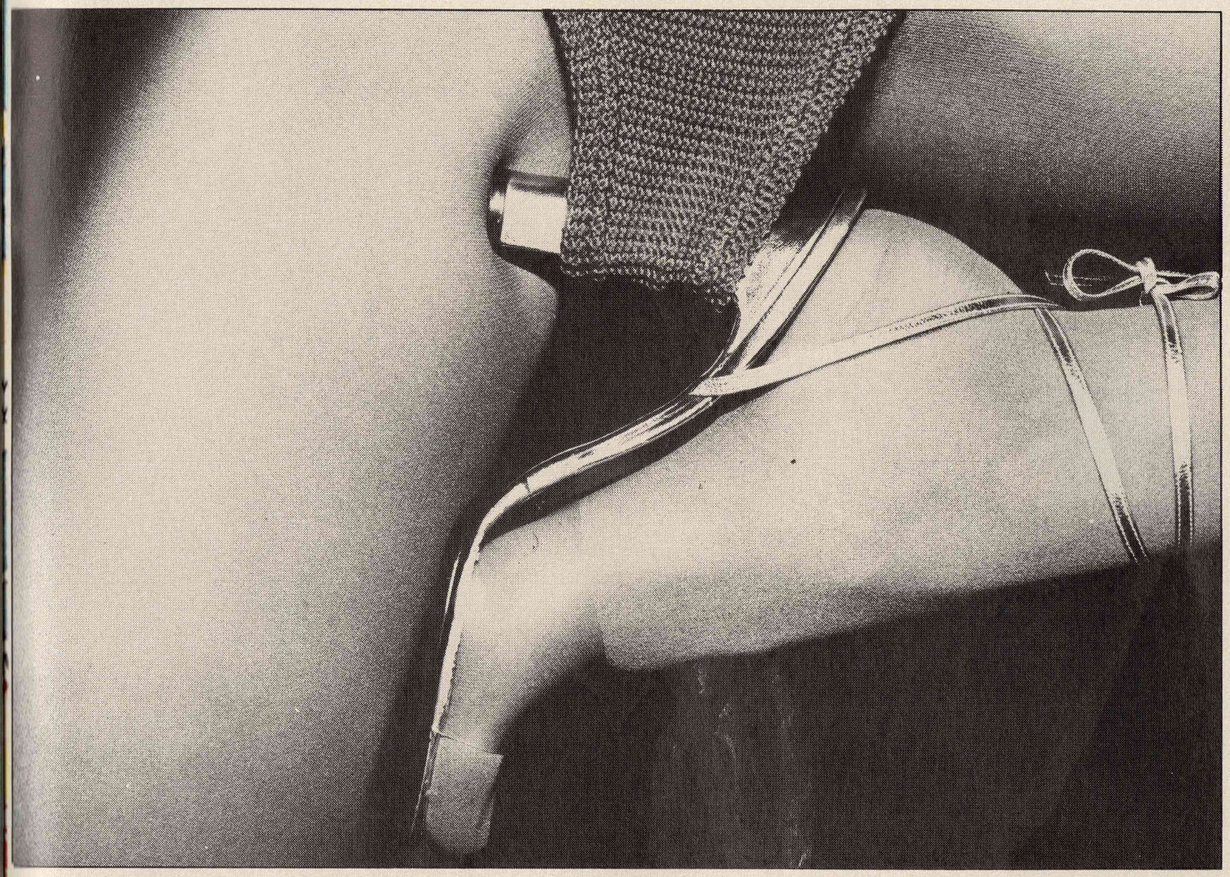
"Bailey has had only two love affairs in his life, one with photography and one with beautiful women."

Bailey's style is vigorously heterosexual. He is a man whose photographic appreciation of women is acutely masculine. The photographs on this page, for example, are sexy, sure; but they are sexy in an intelligent and daring way. It takes daring — and a sense of humor of a high order — to do a nude photographic study of your wife with a towel wrapped around her face, as seen on the first page of this feature. And it takes intelligence to photograph the same woman so many times, and each time so very differently.

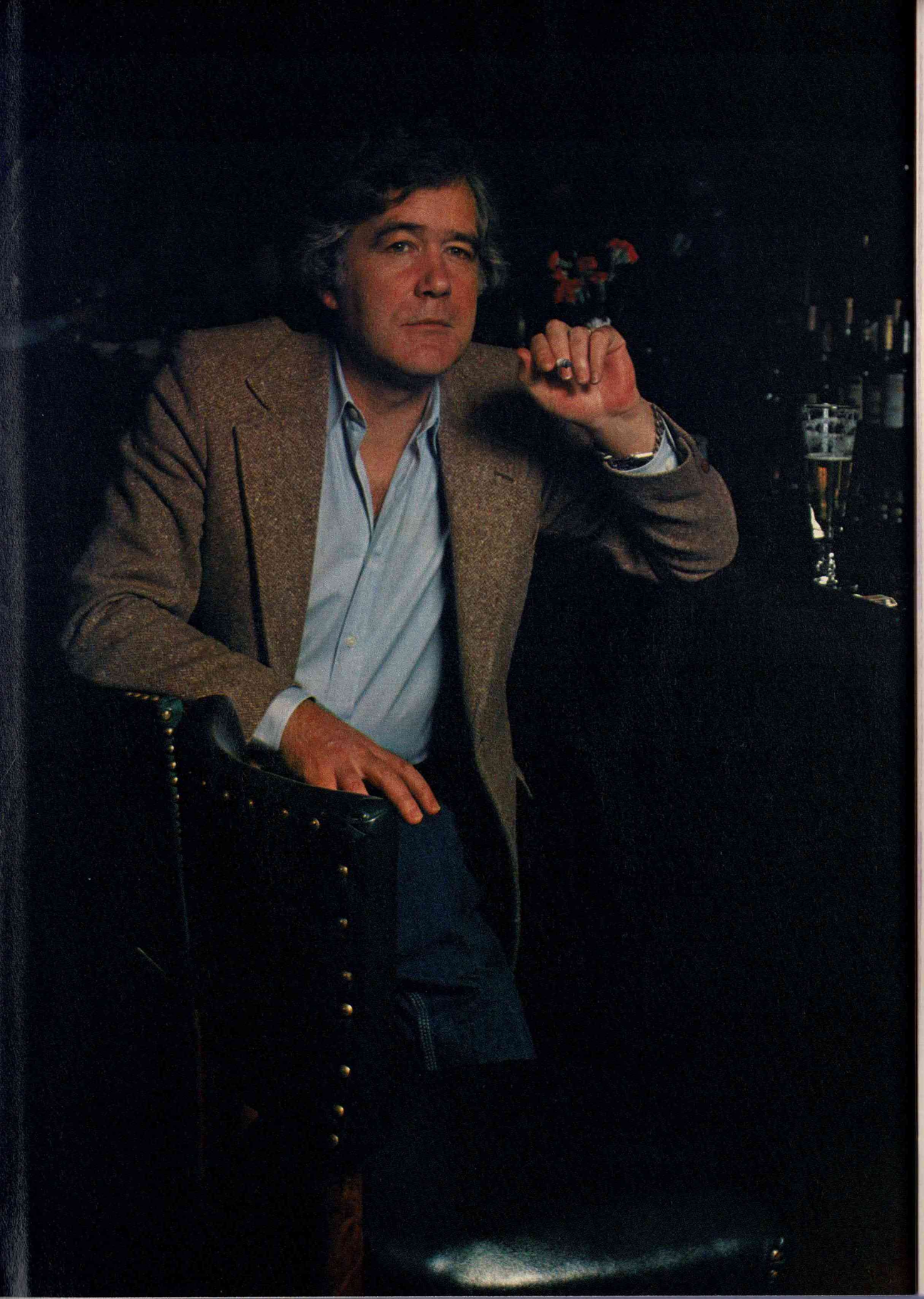


"A ransom against time" is how Bailey describes these lasting images. They have acquired the permanence of art.

Marie can reflect a myriad surprising moods, from classily erotic to softly, innocently beatific.



From: DAVID BAILEY'S TROUBLE & STRIFE, by David Bailey. Published by Thames & Hudson (Australia) Pty Ltd. Recommended retail price $33.



A DAY WITH NEAL (CAPOTE, ROBBINS, SUSSAN, KRANTZ) TRAVIS

american writers get filthy rich churning out pap, so why can't a humble ex-sydney journo like neal travis do the same? he did, and took new york by storm with his novel. paul dougherty profiles travis.

HERE HE IS, Neal Travis, a legend in his own time, the man who has, perhaps, come closest yet to proving you could make a best seller of the Electoral Roll if you promoted it skilfully enough. And the lady in the red raw silk is leaning round her champagne glass asking: Who is he?

The pretty little PR lady who has brought Travis along whispers that he is a famous author, and when the raw silk lady wants to know what he's written, Travis is embarrassed. I'm surprised that Travis could ever be embarrassed, but he says he is. Then I remember some of his remarks about *Manhattan,* his certified and undeniable bestseller (it made *The New York Times* bestseller lists in both hardcover and paperback). He tends to say things like, "some of the characters come off" and "the beginning's a bit weak, but I think I was getting there towards the end", and "I wish I'd known then what I know now", when he talks about the book.

The PR lady has led Travis into this elegant Edgecliff drawing room because she is a friend of his and she doesn't mind her clients knowing she has a successful author for a friend. And because she's been to a lunch that lasted all afternoon with these people at Pruniers and is a bit tiddly.

Travis quickly overcomes all his embarrassment and reclines into a largish sofa, sighting along one expensive New York loafer as he crosses his legs and surveys the guests.

There's Max, an elegant boulevardier, who leaves after serving a ritual round of champagne.

The hostess, Enid (the lady in red raw silk) is a classy Eastern Suburbs blonde, and not at all embarrassed at not having heard of Travis. If there is a Mr Enid, he is not in evidence.

Pearl and Bob come in. They fit the ambience, the richly-crafted antique sculpture, the elegant Chinese lacquer liquor cabinet. Bob says he doesn't care what the market is doing now (it is going down like a whore's drawers), he thinks Broken Hill North is an impeccable holding. So the market is falling — he can wait.

Travis, who has been back in this country for just a month, trots out the names of a lot of flashy West Australian stocks. He tells everybody his friend Yancey Ramsbottom (or something like that — anyway, he's a titan of industry over in the West who Travis has only discovered since his return) has serious interests in them and everybody should mortgage their Lamborghinis and climb aboard.

I become aware that I am taking a somewhat jaundiced view of Travis' opinions and general conduct at this particular time, although neither are particularly exceptionable. I suddenly realise it's because he's thrown such a load of bullshit at me during the 90 minutes I had the tape recorder going before we left his place to come here that my snob tolerance meter has gone off the clock.

(Don't worry, I've cut most of that out of here, just leaving enough for the flavor to come through. I think one of the reasons for it is that Travis, having been in this business himself, is all the time peering past you, trying to figure how best he can impress the reader. He once outraged a colleague of mine in New York by greeting her with: "Hmm, *Women's Weekly,* what would you like me to say?" Actually, when you can get him off his schticks, he has some quite cogent things to say. For instance, when I asked him in a pub a few days earlier what had impressed him most on returning to Sydney after eight years, he said: "Sydney women have small tits and big feet", and, "the traffic lights are always red for the pedestrians", and "what I hate most about this town is those roaring things that blow over your hands in the toot".)

Is Travis a smart guy who plays a lot of silly, snobby games (he has previously told me, for instance, that one of the things he misses about living in Bermuda is not having the Mayor of New York to dinner); or is he a snobby guy who pulls off some smart deals?

One of the reasons I can't make up my mind about this (apart from the ceaseless flow of champagne) is that I'm at the far end of the room from Connie. Connie is beautiful. She's a tall blonde broad. I love tall blonde broads. Tall blonde broads ring my bell. And Connie is the epitome of the breed. Unfortunately, she's like many extravagantly alluring young women: never having had to do anything else, she waits for you to come to her. And it's one of those parties where they showcase women such as Connie. Changing your seat to be next to her would be like ringing a handbell and announcing your intentions to the assembled multitude.

I wrench my mind back to Travis. Now that the tape is off, he is getting

Photography by Susan Duncan.

to be, amazingly, even more outrageous. He is telling the PR lady about his unfortunate experience that morning. He went to a shop owned by an old friend of his in Double Bay, to buy a simple pair of black pants. ("I have this formal affair in Perth next week. I've got a tux with me but I needed the pants. He had some nice stuff, but I just bought the pants. Then I went into John Lane's, just across the road, and he showed me this really beautiful suit, $635. And then there were these shirts, $135. Well I don't normally pay more than $600 for my suits in New York, but I just couldn't resist . . ."

The PR lady notices me eavesdropping. "Did you tell your biographer this?" she asks warningly.

"No," replies Travis, giving her a sweet smile. "I do not want to be stoned to death by journos in the streets of Sydney."

Suddenly, someone asks Travis: "What do you write about?" And Travis answers: "I write about rich people screwing each other."

And Enid (our hostess) says: "You ought to write about the Jewish community in Sydney. I could tell you some stories . . ."

And Travis replies: "You know, that is one thing that has really saddened me since I got home — the level of anti-Semitism in Sydney."

I am, to be honest, amazed again. Anti-Semitism I have seen in New York and Palm Beach. I read about a lot of it in Russia and in France. But Sydney? Still, I have been away a long time too, so I shut up and listen.

"It's just like New York," says Travis firmly.

"No," declaims Enid. "Not like New York. There they are communal. They emphasise their identity. Here we are assimilated. But it goes on." One lady nods eagerly and starts to agree, but Travis has the scent. "I think it's only out of ignorance," he says. "But I've heard four or five very anti-Semitic remarks since I've been here." He's hit a nerve. And all of a sudden Enid is attacking the PR lady for all of those unconsciously anti-Semitic statements she has made over the years.

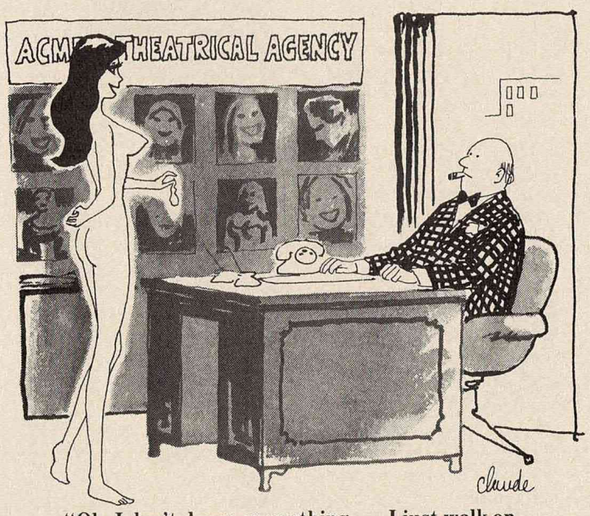
The PR lady is astounded: "But you say things like 'never give a Jew nothing for nothing' all the time."

Enid admits it. But she has a few points to make anyway. And from the way the others chime in, it becomes quickly obvious that in the minds of at least some Sydney Jews the issue of unthinking racism is a floodgate just waiting to be opened. The PR lady cops a major bollocking for things that totally amaze her.

Travis waits until Enid has to go into the kitchen to look after some latecomers and slips in smoothly to defuse the tensions — but not before at least two other members of the group have weighed in with utter approval of his stand. They may not have read his book, but it's obvious that Travis is a lion in this group.

I am impressed. I have just seen the famous Travis sensibility at work. Here he is, in town a month, and he has identified an overlooked — but obviously smouldering — issue, and sparked a lot of passions in this surface-calm drawing room..

My God, if Australia was a *market* instead of just "a great place to live" we'd be watching a bestseller being conceived, right here. Because Travis is the man for that job. It's probably an exaggeration to say he could get the Electoral Roll on to the *Times* "Books of the Week" listing, but his achievement with *Manhattan* was not far short of that. There are those among Travis' detractors who will claim it is the *worst* book ever to make the bestseller lists. There are others, especially those whose lives, thinly disguised, are displayed in it, who wince whenever the word is heard.



"Oh, I don't dance or anything . . . I just walk on stage and let them watch me blow up this balloon."

These responses are exaggerated. But no one, including the author, will claim that it is a great book. It is the fictionalised tale of Rupert Murdoch's takeover of *New York* magazine a few years previous, an event which quite traumatised many of New York's intellectuals. It has its power plays, *roman-à-clef* puzzles for the hoi polloi to put real names to, and "rich people screwing." And so far, around 70,000 hardcover buyers and half a million paperback readers have dipped into their pockets for it. And that is the name of that game.

What's more, a hard-headed New York publisher (Avon Books) has just pressed close to half a million dollars into Travis' hot little hand for the privilege of buying a similar opus (this one, *Castles,* promises to do for the real estate business what *Manhattan* did for publishing).

Who is this dollar-powered entrepreneur of the written word? At 40, Travis has the face of a slightly dissipated cherub, with well rounded surfaces framed in slightly greying curls. He is fashionably slim, having recently lost five kilos, and he tends towards an expensively tousled form of dress Americans call "preppy".

The son of a New Zealand factory foreman, Travis first hit town in 1957 as a D-grade crime reporter on the Sydney *Sun.* He held down the job all right, although the old hands found they had to round off a few rough edges in his style and fact-gathering. It wasn't until years later that many of them realised that the fresh-faced New Zealander was not the 27-year-old journeyman that his references described, but a precocious 17-year-old teaching himself how to shoot in the frontline trenches. There was no harder school of journalism than Sydney afternoons of the 1950s. You had minutes to report, to check and write a story. And if you were wrong, the opposition was out on the street crowing about it an hour later — and you were on the street looking for a new job an hour after that. Travis survived in that world, which was achievement enough.

At 19, still sailing under mythical colors, he claimed to be a *Sydney Morning Herald* alumnus, and a trained photographer to boot, and landed a job on the *South Pacific Post,* thus following in the footsteps of Errol Flynn and a phalanx of other young adventurers to romantic Port Moresby. There he found his wife Maggie, a forceful planter's daughter and a powerful influence upon his subsequent career. (A few months ago, in New York, Travis told an interviewer that if it hadn't been for Maggie: "I'd be on the back bench of the Sydney *Daily Mirror,* drinking in the 'Evil' Star pub, playing the poker machines and sailing every Sunday. And that would be my life".)

But he did marry Maggie (she was 17 and he was 19), in a proper wedding after an abortive attempt to elope with her from the ultra-proper Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar. And the Travis career moved back into the centres of power. First there was a move back to Sydney, to the *Mirror,* then in its golden years under the late, great Zel Rabin. Zel launched Travis on his second great love affair. In 1966, he sent him to New York. The boy from Dunedin was intoxicated with the big city, with the power, the money and the glamor.

("I just love New York," he was to say. "It's the most exciting place anywhere. It's just the centre. I can't take other cities seriously any more after living in New York.")

But it was also, he saw, a closed shop to an outlander like a foreign correspondent from a small country. And a great ambition grew in Travis to become a columnist for one of the great New York City newspapers — an Earle Wilson, a Bob Considine, a Walter Winchell.

Such dreams were, however, for the future. Because suddenly a call rang out that was to become a familiar part of the Travis universe — his master's voice. Rupert Murdoch recalled Neal from the New York bureau to be editor of the Melbourne *Truth.*

This was something of a bolt from the blue. Few of those knife-scarred warriors from the Murdoch executive suites had ever heard of Travis. Popular legend had it at the time that he cracked the job because he was the only man in New York who could consistently get Murdoch tickets to the popular Broadway shows on his regular forays to the States.

But there was more to it than that. In a sense, the third great love affair of Travis' life was getting under way. There was a bond between these two which has survived many blow-ups over more than 17 years. This is not to suggest anything really exceptional. The relationship was a filial one. And so, when Murdoch's wife presented him with a son a few years ago, Travis joked: "I guess this is the end for me." But it wasn't. The return to *Truth* was successful. Travis' raunchy Sydney training served the old whore of Latrobe Street well, and circulation climbed. It wasn't a long tenure. After six months, Murdoch called again, this time to announce another stunning promotion. Travis was to move back to Sydney as editor-in-chief of the *Daily Mirror, The Australian* — the whole lot.

Says Travis: "It was something you couldn't turn down. A seat on the board, everything. And I'd just had my 28th birthday. But then for four and a half years it was a really hard job. A car would come for you at 4 am with the morning papers. An hour later you'd be in the office, and you'd get home at 7 o'clock that night. It's a hard way to live. It was hard on us. It's not much of a life for your partner. When you get home you just fall into bed. Finally I said the hell with it. But I had to quit two or three times before I could make the decision stick with Rupert."

Travis and Maggie dropped out for a year in the old New Zealand gold-mining village of Arrowtown.

"I think I could have stayed there forever, actually," says Travis. "But Maggie insisted that we both better get back — we both had this yearning for New York.

"I called up Rupert and told him I wanted to go back to New York. He just said okay, and back we went to the bureau." Travis had been back in New York about a year when, in 1973, Murdoch started his own entry in America's schlock newspaper stakes, the gossipy tabloid *National Star.* The chief of Murdoch's New York foreign bureau, Ray Kerrison, switched to the *Star,* and Travis replaced him as chief of the bureau.

Two years later, he resigned again, this time after a power struggle in which Neal Travis did not come out ahead. Two years of freelancing followed, but the old link was not broken. Suddenly the woods were full of little whispers that Murdoch might be about to buy Dorothy Schiff's ailing old *New York Post.* Travis saw the chance to bring off his cherished ambition — a gossip column.

So he called Rupert, and once more the magic was there. He was invited back as one of several assistants to the publisher — and Travis put in his bid for a column.

"He thought I might like to be a features editor, or something like that, but I said, 'No, what I think we should have is a diary page like the Fleet Street papers have. And I'd like to do it.' He sort of shrugged and said it was okay.

"Rupert doesn't realise what he's giving you when he gives you a page in a daily newspaper. Rupert's got different goals from me and from most people. Murdoch understands real power and real influence. He would think it quite frivolous the fun you can have being a columnist. And he knew it was fun."

And for Neal and Maggie, life had really begun. Life was now a round of premieres, dinners, parties, a front table at Elaine's, having the mayor to dinner, and the constant, delicious discovery that all of the movers and shakers were just frail humans like little old you and me.

"Politicians would call up and say, you can't report that," recalls Travis gleefully. "When (Senator) Patrick Moynihan stuck his hand down (cabinet member) Midge Costanza's dress, they're screaming that's not to be reported. I said, well, we report what happened."

Travis was doing the column when Murdoch bought *New York* magazine right out from underneath its bitterly disappointed creator Clay Felcker. He saw the drama of the whole enterprise and, again at Maggie's urging, began to play "what-if" with the facts of the takeover, gradually casting it into the form of a novel.

And suddenly, all the months of hobnobbing with publishers, agents and top-flight authors on the celebrity party circuit began to pay off. Travis found he knew an awful lot about the book business, not in the Saul Bellow, Graham Greene sense, but in the deal-making, horse-trading and Publisher's Row sense. Travis' true talent was about to flower.

"I had acquired an agent, but all he was interested in was my name as a columnist. He wanted me to do Book of Lists-type things — books about the seven worst society hostesses. He didn't want to know about novels.

"Then one night I was at one of George Plimpton's parties and I was talking to Victor Temkin, who is the president of Berkeley Publishing. He said why don't you do a novel, and I said I already have. I sent the 20,000 words I had done around to him and a few days later he called and invited me to come to lunch at the 21 Club. And there he told me 'I want to buy it'.

"I took a month off — I had then switched to the gossip column on *New York* magazine — and borrowed a friend's house at Easthampton."

The deal Travis worked out was for a fat $150,000 advance against a two-book deal. But, says Travis, "forget about the upfront money. What I wanted was a guarantee about the number of copies that would be printed and the amount that would be spent on promotion.

"See, you've got to work out where you'll be on your publisher's quarterly list. If you're not number one, two or three on the list, forget it. There are

L O V E R S

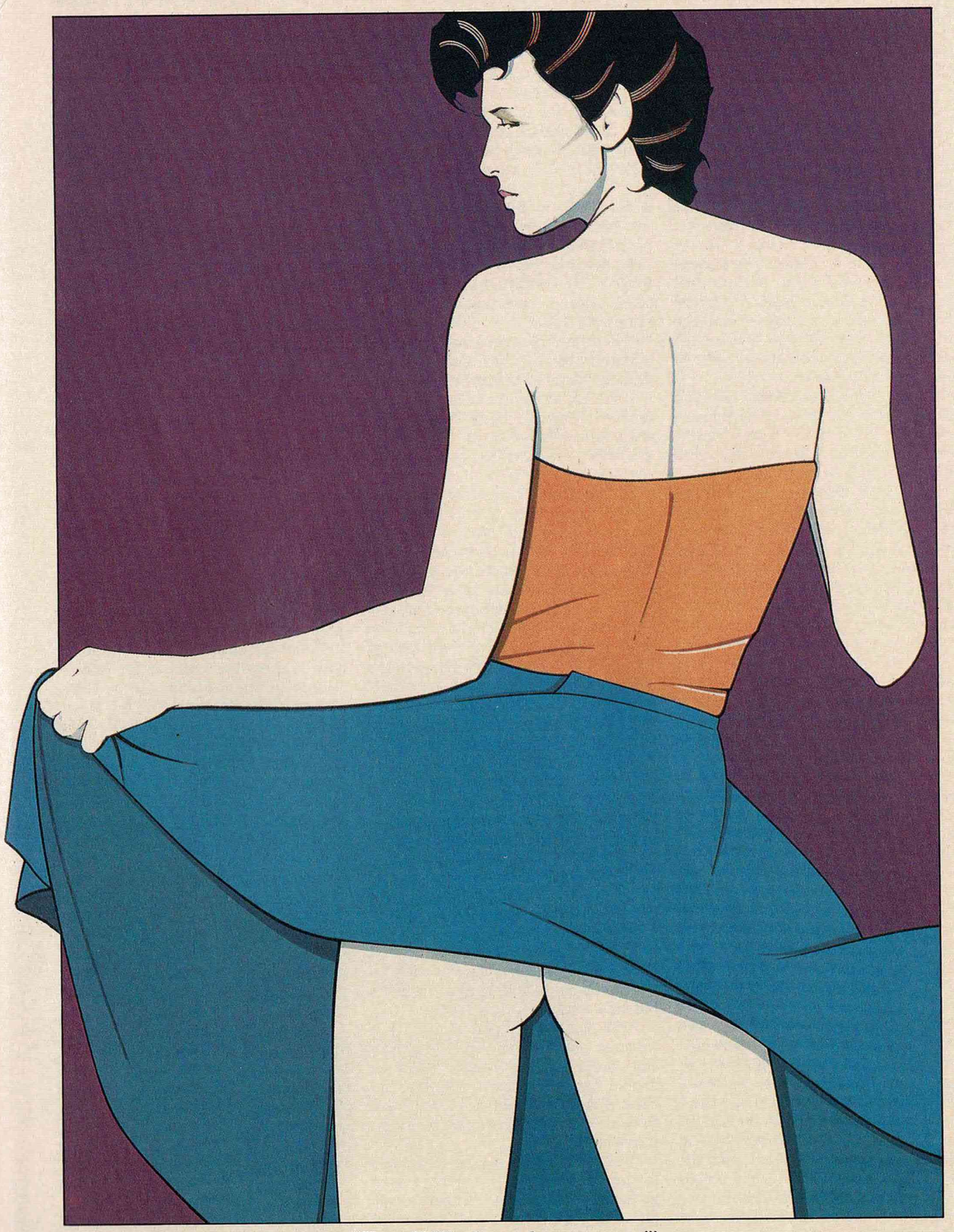


Illustration by Pat Nagel

"Hmmphh! You know where you can go!"

30,000 titles coming out each year, and if you're number 15 on the Spring list, the book cartons don't even get opened. You have got to get those bastards to put money in your book, and have copies in the warehouses so they'll go out and sell."

The contract Travis finally signed for *Manhattan* included guarantees of a 75,000 copy print run and $75,000 to be spent on promotion.

"By getting a print run guarantee of 75,000, you've *got* to be number one on their book list, although it is not something that you can write into a contract in so many words.

"As well, I knew from my column contacts just when Judith Krantz's blockbuster, *Scruples,* was coming out, and when her next, *Princess Daisy* was scheduled. I knew they'd need something on the Spring list for their salesmen to push. And I made sure that was me."

The rest, as they say, is history. Despite very little merit that anyone could discern, the novel that Travis ground out "in three or four months stretched over 10 months" sold and sold and sold. Denigratory reviews in *The New York Times* and other major publications (although a couple of out-of-towners found it to be "a Faustian tragedy") could not stop it.

The hype was really superb. New Yorkers, who buy about 60 percent of all hardcover books sold in America, were left in no doubt that this was the inside story of the battle for *New York* magazine (although in fact it wasn't; Rupert Murdoch, for instance, hardly figures in it at all). Every TV talk show had Travis on it, big posters of the book's cover appeared on the back of every second downtown bus, there were launch parties at Studio 54, Elaine's and 21.

That virtually all of the opinion leaders who eventually got to read the book hated it didn't seem to make any difference, for the publicity machine ground on, the publishers' representatives loaded the bookstores with copies, the stores made special stands so they wouldn't get stuck with a lot of them. The customers saw all this hoopla, remembered the awful fight over *New York's* takeover in the news media (the typography of *Manhattan's* title reminded many of the logo of *New York*), and bought the book. Whether they liked it or not didn't matter, they had it and Travis and his publisher had them.

At the height of all this, Travis once more showed his mastery of his new profession. Over a brief lunch at 21 he gave a two-minute verbal outline of the second book he wanted to write.

"I told them I wanted to do a book called *Summer People,* about rich people in the Hamptons screwing each other, and about power and money. They said right, and threw a lot of money at me.

"Which was a big mistake on both our parts. I had no idea what I was going to write, and they had no idea what they were going to get."

But what power! In that two minutes, Travis had committed the moguls of New York publishing to paying him a cool $200,000 extra. As it turned out, he didn't get it. He finished the book, although the venue was switched to Newport, Rhode Island, when somebody else got in first with the Hamptons. And the big publisher agreed to accept it. But astonishingly, Travis asked for the manuscript to be returned. It cost him everything the publisher still owed on *Manhattan,* but he bought it back, and it's now mouldering in a closet.

"I might take it up some day, there are some pages in it I like, but I lost faith in the premise. Everyone had warned me about the second book syndrome. You've got time to do it, and you can blow away a couple of years mucking about. You don't know enough yet. You know more than you did on the first one, but you don't really know enough to do it properly. So I finished it, and they accepted it, but I just kept getting more and more nervous about it, so I took it back.

"These days, I think people read a writer, rather than just books. And I'd screwed up the second book. I screwed up a lot of money too. But if I'd released it while the jury was still out on me after *Manhattan,* then a lot of people might have given up on me. So I canned it. They think I'm still rewriting it, but I've canned it.

"The third book was the key, you see. It's going to be really good and I didn't want to kill it. If I had not signed a really good deal for the third book just last August I never could have afforded to do it."

Ah yes, the third book, dear reader. Just listen to this:

"When I got with my new agent, Mort Janklow, last year, I had an outline of 40 pages for *Castles,* a story about the real estate business and the women who make up the majority of it, and the way they bring off these astonishing deals. Mort read it and said 'It's great, I love it. I'm sure we'll sell it for a lot of money.'

"Mort's very good. He's the man who got the $3.2 million paperback sale for *Princess Daisy,* the biggest ever paid. He knows what you want to do, what you're capable of, and just how far to push you. He's like a good magazine editor."

The deal that Travis and Janklow worked was for what is called in publishing a reverse sale. "Ordinarily," explains Travis, "you might get an advance of say $100,000 from a hard-cover publisher. He'll then auction the paperback rights for say a million. He'll deduct the $100,000 advance and split the $900,000 with you. So you wind up with $550,000 — if he gets the best deal.

"But who knows what the auction market for paperback rights will be next year?

"In a reverse sale, you go to the paperback publisher direct. He gives you half a million up front, then he sells all the hardback rights back, with the guarantees from the hard-back publisher that he'll do a big enough run and spend enough on publicity to make the paperback sales big. And that's what we did."

"You got half a million dollars?"

"Pretty close, yeah."

And that, dear reader, is the name of *THAT* game.

Travis has figured he needs a million tax free to end once and for all the awful burden of worrying about money. That would be about $100,000 a year after taxes and an allowance for inflation. ("No one needs any more than that.") And, you will not be surprised to learn, he's figured out a way to do it.

"I've got an outline for a caper novel in my head. Hopefully it'll be a series deal. I'll have the outline done when I go north again in April. If the publisher likes it, he'll want to do a multi-book deal."

Travis is currently a resident of Bermuda, where he migrated after leaving Murdoch for the umpteenth time — this time in protest over mass sackings of staff hired for the abortive *New York Sun,* an afternoon paper that never got off the ground.

The relationship with Maggie, the blonde Valkyrie from the New Guinea highlands who has driven the Travis war chariot along much of its route so far, also appears to be in abeyance.

And so we have Travis in this plush Edgecliff drawing room. He's 40, and he's alone, separated from all three of his great loves.

I'm starting to feel quite sorry for him, but then I remember the half million bucks in hand and the one and a half perhaps to come, and I cheer up a lot. He's all right Jack.

What's that, Enid? Yes, another champagne would be just what the doctor ordered. We'll drink to Travis taking a few more million off the Yanks before they wake up to him, and then maybe I'll get up enough courage to go over and sit next to the beautiful Connie.

PLAYBOY'S WORLD TRAVEL GUIDE

feature by Jim and Jan Murcott

IT'S THE impulsive people who tend to travel most: the people who let their moods and whims sweep away conservative thinking so that they can fulfil a fantasy. Anyone can travel. There's no real need to have an enormous bank balance — although it does help. But do people hear of a place and then decide to visit it? Or do they decide to travel first, then look for a place to go?

Why not let your heart decide? Make up your mind as to what sort of mood you are in, and then select your destination accordingly. PLAYBOY has taken a cross-section of moods and matched them with the far corners of the world. And even if you can't find four weeks to spare for a holiday, then you might like to let your imagination loose and take a fantasy holiday with us.

FOR THE EXOTIC MOOD

Finding a place off the beaten track isn't all that easy in these days of fast flights and tourist probes into every far corner of the Earth. Especially if you're operating on a budget. The idea of a jungle safari through the wilds of Sulawesi (where?) and bouncing over potted and rutted roads in a jeep just doesn't seem to turn on the average tourist. But some of us are made of sterner stuff and, what's more, some of us will put our money where our mouth is and engage in the pre-Hiltonised journey with alacrity.

Actually, the trip to Torajaland in the west of Sulawesi (one of the Indonesian islands formerly called the Celebes) isn't as rough or as pioneering as all that. The 21-day itinerary put together by San Michele Tours in Sydney comprises five days in Bali (to build up your strength), then a day in Lombok surveying the island and sailing on an outrigger to the sort of beach (with coral reef) you'd like to be stranded on. The next day, you're off to Ujung Pandang, the capital of Sulawesi. It is really from here on that your staying powers come in handy.

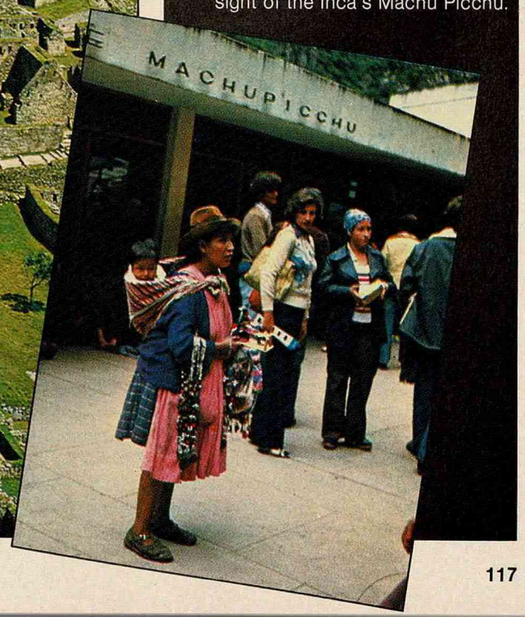
With an early morning start in a jeep, it's off to Rantepao with an overnighter at the Misiliana Hotel. The jeep trip to Torajaland passes through seaports such as Pare Pare with its houses on stilts, Buginese villages, jungle and smaller settlements. The food on the way is a blend of Chinese, seafood and native cooking.

Once in Tana Toraja, the ancient customs of the people are explained, and the tour guide and jeep remain at your disposal. Aside from the wooden effigies and stone graveyards at Lemo, there is the splendor and the lushness of the terraced ricefields. The people are fascinating, fascinated and friendly; it's the sort of place you expect to find David Attenborough.

Another trip takes you to Londa, two kilometres off the main road, where there is an array of coffins with skulls and bones, and hanging graves that are hundreds of years old. Then there is Kete Kesu, a Torajan village and handcraft centre selling ancient cooking vessels and utensils, as well as carvings and other woodwork.

The return trip to Java via Ujung Pandang lands you in Surabaya, and then it's on to Jogjakarta for a couple of days of re-Westernisation with comfortable tours, then on to Jakarta. On the way home, Singapore is a great stop-off port for a few days duty free shopping and preparation for the final leg — the return flight. Prices for the trip start at about $1200, including all

A three-hour train ride from Cuzco, Peru, takes you to the breath-taking sight of the Inca's Machu Picchu.



fares, budget class accommodation (extra for first class) and continental breakfasts. There is a reduction of about $94 for an 18-day itinerary, skipping the Singapore stopover.

•

"Start me on South America and I could go on for hours," said our travel adviser in Sydney. "Do you want skiing in the Andes, surfing off the coast of Peru, Inca ruins, Rio, or a jungle cruise up the Amazon."

"Now, wait a minute," I thought. "All this sounds exciting but what of the costs and travel arrangements?"

Juan Montesinos, director of the South American Travel Agency in Pitt Street, Sydney, suggested the following itinerary for those who don't particularly like group tours. Starting from Sydney, a UTA flight to Tahiti connects up with a Lan-Chile flight leaving every Thursday for Santiago. The return excursion fare is $1300.

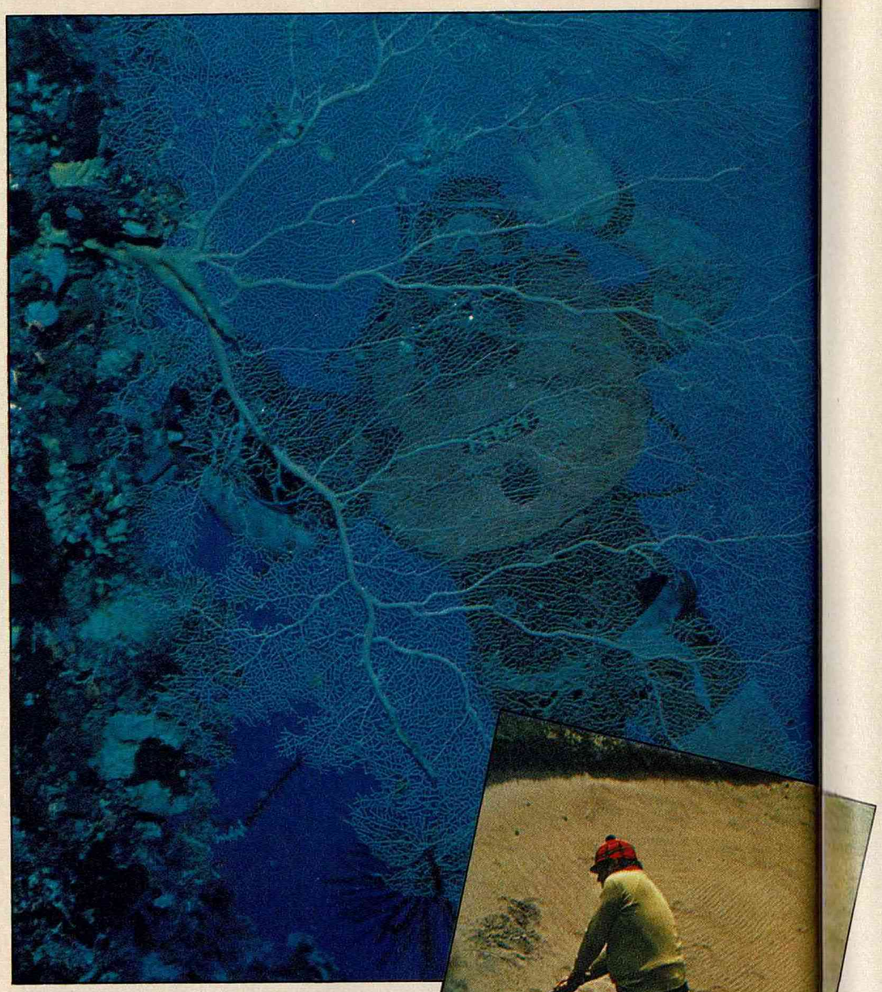
The end of the 11-hour journey over the Pacific and a spectacular view of the Andes is followed by a $15 taxi ride into Santiago. Your accommodation should cost about $20 a night for a double, but can be difficult to organise if not pre-booked.

After a few days of taking in the sights, grab a Varig Brazilian Airlines flight to Manáus (on the Amazon) via Rio — the fare is about $500. This town was, literally, built right *on* the Amazon — many of the houses are built on piles over the river. This once-wealthy city watched its populace go broke when South-east Asia started producing cheaper rubber. It still has interesting landmarks, and there are a number of river tours from the city.

One of the more adventurous ways of seeing the Amazon in all its abundance is to hitch a ride on an ocean-going steamer. The trip takes about three days to cover the 3200 kilometres to the Peruvian town of Iquitos, the last navigable port of call for the steamers. Steaming up the Amazon is among the world's most exotic experiences — you'll see impenetrable jungle, overhanging lianas and much vibrant birdlife (including macaws, parakeets and pink flamingoes). The river is also the home of the flesh-eating piranha.

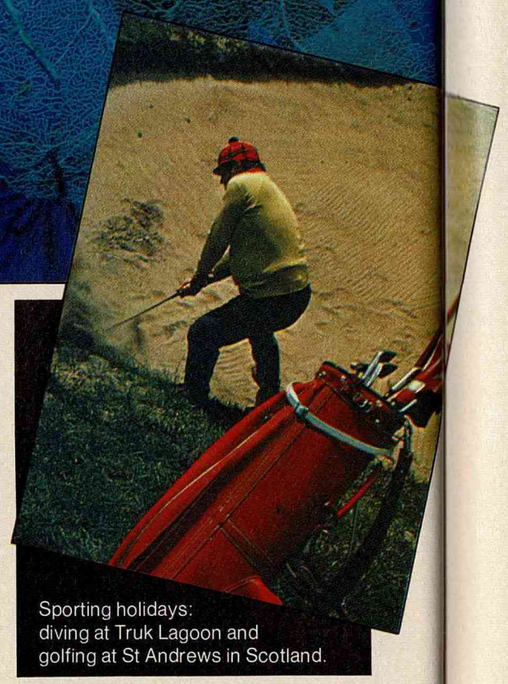
Sightsee for a few days in Iquitos, and then catch the Aero Peru flight to Cuzco, the fabled gold-laden capital of the Inca empire.

No excursion to this area would be complete without a visit to Machu Picchu, the lost city of the Incas. The train to Machu Picchu leaves Santa Ana station every morning for an $8 round-trip and a three-hour unforgettable climb up the mountains and into the Urubamba Valley. The Urubamba River is the legendary River of the Sun and thunders through the Andes, its almost vertical sides swathed in mist.



The train stops at the base of a mountain and from there it is a 20-minute climb by mini-bus up the 600 metres to the saddle of the peak which houses one of the world's greatest mysteries. Rounding a bend in the road, the city stretches out before you and, like everybody who's seen Machu Picchu, you'll be struck by its vastness and absolute quiet. The four hours spent here, working your way through the streets, buildings and temples, passes far too quickly. There is a lodge at Machu Picchu for those who want to stay overnight, but bookings must be made well in advance. For the day trippers, it's back to Cuzco.

After a few more days there, with perhaps a second visit to Machu Picchu, it's off to Puno by train and Lake Titicaca — at 3800 metres, the highest natural lake in the world. On the other side of the lake is Bolivia and its capital La Paz, well worth a visit if your money holds out. From La Paz, it is back to Santiago and then home. This sort of holiday is by no means cheap, and will probably cost $3500 to $4000. There are other organised tours of South America which take in trips to Iguassu Falls, Venezuela and Argentina. These are well conducted and comprehensive, and your travel agent has details. Two companies specialising in South American travel are the South American Travel Agency (Sydney) and Spanish Travel of Fitzroy (Melbourne).



Sporting holidays: diving at Truk Lagoon and golfing at St Andrews in Scotland.

IF YOU'RE FEELING RAUNCHY

Although every city in the world has its "sin centre", some are better (for variety, price and quality) than others, and these are the ones you should seek. Those who have actually made a study of the seamier side of the world always mention Amsterdam, Copenhagen, New York and Hamburg. But there is one place that particularly stands out — Bangkok. Every day, plane loads of European and Asian male tourists, sent by their companies for a relaxing holiday, zoom in to get away from it all. And in the daytime, that is just what they do. But it's the evenings when these over-worked and well-paid executives exploit their real reason for being there; that's when Mr Respectable becomes Mr Lust.

In Bangkok itself, Patpong Road offers a myriad diversions. Its bars and nightclubs hum with propositions, price haggling, deals, and the attributes of the particular lady. Bargaining is second nature to the Thais, and you must agree on the price of everything — from taxi fares, before you hop in, to the price of your selected evening's entertainment.

Connoisseurs of raunchy cities consider that the Patpong Road district is deteriorating somewhat, unfortunately. Becoming a bit rough. So those preferring a bit of class make the 80 kilometre journey south to sample the pleasures of Pattaya Beach, considered to be the Riviera of Asia. Many of the tourist hotels there are large and luxurious. The Siam Bayshore, for instance, is a tennis resort, and the expansive Royal Cliff, which overlooks the Gulf of Siam, offers top quality and service. These hotels have private beaches and are first class. Prices start at $50 a night.

It's the main street of Pattaya where you'll discover the nightlife. Actually, there isn't a lot more to Pattaya than the main street, simply because it is a typical resort town harboring no other obvious industry. The cost of spirits and beer in the nightclubs lining the street are not cheap by Thai standards — one beer there usually costs $1.20. But the entertainment, whatever is to your liking, is cheap. So are the excellent meals — $5 will buy an excellent seafood platter. The massage parlors are well run, but it's safer to stick to the larger and better-known establishments — this is also true of Bangkok.

At Pattaya, the tourist can have a respectable raunchy holiday — playing tennis or sailing by day, and playing out fantasies by night. Return flights from Melbourne/Sydney to Bangkok start at $656. Thai Airways offer a three-day, two-night stopover at Pattaya, including twin share accommodation, for an extra $28.

The United States is a veritable hothouse of raunchy resorts. Larger cities like Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco and, especially, New York don't hide their seamier attractions.

There is a wonderful array of entertainment (sorry, adult entertainment) in this country. Sharon's Hotline, for instance, advertises nationwide: "Get it off with me and my friends — whatever your fantasy. Use Mastercharge, Visa or American Express. Only $25. Ring this number."

If you are taking a partner with you, contact the national Verified Swingers Association. It has its own charge card so you can book ahead; their number is (816) 233 4956.

The gambling centres of Las Vegas and Reno in Nevada are a sure bet (excuse the pun). Even if you don't win the jackpot on the silver dollar pokies, you are bound to do all right with the "free-floating" lady nearby.

Reno and Las Vegas offer the best value per dollar for accommodation and meals. We were told that the two cities are subsidised by the government with the object of keeping prices down to attract the gamblers — which is where the real money is. We paid about $20 a double for a spacious and attractive room in a motel next to the recently fire-damaged MGM-Grand. Breakfasts weren't included, but could be had for as little as $1.

WANT A SPORTING CHANCE?

One title that has been missing from international sport is that of World Lifesaving Champion — or at least until now. Hardy Australian enthusiasts who brave any type of weather in all sorts of conditions will be ecstatic to discover that not only is there a World Championship, but that it is being held close to home at Kuta Beach in Bali this year. Official travel agent for the Championship is Travel Scene, which has branches in Sydney and Melbourne; the company is also involved in transporting surf boats and other essential equipment to Bali.

The trials are being run during the first weekend in May, and are to be preceded by the Indonesian Surf Lifesaving carnival. Hundreds of Australians are expected to cross the waters for the big event. If you hanker to join them, there are a number of itineraries based on various grades of hotels and lengths of stay. Basically, from Melbourne/Sydney, 8½ days in Bali in a fan-cooled hotel on a twin-share basis starts at $450. The same holiday, but staying at the more up-market Bali Hyatt, costs about $750. From Perth, prices are $100 less.

Truk Lagoon is a place unknown to most Australians, except those old enough to remember the sea battle that occurred there in World War Two. Truk Lagoon was blasted out of obscurity when the Americans sank more than 60 aeroplanes and 100 ships of the Japanese Fourth Fleet in retaliation for Pearl Harbor.

It is these underwater wrecks that have made Truk Lagoon the mecca of scuba-diving locations. The American government has protected the area since the war and it remains a pristine underwater wonderland. Situated in the East Caroline Islands between New Guinea and Japan, Truk is a difficult place to get to — first, you must hop on an Air Nauru flight from Melbourne to Sydney to Nauru in the Gilbert Islands (this entails an overnight stay in the Menen Hotel which has to be pre-booked), on to Guam and another overnighter, possibly at the Continental Hotel, and then on to Truk on Continental Airlines. The air fare is $1200 and the accommodation about $45 a night. Accommodation on Truk is best at the Continental Hotel, again at $45 a night. The cheapest way to Truk is via group travel. Allways Tours (Melbourne), a travel company specialising in scuba-diving tours, is hiring an F28 jet from Port Moresby, leaving on September 16, for a trip to Truk Island. The return-trip fare to Port Moresby, including accommodation, is $899. Divers can obtain a Port Moresby ticket from Melbourne for $390, Sydney for $330 and Cairns for $200. The diving package is an additional $198. All up, this is about $1000 cheaper than travelling individually.

Despite the Dutch claims, Scotland is the home of a popular pastime known as "swick-click". Swish what? We're talking about that infuriating, frustrating and why-the-bloody-hell-do-I-bother game of golf. And if Scotland is its home, St Andrews is its heart. It is The Old Course at St Andrews or Muirfield (if you have the

correct credentials) that should be dropped into conversations at the 19th at Royal Melbourne.

Anyway, if you're teeing off for a visit to the origin of the game, here are a few pointers. First, tee up a flight to London where, on arrival, take in some of the local sights and visit a few clubs. Pick up a hire car and head up the M1 toward Edinburgh. If you choose to go by coach, allow about $16 for the 10-hour trip. It's $40 in a train for five hours or $70 for a 1½-hour flight. These prices are a guide only and do not allow for any new off-peak fares or shuttle services. The Old Course at St Andrews is, to many people, the finest in the world. It's the Old Course Hotel that many of the top golfers use, and where accommodation starts at about $40 per night. Booking well in advance is a must. Actually playing golf can be a problem in the busy summer months, with so many enthusiasts lined up to tee off that there is a ballot system whereby potential players register their names the morning of the day before and that night tee-off times are drawn. If there are more golfers than times, some miss out completely.

But don't be overly discouraged. There are three St Andrews courses and 15 others nearby. In addition, there are 10 in and around North Berwick, 13 within reach of Ayr, three near Portobello and another three around Rothesay.

If you prefer group travel, Supersports Tours of Melbourne have just organised their second successive trip to the British Open, this year to be held at the Royal St George course in Dover. The tour travels first class all the way and guarantees golfing on the world's top courses. It leaves on June 30 and includes two days of quarter finals tennis at Wimbledon. From there, it's on up to Turnberry near Glasgow for golfing at Ailsa, which is a British Open circuit course. Then off to Carnoustie and the Bruce Hotel which overlooks the Carnoustie Club's championship course, one of the circuit's most difficult. After a day of golf there, it's off to the Blairgowrie Golf Club for a day, then on to the Old Course Hotel at St Andrews and a hit around "Ole Number One". Gleneagles Hotel, with its three courses, takes in the next few days of the trip. If your golf game is off, then at Gleneagles you can try croquet, squash, bowling or fishing.

The next course of call is Stratford-upon-Avon, Shakespeare country, and next to the Manor House, Moreton Hampstead. It was described by one travelling enthusiast as "God's gift to the golfer". What it hasn't got, you don't need. Then, back to London. The tour will be led by Brian Twite, pro at Metropolitan in Melbourne, who will be conducting clinics and tuition throughout the tour. The cost of the whole trip is about $3500, and your return date is left up to you.

PENSIVE HOLIDAYS

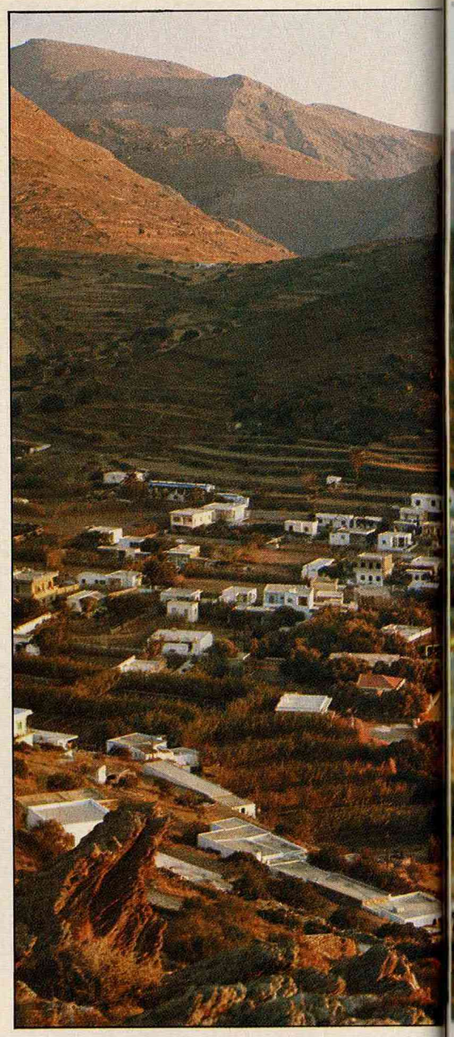
Gliding across tranquil waters acts as a narcotic upon the mind — and when the waters are those of the Aegean Sea and the tiny white dots in the distance are some of the many renowned Greek islands, the effect is stupefying. The question is not so much to head for the Greek islands for peace and tranquillity, but which of the islands to choose.

There are numerous ways a mind-relaxing trip to the Greek islands can be planned, both of an individual and group nature. Most airline companies offer trips out of London in conjunction with London-based travel agencies. From Australia, the prices for return flights to Athens from Melbourne or Sydney vary between $950 for low to $1600 for high season.

Chat Tours is one of the largest travel organisers in Greece and offers a broad range of motorcoach tours of mainland cities and the islands. It's an international company, and its Australian representative is Cruise and Coach Corporation Pty Ltd of Sydney, operated by George Dingli.

The day after your arrival in Athens it would be wise to take a half-day bus tour of the city, for about $14, and get your bearings. After a few days wandering among the sights — and *don't* miss the Acropolis — book one of the number of enjoyable cruise choices. Chat Tours runs one-to-seven-day tours, ranging in price from $37 to $1450 depending on your selection of ship, shipping line and the number of people per cabin. The higher-priced cruises, which operate from March 16 to November 23, take in the Aegean islands, Egypt, Israel, Cyprus and Turkey. An alternative in the same price bracket spends more time around the islands and only visits Turkey. The cost includes full board in double air-conditioned cabins with private facilities. You can do the same trip with Chat considerably cheaper if you forgo various amenities..

If your idea of a holiday is to collapse on just one island and do nothing, try Sifnos, about eight hours from Piraeus by boat for little more than $10 one way. On this popular yet not crowded island there are various private houses and small hotels you can stay in for as little as $6 or $8 a night, plus meals. Cheap as chips.



Trips to the islands can easily be integrated with a business trip to England, if you wish, with plenty of tours which head out of London to Greece. Globus Tours (offices in Sydney and Melbourne) has an eight-day London-to-Athens return tour which includes three days in the capital, an excursion to Delphi and the rest of the time cruising. Islands visited include Mykonos, Rhodes, Crete and Santorini. Base price on a room-share basis is $535.

Qantas' Passport Holidays suggest you stop off at Greece, either on the way to London or on the way home, and take a three- or seven-day cruise. The cruise ships, *MTS Apollo* or *MTS Jason,* are fully air-conditioned with bars, swimming pools, duty free shops and all amenities. They visit the major Greek islands, with the longer cruise including the Turkish cities of Kusadasi, Dikili and Istanbul before returning to Mykonos and Piraeus. Twin-bed rooms keep the price down to about $400 for six days — three in Athens and three cruising — and go up to about $850 for three days in Athens and a seven-day cruise. Then jump on your Qantas flight headed for home. There's no problem in staying on in Athens, where the cost is $24 per head in a twin-bed room or $30 a single. If Greece is a little too far away from home and too expensive, simply turn your eyes east to Malaysia. It is probably among the most stable of all countries, but one which people rarely seem to consider for holidaying.

Sensuous experiences are had lazing on a Greek island or eating French cuisine along the Côte d'Azur.

Malaysia is often regarded only as a supplement to Singapore, with people "dropping over to KL to have a look around". But there are a number of places in Malaysia just right for a reflective mood — and Penang is the best of the lot. An ideal spot for lazing about on a comfortable banana lounge catching up on some necessary reading, painting or contemplating. It is the perfect location for not being disturbed while you mull over your recent retrenchment or estrangement. Just looking at its white sandy beaches fringed with palms waving in the breeze will set your soul at rest. The most economical way to get to Penang is to join a package tour—you can leave it once there. There is a wide choice of hotels but you'll have to select one from a brochure and prebook in Australia. The most economical holiday we found in Penang was 15 days and 13½ nights (!) for $680, including return airfare and accommodation at the Bayview Hotel. For a higher grade of accommodation you can choose the Rasa Sayang for about $240 extra. Meals are not included.

If reflecting on life's path becomes too much of a burden, there are plenty of nightclubs and discos to try for a change of pace.

FEELING HUNGRY

According to the French, cooking is an art, an important concern. It is said that Parisians have the best of it, and according to foreign gourmands who visit the country, the French are dead right. Paris, and its surrounds, is full of recommended eating houses, and their chefs are as well known and respected as any entertainer or politician.

But the most famous French chefs don't necessarily concentrate their efforts in Paris. Their restaurants are located throughout the country and they often specialise in the particular dishes of a region. We think it would be fun to travel the country via a map, being directed only by our taste buds. Starting in Paris at L'archestrate, located at 84 Rue de Varenne, for $50 Alain Senderens will provide a meal that will be an unforgettable introduction to French cuisine.

While in the metropolitan area, you should visit La Varenne, the cooking school where demonstrations are given each afternoon and Saturday mornings. For those with an interest beyond just observing, La Varenne conducts classes lasting from one to 36 weeks. Bookings should be made before you leave through Creative Tours offices in your capital city.

Beyond Paris, there are certain chefs that should not be omitted from one's itinerary. A few of the best are: Michel Guerard at Eugenie-Les-Bains; Alain Chapel at Mionnay; Roger Verge at Moulin de Mougins on the Cotê d'Azur; Jean and Pierre

Troisgros at Roanne; and Paul Bocuse at Collonges near Lyon. The locations given are scattered from east to west, offering the gourmet tourist a good look at the countryside.

Accommodation throughout depends on budget as well as the degree of comfort expected. We think that one of the best ways when travelling through France is to book through the Logis de France, which are small to medium-sized family-run hotels. The rates are reasonable and service good.

Available also are the Relais et Chateaux, beautiful chateaux and hotels, many of which are hundreds of years old: more expensive than the logis, but well worth spending at least one night in luxurious comfort. The French Tourist Authority in Sydney has accommodation directories and a knowledgeable, helpful staff.

SEEKING ADVENTURE

There are very few travel organisations which, when they claim "adventure", can guarantee just that. In fact, it's not often that the degree of physical fitness and mental alertness becomes a measurable quantity before the adventure is undertaken.

But if you really want adventure and you're certain you can measure up to stress and strain, why not entertain the thought of whitewater rafting in the Himalayas?

The first place to head for is the Sun Kosi River, the river of gold. It rises in Tibet and drains off the rivers that flow down the southern slopes of the great Himalayan range, thereby accumulating enormous volumes of water. The river is beautiful and serene one minute, wild and capricious the next. It has all of the ingredients of a great rafting river: undisturbed natural beauty, fascinating tribal villages, plentiful birdlife and sensational rapids. You will hear, and later see, the approaching rapids, knowing that your only choice is to go through them. Despite all this drama, previous rafting experience isn't necessary. What is necessary, though, is to have the aforementioned fitness, do what you are told and have the ability to work hard when called upon.

This particular adventure holiday is run by Peregrine Expeditions of Melbourne. It's a 24-day trip, which includes four days of trekking and nine days of rafting. Prices? They depend on the time of year you go — leaving in October, when the river is still raging after several months of monsoon and when really hard work is the order of the day, the trip costs $1950. In January, when the river still provides a fair amount of action, the cost is a little more than $2150. In March, when the river is quieter, the cost is close to $2000. These prices include return air fare from Sydney or Melbourne to Kathmandu, Nepal, via Bangkok, flying Thai International, and accommodation. Meals in Bangkok are not provided.

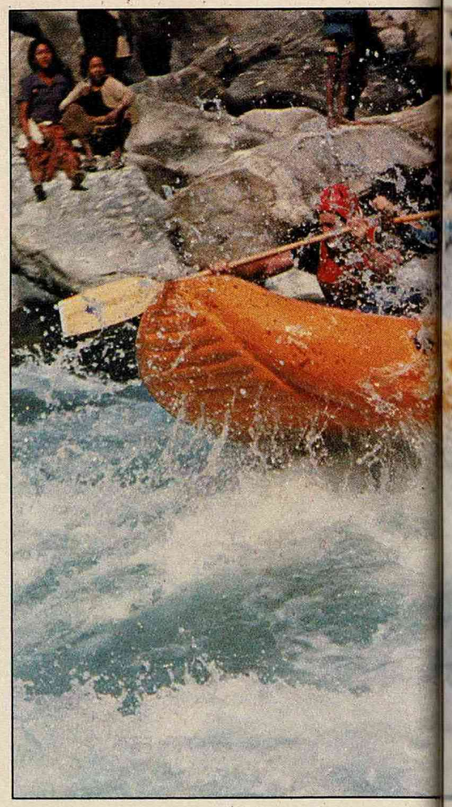
From Kathmandu, the expedition begins with a four-day walk around the mountains of the Kathmandu Valley, visiting the monasteries, the summits of some of the smaller mountains and taking in the views of the surrounding peaks — Annapurna, Shisma Pagma and Everest. After a few days of walking through forests and along trails, the tour arrives at Panchkhal where a local bus provides a hair-raising drive to Dolalghat and the Sun Kosi River. The next day, it's on to the river with a quick wave to the villagers who see the raft off. The raft, by the way, is the exceptionally strong Metzeler "Mammut" with its unique sweep oar giving extra control through the rapids. Each raft carries seven members, one of them an experienced boatman. Peregrine provides the lifejackets and helmets.

If it's adventure you're after but whitewater rafting is taking things a bit too far, then perhaps a trek through Kashmir and Ladakh is more suitable. Although Kashmir is part of India, it is isolated by the Pir Panjal Range and its cultures have evolved independently from those of India. Srinagar is Kashmir's capital and it is from here that the tour starts, with a 45-minute drive to the houseboats of Dal Lake, your temporary base.

For the next five days, you will walk for an average of six hours a day, covering some 13 kilometres. Then, into Ladakh and over the crest of the Himalayas on one of the highest roads in the world. Six days later, the trek arrives back at the houseboats.

The 25-day tour costs $2160, with expeditions leaving in June, July and August. Price includes twin-shared accommodation, return Thai International flight, a crew of guides, cooks and porters, as well as parkas and backpacks. While trekking, accommodation is in two-man tents sleeping on foam rubber mattresses. Meals are usually taken in a large mess tent. Sometimes, tour members stay in the homes of locals or in monasteries.

Treks to Bhutan will be offered by Peregrine later this year.



AT LONG LAST, ROMANCE

The phrase "Tahitian tropical paradise" is synonymous with warm brown skin, blue water, palm trees, white sand and pressing gently against some loving partner. Tahiti conjures the image of an away-from-it-all fantasy, and surely a romantic mood is caused by frame of mind more than anything else.

There are numerous package and individual tours to Tahiti. Jetset run six different tours, ranging from $600 for 10 days to about $1100 for 17 days, prices which include return flights and accommodation. Club Mediterranee, with locations at Bora Bora and Moorea, offers the lot: accommodation, meals and a wide range of activities, from $404 for 10 days including airfares. The only extras are excursion fees, drinks and shopping costs. Tahiti's Club Med plays host to holidaymakers from around the world, especially for people who want to get away from telephones, radios and newspapers. And the nightlife is something else, if you want a break between romantic cuddles.

Adventures of a different kind; whitewater rafting in rushing Himalayan rivers near Kathmandu and cycling in the English Cotswolds.

Then there is Hawaii. Again, there are numerous package deals ranging from a five-day to a three-week stay. If you decide to visit Hawaii, don't just plonk yourself down on Waikiki and stay there. Basking in the sun on the world's most famous beach is terrific, but it is also dull when compared with the fascination of visiting the other islands of Hawaii.

The pursuit of romance can be continued without effort. Qantas, with its Passport Holiday programs, offers a great many trips to Hawaii through a number of travel agencies. They range from the Hawaiian One Week, beginning at about $160, plus airfare, on a twin-share basis, to $1600 for 16 days, including airfare and visiting other islands.

A word of warning regarding the nightlife in the Waikiki area: watch out for being overcharged on drinks and entry to discos.

For independent travellers, UTA fares begin at $590 return on an excursion basis. Accommodation can be had for $30 a night for a clean, single room, and the cheapest way to organise accommodation is through group travel organisations. These do not hinder your independence or your romantic intentions after arrival.

Picturesque villages and secluded valleys; wonderfully magical names like Wootton-Under-Edge, Painswick, Stow-On-The-Wold and Moreton-In-Marsh; shallow trout streams crossed by stone footbridges; narrow cobbled lanes . . . everything that used to be "Olde Englande" is tucked away in a corner of the 20th century known as the Cotswolds.

It is one of the few places left in the world that can transport you from the realities of everyday living into a British picture book of dreams. It's a photographer's delight, especially if you're shooting for calendar covers. It sounds romantic. . . and it is.

The pub and innkeepers still welcome the coach traveller — only, in the 1980s, the horsepower is mechanical. From London, there are a number of coach tours through the Cotswolds. One popular trip is run by Global Tours and called, appropriately, Shakespeare and the Cotswold Country. It's a three-day tour which visits Warwick Castle, Coventry, Broadway, Stratford-Upon-Avon and Blenheim Palace near Woodstock. The cost is about $150, which includes breakfast, dinner and shared-room accommodation. For a bit extra, you can take in a performance at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

If the aim of the trip, though, is to lose yourself in the Cotswolds, then hire a car and wander off, stopping for a stroll down a country lane or a bit of shopping in one of the small villages. A hire car can cost between $160 and $200 a week, plus petrol for about $2.80 a gallon. It's not cheap by any means. There are plenty of traditional places to investigate throughout the Cotswolds. The Lygon Arms at Broadway successfully combines a 16th century coaching inn with the luxury of a modern first-class hotel. The choice of rooms ranges from ancient chambers dating from the mid-1500s to modern rooms with bathrooms. Prices range from about $50 a night.

Day trips can be taken through the Cotswolds with ease. Some of the better-known attractions include Broughton Castle, the home of Lord and Lady Saye and Sele, built in 1206. The castle is near the Banbury of nursery rhyme fame. Entering from the south provides a good view of Banbury Cross — the "fine lady upon the white horse", although unknown, appears on the town's coat of arms. The original Banbury Cake shop has long since gone, but fortunately the recipes haven't. Flaky pastry filled with spicy fruit is readily available. North of Banbury is Upton House, built in 1695 and filled with works of art. Close by is Farnborough Hall.

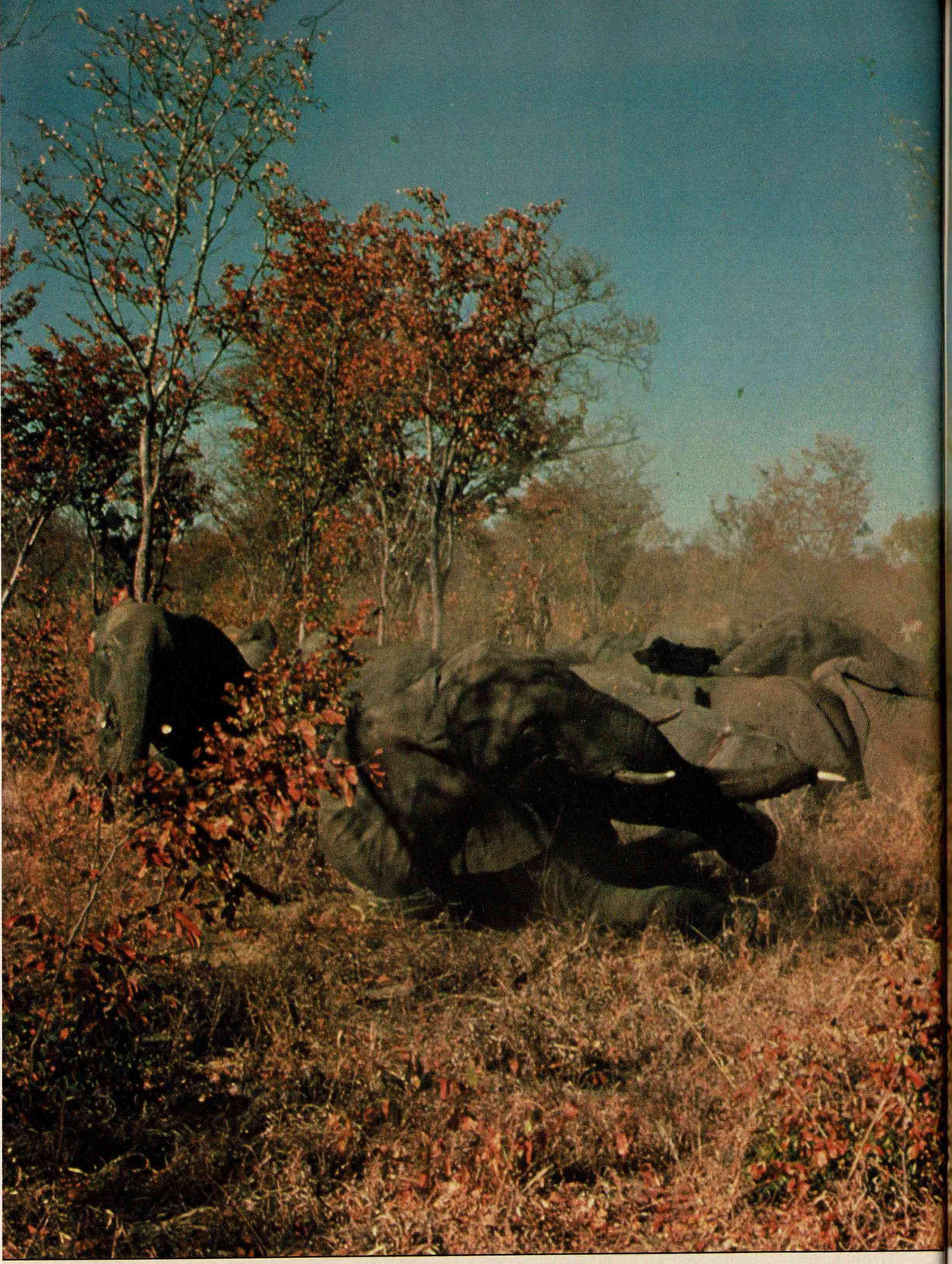
Just 24 kilometres from the Lygon Arms is the heart of Shakespeare country, Stratford-Upon-Avon. After wandering around the streets with their 15th and 16th century timber houses, turn into Henley Street and visit the house where the Bard was born. Anne Hathaway's cottage, at Shottery, is slightly west of Stratford. Both houses are open every day but Monday. Also, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre should not be missed.

If the history of motoring interests you, then visit the Stratford Motor Museum with its excellent displays arranged in period settings. One day, spend your time strolling through some of the villages, take a picnic lunch and spend a few hours in the countryside, pretending that the modern world is still four centuries away.

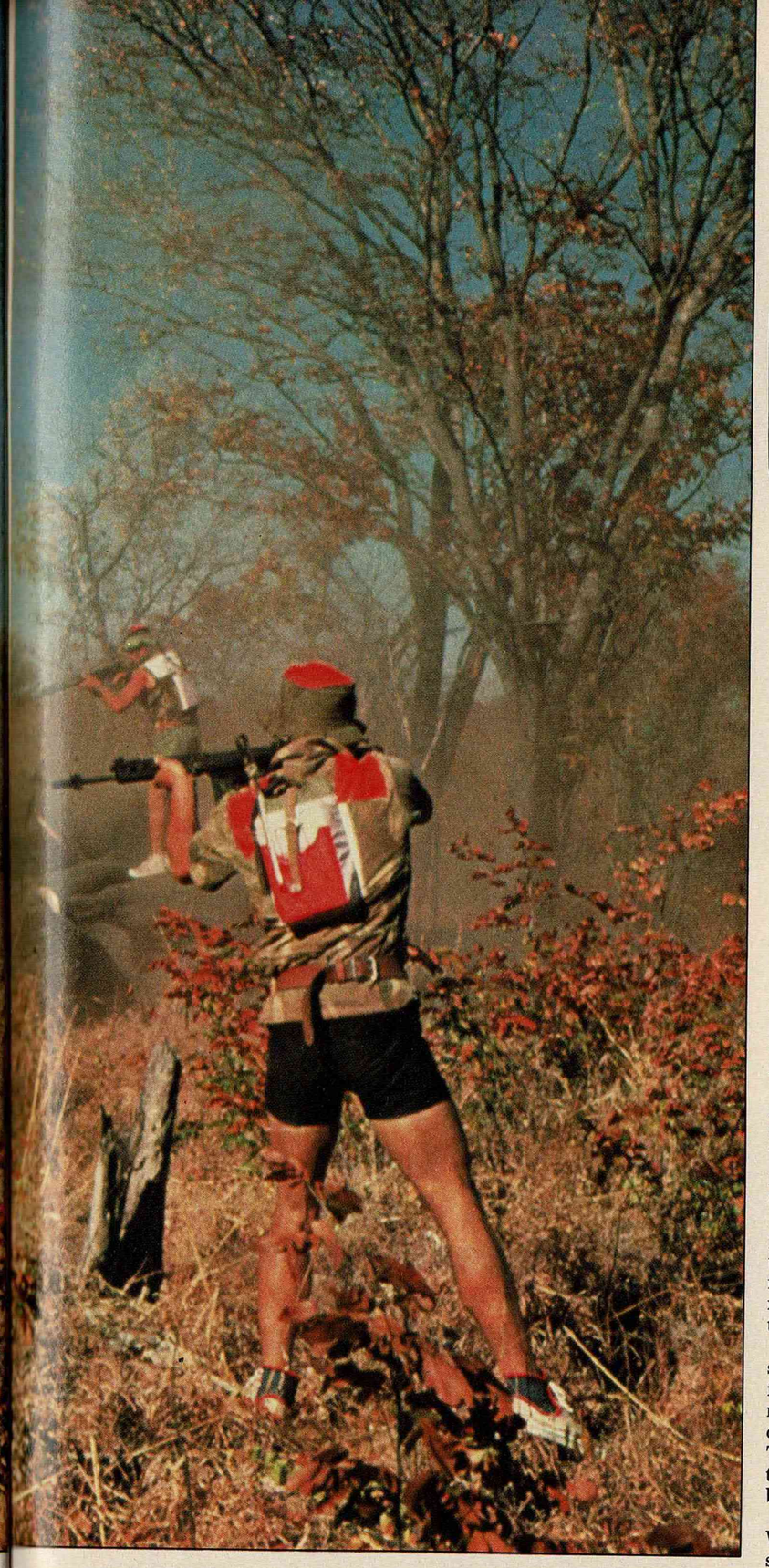
Don't leave the area, though, without visiting Blenheim Palace at Woodstock, 10 kilometres northwest of Oxford. The Palace, open daily between March and October, contains some of the finest furniture, china and paintings of the 18th century. It is also the birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill, who is buried in the nearby village churchyard at Bladon.

Obviously the quickest, cheapest and most informative way of seeing this area is by coach, although the hire car does offer flexibility. Swinards Coaches, through Venture Tours, offers a number of tours which pass through towns in the Cotswolds, from about $300 for seven days.

All prices are in Australian dollars and were valid at time of publication.



Rangers in Zimbabwe's Wankie National Park close in to finish off any elephants still living.



THE CULL

story and photographs by Louise Gubb

THE AGING elephant cow grazed contentedly among the sweet mopani branches in Zimbabwe's Wankie National Park, unaware that the buzzing of the small spotter plane overhead heralded imminent doom.

Suddenly, the bushes around her erupted in a blur of movement, and before the old matriarch had time to bellow a warning to the herd, a heavy bullet bit into her brain.

The lead elephant crashed to the ground, killed immediately. Chaos followed as the other jumbos wheeled away in terror. Rangers flanking the herd reacted swiftly, skilfully firing at the largest of the panic-stricken beasts bearing down on them.

Leaderless now, the remaining elephants, resorting to a herd instinct, pushed their babies protectively underneath themselves and bunched, heads together, in a tight circle.

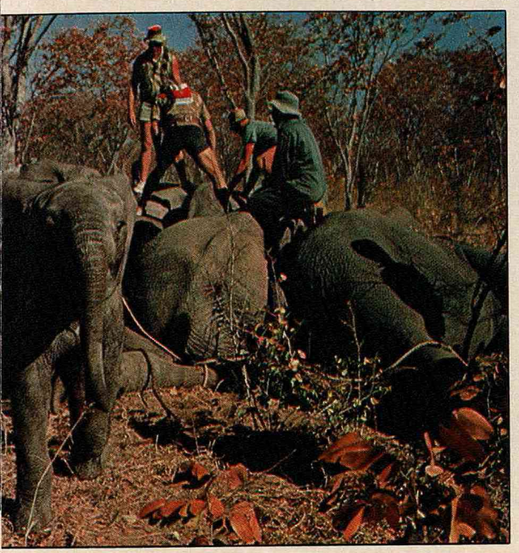
Closing in from three sides, the rangers despatched the remaining targets in seconds. Bullets whined through the air as they finished off at point blank range the few who did not die with the first shot.

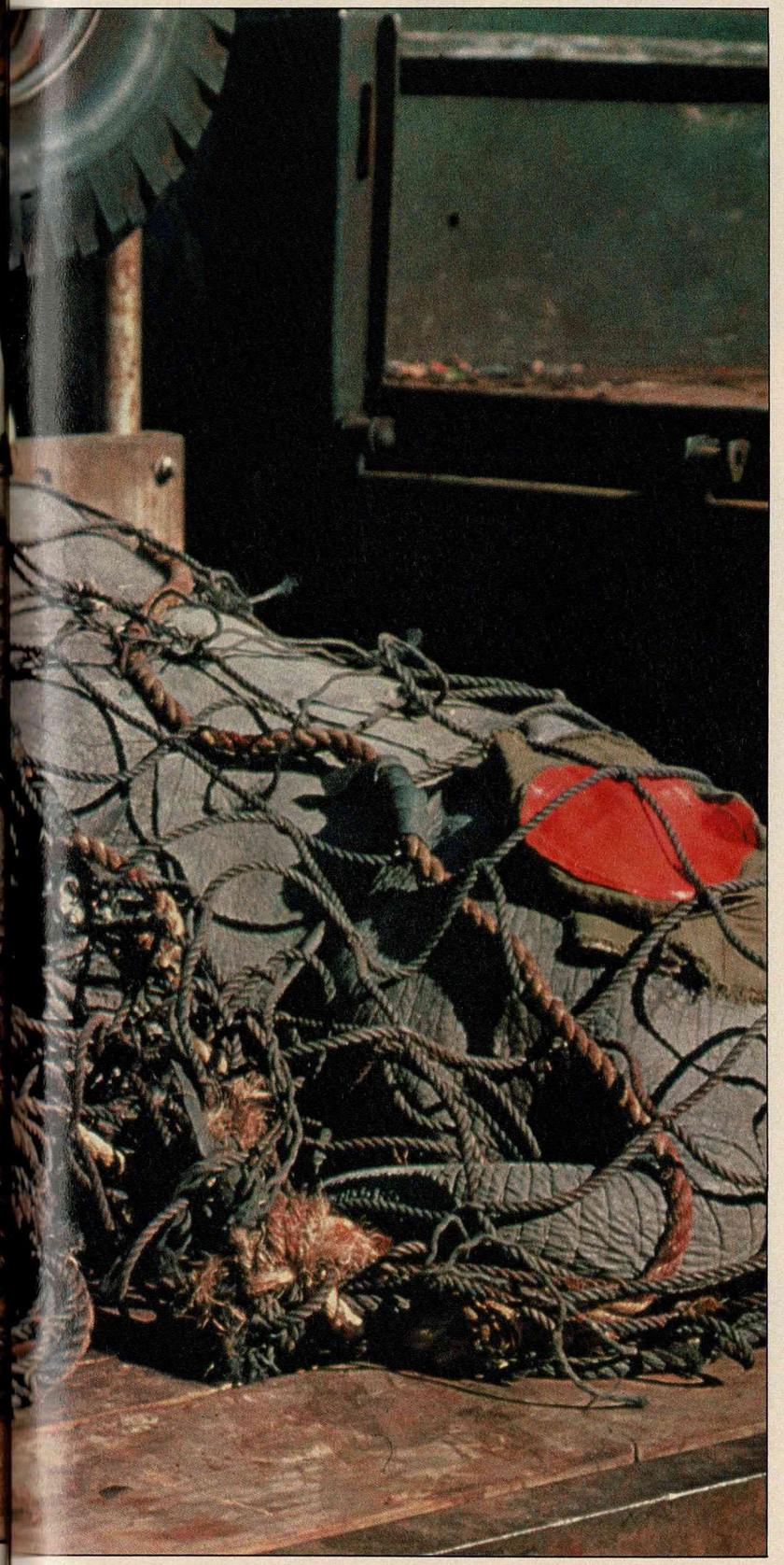
"Take those two babies alive," yelled park warden Clem Coetzee, as two tuskless weaners clambered out from the morass of huge corpses and made a desperate bid for the safety of thick thornbush nearby.

Ropes at the ready, rangers, game scouts and catchers pursued the fleeing youngsters. Rodeo fashion, ranger Tore Ballance leaped astride one of the calves to slow her down. The baby instinctively made for a tree, scraping off the unfamiliar burden against rough bark.

But her victory was short lived. Within minutes she was roped, secured to a tree and sedated for transportation back to the rangers'

An 18-month-old elephant foetus is measured, above, as rangers, below, inspect the 25 adults they killed in less than a minute of sustained firing. The two calves in the herd were spared. The calf, right, has been sedated and its eyes covered to protect them from the sun. It will spend the remainder of it's days in a zoo or safari park in Japan, the United States, West Germany — or perhaps an Australian "safari" park.





camp. Months later, she and other captured calves would be shipped to foreign zoos and safari parks, in the USA, West Germany and Japan.

As some 150 laborers — contracted to skin and remove the meat from the 24 carcasses — drove in to the culling scene, pilot Richard Clough circled high above and radioed for a ranger with Land Rover and sedatives to help Coetzee and two game scouts who had finally captured the second youngster after a six kilometre chase through thorn and mopani.

This scene was typical of daily blitz culling carried out by Coetzee and his parks team. Their task in Wankie National Park was to eliminate more than half of the total of the 1300 elephants targeted for death in three of Zimbabwe's national parks.

Wildlife conservationists instituted elephant culling in 1965 to control burgeoning jumbo populations and to preserve the ecosystem.

Their theory is that without this management control — selective culling — nature's largest land mammals proliferate to the extent where to satisfy their considerable nutritional needs, they destroy the vegetation required for survival of other, smaller wild animals in the same habitat. Ultimately, they ruin their own food sources too.

"We all hate the culling, but we feel it has got to be done," said Wankie ecologist Basil Williamson. "We can't expect nature to balance the ecosystem here, because we've created a false environment by building artificial waterholes to keep the animals here year round for the tourists. So we must manage them as best we can in that environment."

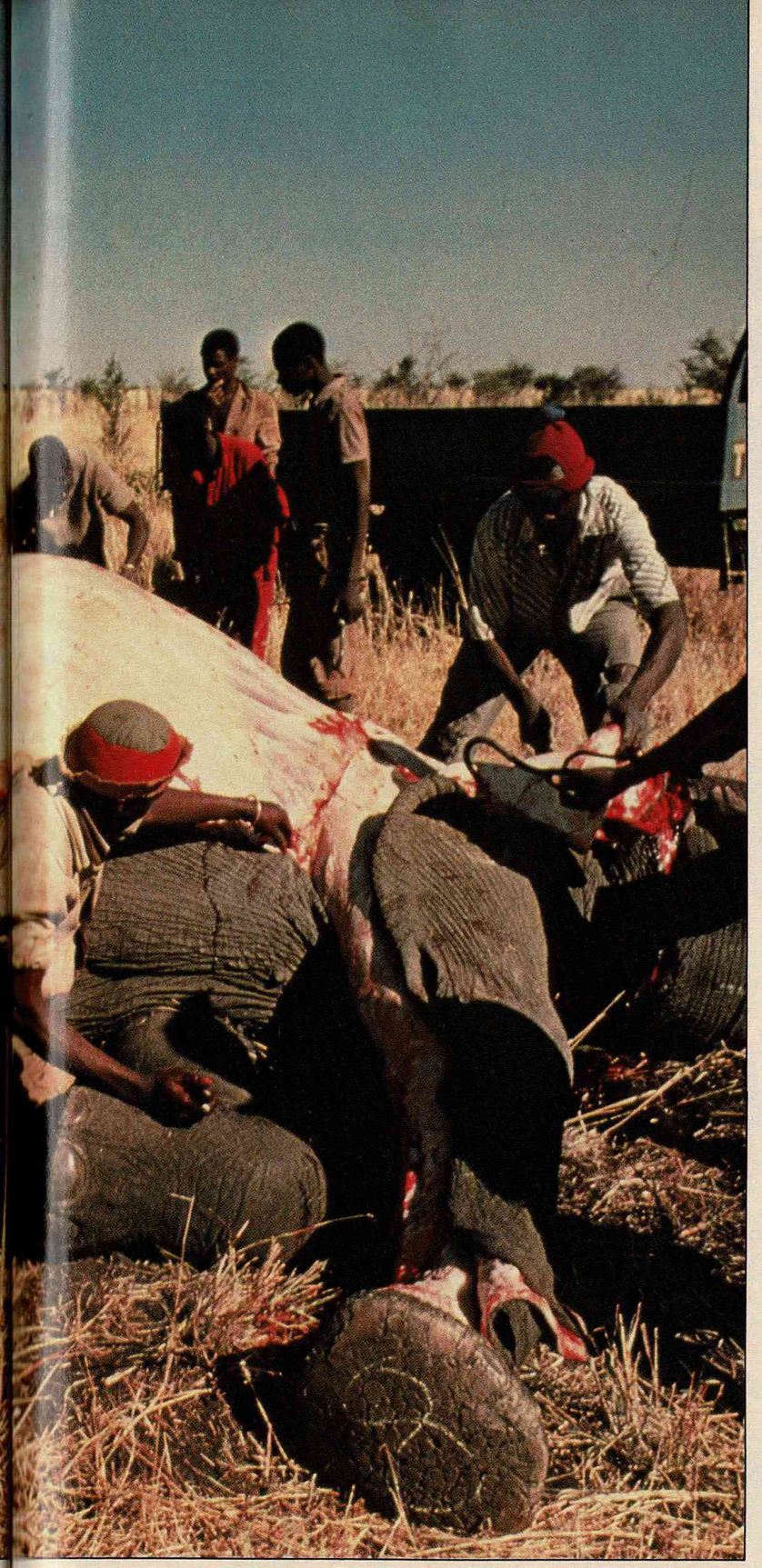
Zimbabwe parks officials are firmly convinced that, without management, wildlife habitats would be ruined within a few decades. "The consequences for all wildlife species would be disastrous," Williamson said.

Zimbabwe is one of only five African countries where the elephant numbers are not declining. Since 1930, Wankie's population has increased sevenfold, to 15,000 — almost half the entire national herd.

In East Africa, pachyderm populations have decreased dramatically. Researchers say Uganda's numbers crashed from some 92,000 in 1948 to around 200 today. Zimbabwe's chief ecologist, Dr David Cumming, said that on a recent trip to East Africa he saw "as many piles of bones as live elephants in some areas." Rank ivory poaching and overpopulation are mainly to blame, conservationists say.

Uncontrolled breeding in Kenya's renowned Tsavo National Park has turned dense woodlands into sparse

Dead elephants, alas, are valuable. The tusks will be auctioned off, and the meat eaten by pets.



grasslands incapable of supporting the large number of elephants that formerly roamed the woods. Thousands died when a two-year drought hit the park in 1971/72.

Meanwhile, in Zimbabwe, the elephant population thrives.

Cumming reported seeing one herd of 150 jumbos in Tsavo in which only three were younger than eight years. Zimbabwe's 35,000 jumbos increase in number by five percent a year. Their fertility rate, carefully researched during the culling period, is at an all-time high.

Conservationists and preservationists argue heatedly over whether to cull elephants or to let nature take its course. Zimbabwe's wildlife researchers admit there is not yet sufficient scientific evidence to prove beyond any doubt the necessity of culling. "But our options are to leave the elephants to expand each year, and risk irreversible damage to the environment, or to manage the population by holding it to the present numbers," Cumming said.

While the government gains thousands of dollars in ivory sales from each cull, the ecologists adamantly deny there is mercenary motivation behind the killing. Each year they determine the numbers to be culled by analysis of aerial surveys of herds in the parks. Some years, the experts have decided not to cull, or to take off very few, when herds have migrated from sensitive areas.

One intended effect of the culling is to discourage other herds from frequenting the culling region — usually areas where, because the soil is shallow and fragile, the vegetation is most vulnerable to destruction by the enormous mammals, nature's most effective wreckers.

Sadly, there is much evidence of the elephants' acute sensitivity. In Zimbabwe, rangers eliminate entire family units of between 20 and 35 elephants — captures aside — with each hunt. They believe this minimises disturbance, since research shows escapees have difficulty integrating with other herds. But they have observed that some herds have visited the scene of a recent cull several times in the same night.

Exhibiting acute distress, these elephants cradle the bones of the dead in their trunks, carry them about, drop them and pick up others. They then quite often leave the area for another part of the park.

"But I believe the distress caused by culling is far less than the suffering of herds who go through a dramatic population crash," Cumming said.

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DICK PULLER AND HIS MATE, DAVE THE RAVE

SATIRE BY HARRISON

CATCH 'EM THIS MONTH WHILE THEY'RE STILL... "HOT OFF THE PRESSES"

ALL RIGHT BOYS, ONE MORE TIME... WITH FEELING... WHAT DO WE LIKE FIRST THING EVERY MORNING?

THE HERALD!

THE HERALD!

THIS MONTH DICK & DAVE TANGLE WITH A DESPERADO GROUP OF LEFT WING, RED-STOCKINGED, POOF-BASHING, MILITANT... **FEMINISTS!** THESE SELF-STYLED TERRORISTS IN THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES HAVE INFILTRATED THAT EVER-POPULAR MAGAZINE... AND MASTHEAD OF AUSTRALIAN WOMANHOOD... 'NO IDEA'... AND ARE UNDERMINING THE FOUNDATIONS OF FEMININITY (AS WE KNOW IT) IN AUSTRALIA TODAY. NOW READ ON...

DICK 'N' DAVE'S OLD FRIEND, NARELLE, (PRETTY, NAIVE, IMPRESSIONABLE ETC) HAS BEEN LURED ON TO THE STAFF OF 'NO IDEA'. AS SHE FINALLY

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? ...I C-CAN'T SEEM TO THINK ANY MORE!

FINE, YOU'VE GOT THE JOB!

SEND 'ER DOWN TO EDITORIAL!

REALISED THE ERROR OF HER WAYS, HER DREAMS OF BECOMING AN 'F' GRADE JOURNO ALREADY LAY SHATTERED AT HER FEET...

FIRST THEY GET ME TO ADMIT I'M ONLY BLONDE TO THE NAVEL... AND NOW I DON'T EVEN FEEL LIKE SHAVING MY LEGS..! I THINK I'M BEING... BRAINWASHED... HELP!

...IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO RESCUE NARELLE, DICK 'N' DAVE (DISGUISED AS MILD-MANNERED TEA LADIES) JOINED 'NO IDEA' AND WERE GOING THROUGH THE USUAL DE-PROGRAMMING & INDOCTRINATION CLASS...

SHIT! I ALWAYS THOUGHT INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY WAS SOME KIND OF MAGAZINE!

DIRTY LANGUAGE. SECRET WEAPON IN THE FEMINIST ARSENAL?

THE OFFICE MOTTO: "IF YOU NEED A HAND... SETTLE FOR A FINGER"

HUP... TWO, THREE, FOUR... SHOULDERS BACK, TITS OUT... FROM NOW ON YOU'RE ALL FRONT LINE TROOPS IN THE POLITICS OF SEXUALITY... UNSUNG HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION, LOUSY PAY... HARD WORK... SELF SACRIFICE... IN FACT IT'S JUST LIKE BEING A HOUSEWIFE!

LATER THAT MORNING THEY SAW THE EDITRESS FOR THE FIRST TIME... A SMOULDERING VOLCANO OF SUBLIMATED SEXUALITY, WITH THE KIND OF FACE THAT COULD SCARE A STRAY DOG OUT OF A BACKYARD! ...RUMORS SAY SHE WAS THE REAL BRAINS BEHIND THE FEMINIST PLOT TO SABOTAGE THE DECEMBER 'PLAYBOY' ART EXHIBITION!

THIS NEXT ISSUE HAS TO COME TO TERMS WITH OUR BIGGEST PROBLEM... OUR CREDIBILITY GAP..!

OH, YOU MEAN THE ONE BETWEEN OUR MAGAZINE AND OUR READERS?

NO... I MEAN THE ONE BETWEEN OUR MAGAZINE AND REALITY!

WHAT NONE OF US SHOULD FORGET IS THAT MOST OF OUR READERS ARE GOING THROUGH A CRISIS!!

OKAY GIRLS, LET'S SPIN THE BULLSHIT BARREL FOR A PICK A LEAD ARTICLE FOR NEXT MONTH!

YEAH, MOST PEOPLE CALL IT 'LIFE'!

GO ON **SLUG 'EM** WITH ANOTHER BREAST CANCER SCARE!

STRUTH, DAVE... I CAN'T SEE NARELLE ANYWHERE!

YOU BITCH! MARCIA YOU KNOW I WANTED TO HOLD THAT ONE OVER TILL THE XMAS ISSUE!

ASTI SPUMANTE

DOWN IN THE SUBS ROOM ALL SYSTEMS WERE GO AS THEY TRIED TO GET THE NEXT LIBERATED EDITION OF 'NO IDEA' READY FOR PRESS... NOT A DIFFICULT TASK FOR GIRLS WHO WANT TO 'HIT THE STREETS' BEFORE THE MAGAZINE

A STORY ABOUT SEX, CRIME, VIOLENCE & BOREDOM... YOU CALL THAT **FICTION?** REWRITE IT!.. THAT'S WHAT MOST OF OUR READERS GO THROUGH EVERYDAY!!!

THIS ONE IS A MYSTERY STORY...

WHAT'S THE MYSTERY?

...WHY WE'RE EVEN GOING TO PUBLISH IT!!

IS THIS THE BOOK I'M REVIEWING THIS MONTH?

YEAH, IT'S THE SHORTEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. IT'S CALLED 'GREAT MOMENTS IN FEMINIST HUMOR'

SEX... SEX... SEX! WHY CAN'T WE WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING N-I-C-E FOR A CHANGE?

ORGASMS! CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN.

ONE LUMP... OR TWO? B-A-B-Y!

ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHO THE HELL IT IS UP IN PERSONNEL THAT KEEPS HIRING ALL THE BIG, HAIRY-CHESTED DYKES WE HAVE HANGIN' ROUND THE OFFICE?

FURTHER ON DOWN THE CORRIDORS OF FEMINIST POWER. LETTERS FROM THE READERSHIP WERE BEING SYMPATHETICALLY DEALT WITH...

HERE'S A TYPICAL LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR READERS... "I'VE JUST HAD A LOBOTOMY AND HAVE NO BRAINS... LIFE SEEMS POINTLESS, WHAT'LL I DO?

TELL HER TO TAKE OUT A 12 MONTH SUBSCRIPTION TO 'NO IDEA'!

HOW ABOUT THIS... "FOR 5 YEARS I'VE BEEN GOING WITH A SCHIZOPHRENIC BOYFRIEND WHO THINKS HE'S A SPERM WHALE... WHEN I FINALLY GOT HIM INTO BED HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS... 'MAYBE DICK'... SIGNED DESPERATE BLOW HOLE OF KIAMA!

TELL HER TO GO EASY ON THE PICKLES IN FUTURE!

HERE'S ONE FROM A NEWCASTLE GIRL... SHE'S LOST 5 BOYFRIENDS DUE TO HER RECURRING PROBLEM OF... "HAMBURGER BREATH"! SHE SIGNED IT, (BURP) HELP!

OKAY, SISTERS! COFFEE BREAK... & MAKE THE MOST OF IT... IT'S THE NEAREST THING YOU'LL BE GETTING TO MATERNITY LEAVE ON THIS PUBLICATION.

...IT WAS A CHANCE FOR THE STAFF TO SLIP INTO THE POWDER ROOM & INDULGE IN A FEW GIRLY INTIMACIES...

GEE IT'S GREAT WORKING FOR A MODERN, WITH-IT, UP-MARKET, WOMEN'S MAGAZINE!

YEAH, WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU FIND **IUD** DISPENSERS IN THE LOO?

PLEASE WASH AFTER USE THANK YOU

BACK IN THE OFFICE, HOWEVER, THE 'TEA LADIES' WERE BEGINNING TO AROUSE SUSPICIONS!

STRUTH... LOOK AT THE NORKS ON THAT PAIR!

HAVE YOU NOTICED ANYTHING FUNNY ABOUT THOSE NEW TEA LADIES?

YOU MEAN THEY'RE THE ONLY WOMEN IN THIS OFFICE WEARING BRAS?

NO, I MEAN EVERYTIME THEY ASK ME IF I'M A JIGGLER OR A DANGLER... THEY GET HARD-ONS!

THEN CAME THE FATAL MISTAKE!

THESE 'JOCKETTES OF THE MONTH' HAVE KEPT RIDIN' UP ON ME ALL MORNING...

THEY SEEM TO HAVE A MIND ALL OF THEIR OWN, DON'T THEY?

FEEK' MEN!

NOT MEAN! YOU KNUCKLEHEADS.. SEXIST PIGS! GO GET 'EM GIRLS!

THE GAME WAS CLEARLY UP HOWEVER WHEN THE BOYS SLIPPED ON A MASCARA SLICK NEAR THE EXIT.

WHOOSH

...A GANG OF MUSCLE MARYS QUICKLY CARTED DAVE OFF TO THE KITCHEN WHILE DICK WAS USHERED INTO THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE LIBERATED 'NO IDEA' WOMAN HERSELF... THE OFFICE OF THE EDITRESS!!?

WOW!..THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE...I SUPPOSE THIS IS ONE OF THOSE 'SHOCK EXPOSURES' YOUR MAGAZINE IS FAMOUS FOR?

YEAH! WANNA DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING BIG BOY?

IT TOOK LITTLE MORE THAN A FEW HURRIED SLURPS FROM A CLOSE-AT-HAND BOTTLE OF 'CHATEAU MUFF '81' TO HELP DICK RAISE HIMSELF TO THE OCCASION.

YOU DON'T REALISE HOW LONELY IT CAN BE FOR A WOMAN AT THE TOP...

GRUNT... WHEEZE...

STRUTH, I THINK ALL OF MY PSYCHO-SEXUAL STEREOTYPES ARE COMING AT ONCE!

DO YOU LIKE A BIT OF DIRTY TALK?

NO, IT REMINDS ME OF ALL THOSE GIRLS IN THE TYPING POOL!

EER

AFTER A PERFORMANCE LIKE THAT...I'M GONNA MAKE YOU NEXT MONTH'S NUDE MALE CENTREFOLD!

GULP!

MEANWHILE, DAVE, STILL IN SEARCH OF NARELLE, WAS "HAWKIN HIS PORK" DOWN IN THE 'NO IDEA' TEST KITCHEN.

I SUPPOSE THEY SENT YOU DOWN SO I COULD TEST MY LATEST ARTICLE?

WHAT ARTICLE IS THAT?

101 THINGS TO DO WITH MEAT!

I'VE DROPPED BETTER THINGS THAN THIS OVER THE NEIGHBOR'S FENCE TO POISON HIS DOG!

STRUTH...THESE LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF WOMEN WHO'D PREFER A STAG PARTY TO A KITCHEN SHOWER TEA!

DID YOU READ THAT ARTICLE LAST MONTH ON HOW TO FAKE A MULTIPLE ORGASM?

BETTY, I THINK YOU'VE TAKEN THAT FEMINIST TRACT ON "WILLPOWER" A LITTLE TOO SERIOUSLY!

YEAH, WHAT A SHOCK TO FIND I'D BEEN DOING IT WRONG ALL THESE YEARS

I WILL HAVE A CREAM BUN. I WILL HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF CAKE...I WILL HAVE A CHOC-BAR... I WILL...I WILL. I WILL...

WHY DO YOU KEEP PUSHING THE RAISINS TO THE SIDE OF YOUR PLATE?

OH... I THOUGHT THEY WERE BIG BLOWIES!

WHY DO YOU CALL THEM YOUR 'SENSIBLE' SHOES?

CAUSE I CAN SLIP OUT OF THEM QUICKLY WHEN I FEEL LIKE A NAUGHTY!

SUDDENLY DAVE SAW NARELLE...SLAVING OVER A HOT STOVE AND MINDLESSLY MOUTHING SOME OBSCURE VERSE FROM THE SUFFRAGETTE GUIDE TO WOMEN'S HEALTH...

THIS CALLS FOR DRASTIC ACTION.. & THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT'LL BRING A HALF BAKED FEMINIST...BACK TO LIFE. IMMEDIATE GROIN TO GROIN RESUSCITATION!!!

EER...AAGH... THAT FEELS N-I-C-E...

I'VE GOT JUST THE THING, LEFTOVERS FROM LAST MONTH'S COOKING ON A BUDGET COLUMN...SOME 'NO IDEA' ECONO-RISSOLES... THAT EXPLODE ON IMPACT!

NARELLE... WE'VE GOTTA RESCUE DICK, BUT WE'RE OUTNUMBERED ...WE NEED SOME EXTRA HELP...

...OVER IN STUDIO A, DICK WAS IN THE CAPABLE HANDS OF DELVINE FLESH, SOCIAL COLUMNIST AND GOSSIP MONGER FOR 'NO IDEA'. DELVINE CONSIDERED HERSELF OFFICIAL LAUNDRESS TO THE SOILED UNDERWEAR OF SYDNEY'S SOCIAL SOUL.

NOW SONNY, JUST A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS SO I CAN FILL OUT YOUR 'PLAYMATE' PERSONAL DATA SHEET...WHAT ARE YOUR 'TURN ONS'?

SHIT! I SHOULD KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT...ER...PANELBEATING ...ER...INTRAVENOUS BRANDIVINO COCKTAILS... ...ER...AND ROOTING FOR THE LOCAL FOOTY TEAM ON WEEKENDS!

LATER ON...AFTER HAVING FILLED IN MOST OF DICK'S IRRELEVANT DETAILS...

NOW...HOW ABOUT WE ADD SOME DEPTH TO YOUR IMAGE...IF YOU COULD CHOOSE...WHAT WOULD YOU COME BACK AS IN YOUR NEXT LIFE?

ER...A... TABLECLOTH, 'CAUSE I'D GET LAID 3 TIMES A DAY AND PULLED OFF AFTER EVERY MEAL!

THE MONTHLY PHOTO SESSION FOR THE CENTREFOLD WAS LIKE A PACK RAPE PICNIC AS MAKE-UP & HAIRDRESSERS VIED WITH EACH OTHER FOR FRONT LINE POSITIONS...

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL ME A RADICAL CELIBATE REALLY...

OH!..DOES THAT MEAN YOU'LL ONLY BE GETTING OFF WITH PEOPLE YOU LIKE IN FUTURE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANY UNDER EXPOSURES...I'M USED TO WORKING UNDER RED LIGHTS!

DO YOUR BEST GIRLS... REMEMBER, OUR CENTREFOLD IS THE NEAREST THING MANY OF OUR READERS HAVE TO A RELATIONSHIP.

ALL THIS REMINDS ME OF THAT LAST THEATRE CRITIC WE HAD...THE ONE WHO THOUGHT "LAST TANGO IN PARIS" WAS A MUSICAL!

HI GIRLS!

THEY SHOULD HAVE CALLED THIS MAGAZINE 'CLITO'—AFTER ALL IT GIVES SO MANY LONELY WOMEN HOURS OF PLEASURE!

UNDER COAT.

I BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE'S HAD A 'BLOW JOB' WITH AN AIR BRUSH!

...JUST AS THE CAMERAPERSON (AND DICK) WERE BOTH GETTING THEIR APERTURES OPEN...A LETHAL, PMU SAUCE-POWERED, HEAT-SEEKING, ECONO-RISSOLE ZOOMED IN ON ITS TARGET!

YOU KNOW... I COULD GET TO LIKE THIS!

BOOM

AAAGH!

SHIT!

QUICK DICK... MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM, ECONO-RISSOLES... THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TWENTY PEOPLE IN THIS ROOM & WE ALL GOT A TASTE OF THAT ONE

AMAZING! ...AND THERE WAS STILL ENOUGH LEFT OVER TO DO THE WALLS TOO!

WITHIN MINUTES THEY WERE HEADING THROUGH THE MAIN DOORS OF THE 'NO IDEA' OFFICE...BACK TOWARDS A SANER...MORE BALANCED... ...MORE MUCHO MACHO WAY OF LIFE.

...THERE'S SOME FREAK AT THE DOOR SCREAMING FOR A BIT OF RESPECT.

IT MUST BE ONE OF THEIR READERS!

HEY DICK... IS THERE A MORAL TO THIS STORY?

PROBABLY NOT.

...AND THERE PROBABLY WON'T BE FOR NEXT MONTH'S STORY EITHER, WHEN DICK 'N' DAVE START UP AN AMATEUR, OWNER-OPERATED ESCORT SERVICE FROM THEIR SLEAZY, RUN-DOWN, TERRACE HOUSE IN NEWTOWN!

CAPTAIN WALKER'S BILGE RATS

fiction by John Regan

first the storm and now the accident . . . he'd been at sea for years and he could sense that there was something rotten aboard the rosa lee

EVEN before Captain Walker went aboard his new command, he saw a leper squatting at the foot of the gangway like one of the three wise monkeys, covering his eyes with his hands to shield them from the light. As he approached the leper, the hands came away from the eyes, which were little more than sightless pustules, and hovered in the universal gesture of supplication, palms upwards.

"Baksheesh, Sahib. Baksheesh," said the leper in a voice thin and whining, an unspeakable yellowish liquid streaming from the eyes and down the dry brown parchment of his ravaged face.

Captain Walker made a wide detour and mounted the rattly gangway awkwardly, with two suitcases and an airways bag. Normally he would have left the bags on the wharf for a seaman to take aboard but he didn't want to risk getting them contaminated. He'd thought that sort of thing had been stamped out in Singapore, at least among the Indians and Chinese. The Malays would always be rotten with it. Lack of hygiene. And

Illustration by Stuart Cole

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Sansui

how had a leper managed to get past the security guards at the gate anyway? The *Rosa Lee* had just come out of drydock and lay alongside the breasting wharf on the Sembawang dockyard, workmen swarming over her like ants. The leper must have been seen by dockyard authorities. There was no excuse. Not like Singaporeans to let something like that slip.

Walker spotted a European in white overalls and a hard hat leaning over a hatch coaming supervising some work below, and he guessed that this was the mate. He was short, with a beak nose and red hair, and looked more than 50 years old. Probably a pisshead, Walker thought sourly, still sailing as mate at that age.

"Mate," he called, and beckoned.

The man looked at him, then at whatever was going on down in the hold, then, with a distinct surliness, came around the hatch and walked along the deck toward him.

"Are you the mate?" Walker asked.

"Yes."

"Captain Walker. I'm taking over the ship today."

"Oh yes," said the mate in a faintly bored tone. "I'm Frank Brown."

"I want you to get rid of that leper at the foot of the gangway."

"Can't."

"What do you mean can't?"

"We've chucked him out at least half a dozen times. Keeps coming back. Climbs the fence I expect. I expect he's bribing the guards."

"Then why don't you get the police? They'll soon shift him."

The mate shrugged.

"It's not a crime you know."

"What's not?"

"Leprosy. They call it Hanson's disease now."

"But trespassing is. Put a man at the gangway to make sure he doesn't come aboard."

Walker hefted one of the suitcases and began heading for the accommodation, picking his way over the coils of wire and welding leads and tool boxes and stacks of bamboo poles that the Chinese used for scaffolding. God, it was hot.

"Get someone to bring that bag up, will you?" he said.

The ship was in better condition than he'd expected, making allowance for the filthy state that a ship always gets into in drydock. The office had told him they wanted him to sail today, or tomorrow at the latest, but a quick glance around the deck told him that was out of the question. Captain Walker always treated pronouncements by office wallahs with scepticism, if not outright contempt.

He could hear a generator in the engine room, and the lights were on in the accommodation but no air conditioning. He didn't know whether the ship was fitted with air conditioning. Probably not. By the time he knocked at the door of the Master's cabin and went in, his shirt and trousers were sticking to him. The cabin was like a Turkish bath. His predecessor, Reggie White, sat at the desk in his underpants with a bottle of scotch beside him and a cigarette in his mouth. He squinted through the smoke curling up past watery eyes.

"I wasn't expecting you until tonight," said White, pouring a scotch into an unclean glass and pushing it across the desk toward Walker. "I haven't finished the bumf yet. Ah Christ," he said irritably and swept aside the sheaf of papers on which he'd been working.

It was some time before they got down to the business of handing over the ship's books and documents, the keys to the safe and slops chest. Walker checked everything meticulously, insisting on accounting for the drugs in the Master's safe and fridge. Reggie barely had the patience to fill out the forms correctly, periodically sweeping them to one side and exclaiming, "Ah Christ, what shit!"

Sweat poured off both men, and as soon as the documents that required signatures were out of the way Reggie suggested they get out of this sweat box and finish the handover somewhere more comfortable. During the drydocking he and the chief engineer had been staying at the Raffles, even though it was clear across the other side of the island. The mate "and the rest of that lot" had been put up in the Paloma hotel, and only the crew had remained aboard.

"Ah, Christ, come on. If I don't get off this ship soon I'll go round the twist. You'd better take some of your clobber. You won't be able to sleep here tonight."

They went down and out on deck, where crowds of coolies still seemed to be jabbering excitedly about nothing and the mate still supervised them with an air of boredom or contempt.

"That's the mate," said Reggie, jerking a thumb at him.

"I met him on the way aboard."

"He's all right. Did a nice job coming into dock. There's no ballast in her, see, and for a while I thought we wouldn't get on the blocks. She's still got about 5000 tons of cargo in her. They're damn fussy about draft and trim here. Anyway, Brown fixed it."

"He hasn't got rid of that leper," Walker said as they stepped on to the gangway and began descending.

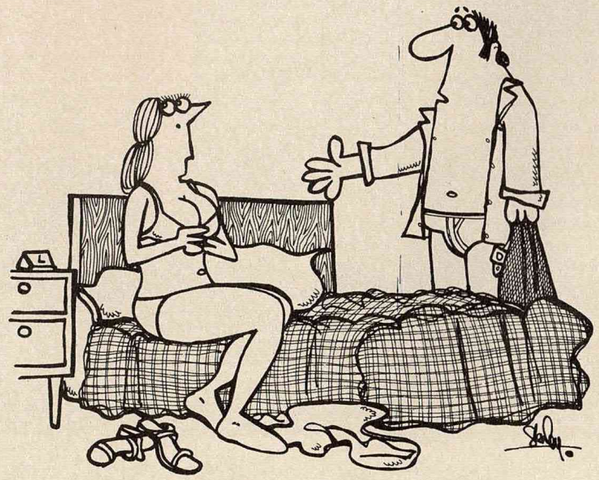
"No. Won't either. That's Abdul, or so we call him. One of the richest men in Singapore they say. Surprised you haven't run across him before."

Half the way down the gangway, Reggie turned around and looked back over his shoulder.

"Abdul deals in gold, just in case you're interested."

•

In the three years since Captain Walker had last been in Singapore, the Raffles, once the hotel of princes and empire builders, had developed a shabbiness that was somehow aggravated by the cane chairs, the potted rubber trees and the softly swishing punkahs, all the things that had once constituted its charm. Once the symbol of the British Raj in the Far East, it had never recovered from the four years of occupation by the Japanese High Command. Really it was British prestige that had suffered the ravages of time more than the Raffles. The best hotels in Singapore were now the monstrosities like the Shangri La, all plate glass and



"That wasn't really what you'd call pre-marital sex because I certainly don't intend to marry you."

stainless steel, air conditioned and filled with loud music.

The Sembawang Dockyard had once belonged to the Royal Navy, and this afternoon from his taxi he was depressed, glimpsing the once-neat officers' bungalows surrounded by rubber trees and impeccable lawns and the attempts of homesick wives to create English gardens. Now they were occupied by Chinese dockyard officials, and there were children playing in the dust, washing hanging on clothes lines. In the old days, as a lieutenant in submarines based in *HMS Terror,* he had often drunk beside the blue tiled pool where a Chinese steward in a white jacket served drinks while one lounged in a deck chair. This afternoon the pool was filled with leaves, and rampant weeds thrust up between the tiles, cracking and lifting them, like miniature volcanic eruptions in slow motion. The jungle had all but reclaimed it.

Reggie must have been drinking all day, and as soon as they arrived at the Raffles he headed straight for the bar, dragging Walker with him. It was common gossip that the company was just waiting for him to make one mistake to get rid of him, but so far Reggie hadn't obliged. The fellow was a fool and Walker was becoming irritated. He needed a shower and a meal, but Reggie kept clutching his arm, leaning close and breathing whisky fumes over him.

"Manifest?" he said with a snort in response to Walker's question about the cargo that remained in the ship. "Ah Christ. More bumf. Don't worry about manifests. Brown looks out for that sort of thing."

Walker soon escaped and had a cold, fast shower in his room. He decided against eating in the restaurant at the hotel for he didn't want to meet Reggie again that night. He slipped out of the hotel and took a taxi to Bugis Street. As a young lieutenant he'd had some good times here, and having indulged his nostalgia all afternoon he thought he may as well wallow in it for the rest of the evening.

He walked slowly past the street stalls with brown, crisp-skinned ducks hanging by their scrawny necks, the smoke from cooking fires, the clatter of woks and the incessant subdued uproar of the crowd shouldering him roughly. What an outrageous race the Chinese are, he thought. Bugis Street was packed with them, chattering in their absurd language, eating noisily at the tables, parading up and down or, like the Benny Boys, the male prostitutes who dressed in exquisite female clothes, trying to sell their flesh. Walker slipped his watch from his wrist and put it in his pocket, then sat at a bare wooden table with his back to a wall. He hoped the table was clean. He bought a bottle of Tiger beer from a boy with a wheelbarrow, wiped the top on his sleeve and began to drink it slowly.

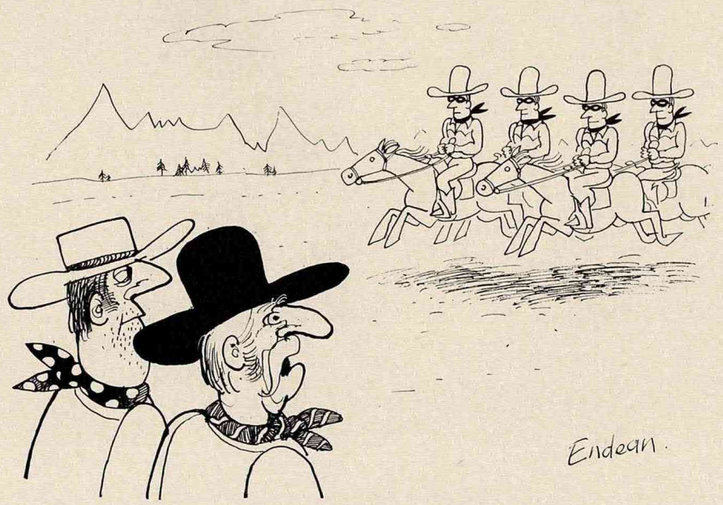
In a sudden, conscious and quite definite moment of self-knowledge, the shocking realisation came to him that he was enjoying himself. He spent more than two hours over his meal, savoring the atmosphere more than the food, sitting over another bottle of beer for a long time, playing with the rings of moisture that condensed on the table. It was only when he stood to leave that he noticed the leper. He could have sworn it was the same one who'd been at the dockyard in the afternoon, though of course people belonging to these colored races all look the same. The same dirty turban, the same ragged robe. What was it Reggie had called him? One of the richest men in Singapore. Absurd. Then he saw something that caused him to sit down again and slide along the wooden bench into the shadow of the stall beside him. Frank Brown appeared out of the crowd and, glancing up and down the street, stopped to speak to the squatting leper. Walker had no way of knowing what was said, but it certainly didn't look like a simple begging transaction. In a moment the two of them left together, Brown walking slowly with his hands in his pockets and the leper doubled over, moving like a baboon, his knuckles touching the ground.

•

Captain Walker didn't see Reggie in the morning when he left the hotel for the ship. They had no further business together and Reggie would be flying home on leave that day, and Walker quickly forgot him among the thousand details that still had to be seen to in order to get *Rosa Lee* out of the dockyard and on her way.

She was one of the last of her breed in an era of fast containerised transport — a five-hatch general cargo tramp, an amiable old rust bucket that survived on the crumbs that fell from the table of the big conference lines. She just happened to be the right size, around 15,000 tons deadweight, to pick up the cargoes that were too awkward or on which the profit margin was too small for the container companies to be bothered with. But the only way her owners, the Canopus Shipping Company of Panama SA, a subsidiary of the Elephant and Castle Insurance Company of London, were prepared to tolerate the old *Rosa Lee* continuing to roam around the world was by cutting her overheads to the bone. She was manned by British officers and Lascar crew, just about the cheapest labor, both officers and crew, in the world.

There was no sign of the leper that morning, and both captain and mate were so busy with getting the decks cleared and dealing with dockyard officials that Walker had no chance to question Brown about his strange meeting in Bugis Street, even if he'd wanted to. It was early afternoon when the pilot came aboard and they shifted the ship down the Straits of Johore to an anchorage in Singapore Harbor, where the stores would be then brought out by lighter. Walker thought they should be able to get away early in the morning, but there was still much to do. There was an uneasiness in his mind regarding Brown — too often men of that age who were content to continue sailing as mate turned out to be drunks or incompetent or both — but Brown seemed to go about his duties more or



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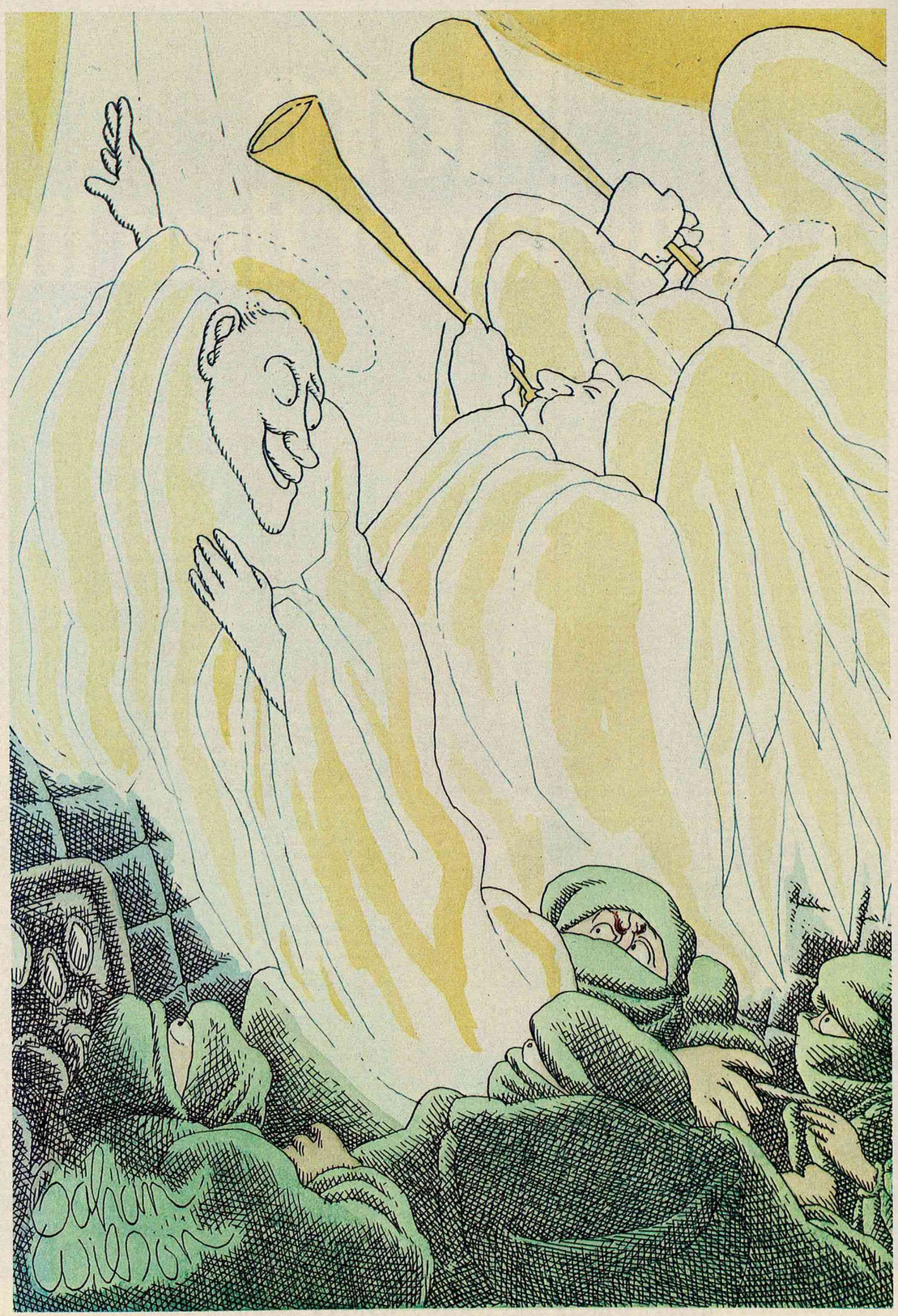


"Look, I appreciate your persistence, doc, but it's settled."

less efficiently and if he sneaked off to his cabin for the odd shot of whisky Walker at least didn't catch him at it. The second mate was a woman, a hard-faced blonde of about 35, and the third was an uncertified boy of about 20 who had his tarty looking wife aboard. Walker's attitude to women, and particularly to women officers, had hardened ever since he once had to make a diversion of 300 kilometres to put ashore a third mate who'd gone into premature labor. He had never been married himself.

The stores lighters and bunker barge came alongside, and Walker decided to take up the invitation of the chief engineer to go ashore for a last meal and a few drinks before surrendering to the efforts of the ship's cook on the long voyage to Australia. The chief was a red faced, cheerful, roly-poly Yorkshireman, just the kind of company Walker felt in need of tonight. It was a long time since he'd felt that excitement that he'd always experienced as a young man joining a new ship, even a joke of a ship like the *Rosa Lee*. Still, Singapore held a special place in his memory, and he was determined to enjoy himself on his last night.

He and the chief returned aboard sometime around midnight, both tight but by no means drunk, the chief laughing uproariously at his own jokes and Walker giggling softly and continuously, at peace with the world. The bunker barge had gone and the last of the stores were coming aboard, though, in addition to the lighters and the small tug that had been alongside when they went ashore, there was now a small ferry similar to the ones used for liberty vessels throughout the anchorage. Captain Walker couldn't place it. He hadn't ordered it and wouldn't pay for it, though it was possibly one of the bumboats that hawked beer and prostitutes and cheap jewellery around the ships.

Rosa Lee began heaving up her anchor just before dawn, and moved through the overcrowded anchorage and into the Singapore Strait as the Sun burst up out of an oily sea so smooth that it caught and reflected the blinding orange light. There was no breath of air, only a reddish haze that made the anchorage ships and the skyscrapers and the jungle-covered shore look like a picture postcard from Mars. The old engine pounded away with a rhythm as steady as a heart-beat, and officers and crew quickly settled into the routine of watches and meals that would not be broken till they arrived in Sydney.

Her route lay to the north of the Eastern Archipelago, the chain of islands stretching from Java to Timor whose cloud-wreathed peaks were still able to impress Captain Walker with their sense of mystery. There was violence here, suppressed and brooding, a sense of nameless witcheries barely held in check, just like the smouldering volcanoes that slipped past the wheelhouse door amid wisps of smoke and showers of sparks. It was now the time of the northwest monsoon, of black skies and sudden squalls, when towering nimbus clouds as black as night suddenly erupted in spectacular sheets of lightning, rolling thunder and driving rain. The volcanoes of the Earth growled on like sleeping giants while the *Rosa Lee* rolled across the grey sea beneath the volcanoes of the sky, an insignificant speck in a vast firmament.

The 5000 tons that remained inside her was a consignment of heavy machinery stowed in number two and four holds. On the third day out, Walker told the mate to take the serang and two or three hands to check the lashings. If they did get into any weather he didn't want the cargo breaking adrift. Brown mumbled something sullenly before going off to find the serang.

The captain watched the weather closely. Canopus Shipping had often enough impressed its masters with the need for what it called expeditious deliveries which meant, when translated into seamen's language, that ships were expected to plough full ahead through fog, ice and hurricane. The office wallahs had never actually censured Captain Walker for delays due to headwinds or adverse currents, but his log abstracts had occasionally been sent back with a request for explanations. The northwest monsoon was a following wind and *Rosa Lee* had so far made good time — more than 12 knots — but it was a bad time of year.

The barometer started plummeting a week out, halfway across the Arafura Sea, and within hours the wind had swung around to south and rose to a shriek. It was only after this unmistakeable sign that the cyclone warning came in from Darwin Radio, a slackness which, to Captain Walker, was merely further evidence of the incompetence of all office wallahs.

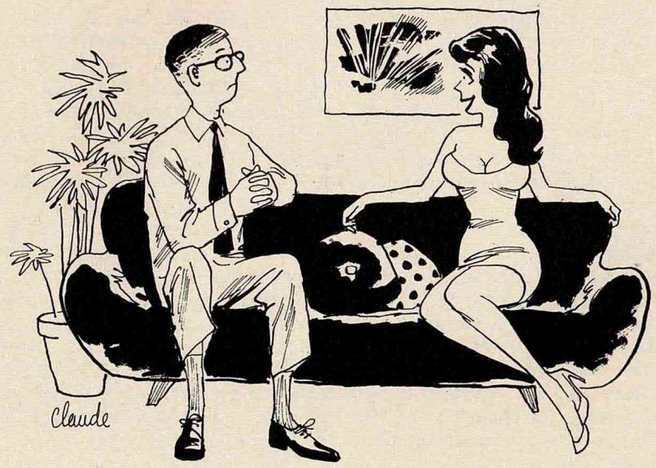
The fact that the wind was from the south indicated that they were inside the dangerous semi-circle, that the cyclone's centre was to the north and moving toward them. Walker quickly refreshed his knowledge of cyclones from the *Mariner's Handbook*. In about 50 percent of cases, cyclones move in a southwesterly direction from the moment of their birth, and later recurve to the southeast. The correct course of action for a ship in *Rosa Lee's* position was to steam with the wind on the port bow, hoping the centre would pass astern.

The sudden change in the wind direction produced a wicked cross sea. *Rosa Lee* kicked and bucked in all directions, the ship's screw often coming clear out of the water so the engine raced, with a screaming noise coming up from the engine room, covering the noise of the rain.

Rosa Lee's speed was down to two knots and Walker had already decided that he'd have to take on ballast when the chief called from the engine room with the same idea. His voice could hardly be understood over the sound-powered telephone with the noise of the engine in the background.

"All right!" Walker shouted into the telephone with a feeling of helplessness. "I understand."

He replaced the handset and stared out through the bridge front windows,



"Gee, you're a fast worker, Henry. I've only known you for two months and I'm already three months pregnant."

where the rain and spray fleeted horizontally across the deck, and a huge wall of water swept the length of her every now and then, burying the hatches and deck houses beneath a swirl of foam. Someone was going to have to go out on deck to open the valves to the ballast tanks and coffer dam. He turned to the third mate, who was on watch.

"I want to get some ballast in her to get her down in the water," he said.

"Yes sir?" said the third mate, the faint query in his voice probably meaning that he wondered why the Old Man should confide this in him.

"We've got to open the valves on the wing tanks and the coffer dam."

Walker left it as a plain statement of fact hanging in the air, nothing more than a quiet hint. He didn't feel justified in ordering anyone to venture out there, and wondered, in any case, whether this younger generation had any conception of the meaning of the word duty. You couldn't expect much from a 20-year-old boy with long hair and a tart of a wife. But the boy surprised him.

"All right sir," he said, "I think I'd better get a lifejacket, don't you?"

"Safety harness. See the serang and get him to get one out of the store. Assuming this old bucket has them."

"Aye aye sir."

The third mate glanced down at the seething deck, a mite of fearfulness on his face, and Captain Walker touched his arm.

"Be careful, for God's sake."

"Yes sir," said the third mate, and left the wheelhouse.

The young man chose his moment well, darting from the break of the accommodation clear up to number three hatch in one sprint and tumbling in behind the shelter of the deck house where he clung till the next sea broke aboard. The valves for the wing tanks were next to the hatch coamings, and as soon as the main force of water was spent, he dashed out from cover, clipped his safety harness to a ring bolt and began frantically turning the big handwheel.

At that moment Brown came on to the bridge, saw the third mate on deck and, with a look on his face that Walker could only think of as one of horror, turned on Walker and grabbed his arm in a powerful grip.

"What's he *doing*?" he yelped. "What do you think you're doing?"

Walker's jaw fell open. It was not only the suddenness of Brown's appearance and the wildness of his face but also the absurdity of the question. It was obvious what they were doing.

Before he could answer, Brown exclaimed: "Oh *Christ*!" and rushed wildly from the wheelhouse. In a few moments Brown appeared running forward on deck, bent over against the force of the wind and staggering with the motion of the ship. He shoved the third mate, who tripped and fell, and began swinging the valve handwheel tightly shut.

Watching from the wheelhouse it was Walker who first saw the huge wave breaking over the foc'sle, a wall of white water that buried the windlass and foremast beneath boiling foam and swept down the length of the *Rosa Lee* with the power of a locomotive. Both Brown and the third mate saw it coming too. The third mate threw his arms around the pedestal of the valve, but Brown decided to outrun it. He turned and sprinted down the deck, the top of the wave towering above him. At the last moment before his annihilation, he glanced back over his shoulder, then the thunderous sea gave a roar and devoured him.

The third mate lay on the deck in the receding water, his body wafting in the current like seaweed in a half-tide pool. Then the sea poured out through the scuppers and the limp body in oilskins looked like a yellow seal sunning on a rock. Walker gripped the bridge front so hard that his fingernails scored the wood, sending out commands to the boy's limbs as if they were his own: Get up. Get up. Move.

Slowly, the third mate dragged himself to his hands and knees, his head hanging down between his arms. He pulled himself to his feet on the handwheel then, using one arm only, the other hanging uselessly by his side, he resumed opening the valve. Walker permitted himself a thin smile.

"Well done," he whispered. "Well done indeed."

•

Frank Brown had neglected to nominate a next of kin when signing the ship's Articles — apparently just another of the world's legion of homeless seamen — and in this he was akin to Walker himself, whose spinster sister had died two years before, leaving him without a next of kin to enter on official forms. It was a day and a half before Walker was even able to leave the bridge, and then he slept for almost a day, so that by the time he got around to the paperwork (the entry in the Official Log reading: Mate F. Brown was this day lost overboard in heavy seas.), the only real mystery that remained in his mind was the question whether he'd been drunk or insane.

The cyclone had behaved more or less predictably and they had avoided the centre and, although *Rosa Lee* pitched and rolled prodigiously, and a deck house door was stove in and a section of the guard rail was bent like spaghetti, she'd never been in any real danger. Luckily there had been plenty of sea room.

Walker next instructed the chief steward, quaintly titled the butler in this company, to leave the mate's cabin undisturbed. Having no next of kin, his personal effects would be handed to the British Consul in Sydney and sent to the Directorate of British Seamen for donation to charity. Rising after his deep sleep and disposing of the bumf, as Reggie would have called it, Walker stepped softly into Brown's cabin, on the same deck as his own but on the other side of the ship.

Young men generally attempt to impose some stamp of their own personality upon impersonal living quarters, but Brown (and Walker too for that matter) had seen fit to leave things exactly as he'd found them. There were no pinups, no framed photo of wife or family, not even the odd bazaar tapestry or bedcover picked up during some drunken run ashore and later dignified as memento or souvenir. There were only the white overalls and the foul weather gear hanging on hooks in the bathroom and a uniform tossed on the settee after he'd stepped out of it. In a drawer were a carton of cigarettes and three bottles of very good scotch, together with a wallet and some small change. The wallet held 132 Singapore dollars and seven English pounds. There was a business card for a hire car company in Wales, a couple of bank receipts, and Brown's membership card for the Merchant Navy and Airline Officers' Association. Not much to show for a man's life.

Walker spread three sheets of newspaper on the deck and began making a parcel of Brown's meagre possessions. He folded the clothes as tightly as he could and, after a moment's hesitation, added the three bottles of scotch. As a final check he lifted the cushions on the settee and pulled out the removable panel. There, simply resting on the steel deck, were four bars of solid gold.

Walker picked one up and turned it over and over in his hands. It was stamped with some indecipherable design, probably the imprint of the mint where it came from, and with the weight: 50 troy ounces. Two hundred ounces of gold at around 600 dollars an ounce came to $120,000. Walker sat down slowly on the edge of the settee and stared at the bulkhead.

After several moments he got up and poured himself three fingers of Brown's whisky. He had no idea how

"It's been a wonderful evening. I want to remember everything about it. First, if you'll tell me your name . . ."

long he continued to sit there holding the glass in one hand and a gold bar in the other, staring blankly, reliving that moment when the sea came boiling down the deck to claim its victim as, he had no doubt, it would one day claim him. Had Brown been smashed right into the front of the accommodation before being washed overboard, or had he merely been plucked cleanly off the ship and drawn down into the depths of the ocean? The question was, curiously, very important. He had to know if Brown had been mutilated before his consignment to the deep.

Walker stood as if in a daze and left the cabin, walked the three or four paces to the second mate's cabin next door, and knocked.

"I want you to come into the mate's cabin," he said. "I'm parcelling up his things and I want a witness."

•

They picked up the Torres Strait pilot that same afternoon, a short, garrulous man wearing shorts, long socks and an orange terry towel hat who was full of the news of the recent Queensland elections, the tennis at Wimbledon and the latest outbreaks of war and revolution around the wide world. The constant stream of volubility washed over Walker like a wave without penetrating to that small silent centre which, he suddenly realised, trembled with something similar to fear.. He answered all in monosyllables, and as soon as they had completed the difficult Gannet Passage, left the bridge. The pilot would remain aboard for the passage through the Barrier Reef as far as Cairns, about three days, and he didn't think he'd be able to stand it. He left it to the second and third mates to answer the pilot's questions.

Going below, he went into his day cabin, or office, locked the door, then swung open the door of the safe in which the newspaper-wrapped parcel and the four gold bars now rested. He pulled the chair around and sat square in front of the open safe, staring into it as if into a crystal ball, or say, a tidewater pool where one would hope to find some sign of life or the future — plankton, zylophytes or krill, the primeval soup that will eventually reclaim us all. Without taking his eyes from the dark maw of the open safe, Walker reached into the bottom drawer of his desk and took out a bottle of scotch, an inferior brand to Brown's, and broke open the seal. During the rest of the afternoon and evening he drank the lot, never moving from in front of the safe.

As far as possible, Walker avoided the pilot, which wasn't difficult since the pilot rarely left the bridge, eating his meals with his plate balanced on the wheelhouse front and his eyes straining ahead to the next set of leads, the next channel, the deep blue of safe water between the emerald green of the shallows over reefs. He slept only in a series of catnaps, an hour at the most, snoring softly on the settee in the chartroom and instantly awake at the touch of a hand on his shoulder or a change in the note of the engine. Walker didn't want to know the results of Wimbledon, but it was more than that. The pilot was an intruder to be feared, a representative of another world to which he felt he no longer belonged. He began to wonder whether he ever had, whether this loneliness had been decreed from the moment of his birth. It was with a sense of relief that he watched the pilot climb over the gunwale and go down the Jacob's ladder to the waiting launch that had come out from Cairns and would soon scutter back there.

Walker grew disordered in his appearance. Food stains speckled the front of his uniform shirt and a stubble of beard rasped against his collar whenever he moved his head. The second and third mates watched him resentfully, perhaps because they were now working six-hour watches, the third mate with his sprained wrist in a bandage, and Walker had never offered to stand a watch. The butler gazed on his captain with dumb and servile disapproval.

At night he lay in his bunk staring at the darkness, feeling the ship wallowing across the ocean and listening to the myriad rattles and squeaks of the furniture vibrating in tune to the engine. He dreaded some unknown horror, not knowing why or how this presentiment had come to him. Once, in the middle of the night, he got up and padded barefoot into the mate's empty cabin, now with clean sheets on the bunk and two neatly folded towels on the coverlet. Then, with the cold and methodical detachment of a man half crazed, he stripped the bunk, cut open the mattress with a long knife that he'd brought for the purpose, prised the carpet up from the deck, removed the drawers from the desk and wardrobe and felt behind them, unscrewed panels from the bulkhead, removed light globes from their fittings and, finding nothing, he sat cross-legged in the centre of the cabin and wept.

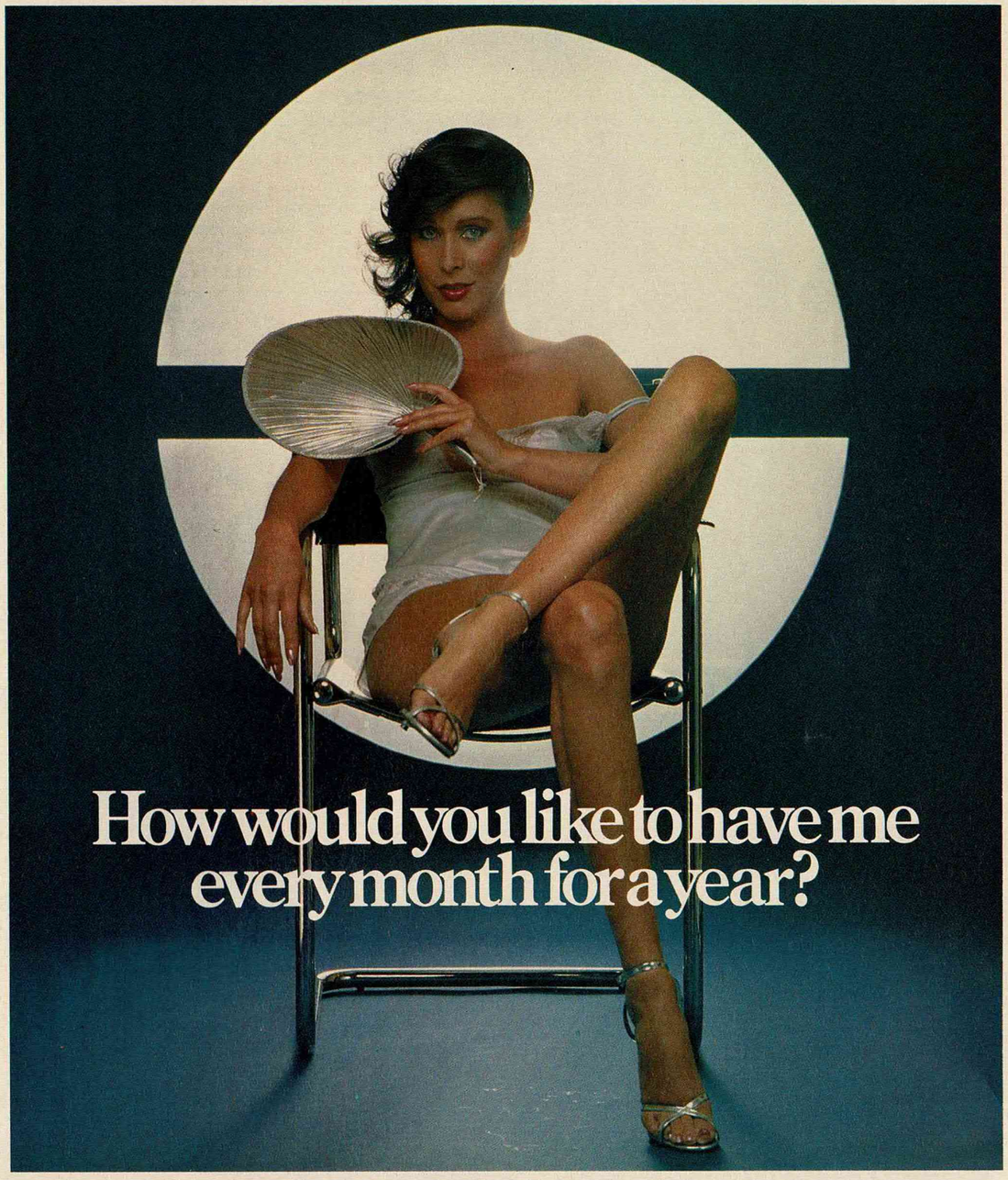
Rosa Lee berthed at Sydney's Darling Harbor in the early afternoon, with the new mate standing on the wharf with his bags, a fresh looking 30 year old with blond hair. That's the way it goes, thought Captain Walker sourly, wondering just how Canopus Shipping managed to rope them in. On meeting his captain, the new mate did not bother to disguise a puzzled dismay that, with time, would become contempt. Walker had shaved and put on a clean uniform but his face was still haggard, his eyes red, his hands shaky and his soul bleak. He took the parcel of Brown's clothing up to the British Consul along with the the Official Log Book, leaving the gold bars in his safe for the Consul to collect however he saw fit, but this in no way cleansed him as he'd hoped it would. He returned to the ship in the early hours of the morning still burdened with his guilt, his dread, his horror, and a skinful of whisky.

Rosa Lee was to load a full cargo of grain for Yokohama, and after the machinery was discharged she shifted out to a buoy in order to thoroughly clean and paint the holds, plug the strum boxes and rig shifting boards in compliance with the strict Australian regulations. After three days of preparation a nit-picking surveyor came aboard, inspected the holds, and failed them. It was another two days before he returned. He seemed to regard *Rosa Lee* as a personal challenge, probably fired by the Panamanian flag flying at her stern.

In white overalls, white gloves and a beret he examined every square inch of the holds, crawled in bilges, tried his hardest to demolish the shifting boards. He climbed back on deck and, almost as an afterthought, instructed the mate to have the serang swing open the domed tops of the wing ballast tanks. The surveyor and the mate were watching as the serang unscrewed the big handwheel and swung open the dome. All three men suddenly reeled back, throwing arms up across their faces as if to protect themselves from flames, staggered across the deck and hung, retching, over the guard rail.

They needed the police rescue squad wearing breathing apparatus to get them out — 50 black and bloated bodies in each wing tank and a dozen more in the coffer dam. The flesh was like black jelly so that, when the police laid them on the deck in neat rows, they quivered and began to deliquesce like sea slugs, rapidly transmuting from human flesh back through all the primitive stages of evolution until, it seemed to Captain Walker, who stood watching, transfixed, that all the aeons of history were passing before his eyes. Man is, after all, only an overdeveloped marine organism.

"Slopeheads," said the sergeant in charge. "Can't keep these bloody boat people out nohow."



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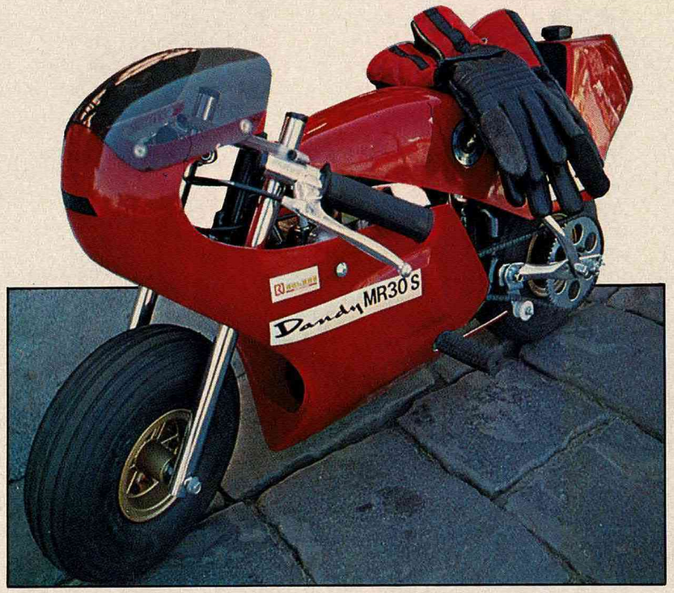
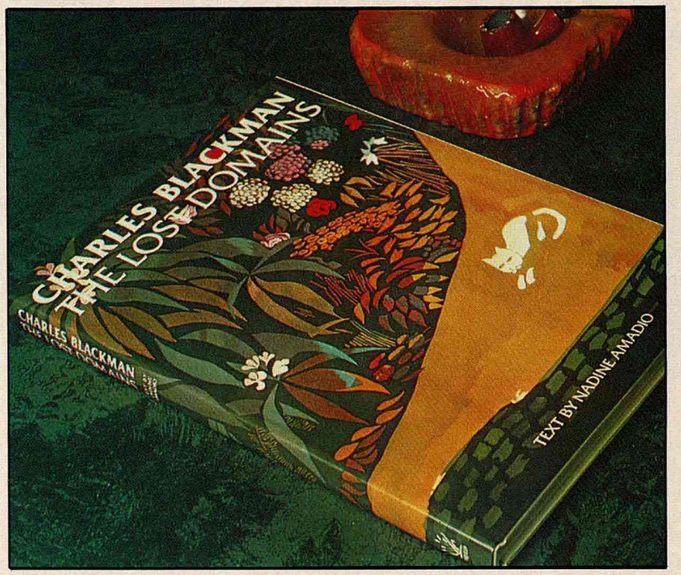


THROW A LEG OVER

Marlon Brando and Pete Fonda aren't riding them this year but don't let that stop you throwing a leg over a Roland Dandy machine and burning up your neighborhood. These 50cm high roadsters are designed for kids and adults and can hit a speed of 40km/h. Solo for $399.50 and sidecar for $775 at Maurice Quincey, 422 Elizabeth St, Melbourne or from all Honda dealers for scaled down racing and two-wheeled fun.



A BOOK OF ROMANCE

No coffee table — or burglar-proof safe — should be without a copy of *The Lost Domains*, a large and handsome book celebrating 30 years of work by the man described as Australia's greatest romantic painter, Charles Blackman. The 40.3 by 28.6cm book comes in two versions — a 150-copy limited edition which costs $1000 and a trade edition at $100.

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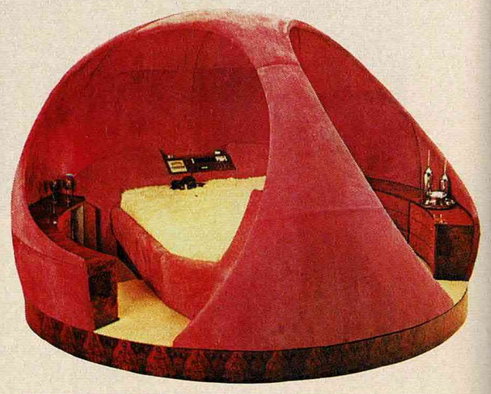
Little Lemon Boarding Kennels will spoil your pet rotten while you're away on holidays. There's a pool, air conditioning, piped music and gourmet meals, and even a personal tree (dogs pee, cats climb?) for $3.50 to $7.50 a day. Phone (03) 232 9155.



VALHALLA

You'll have only the finest things in life in mind when you take your leisure in the Viking Bedroom. This sensuous pit comes with quad sound, color TV, fridge, a machine which makes coffee, and strobe lights. It's a snip at $24,000 from Schipano, Melbourne.

FORGET ME KNOT

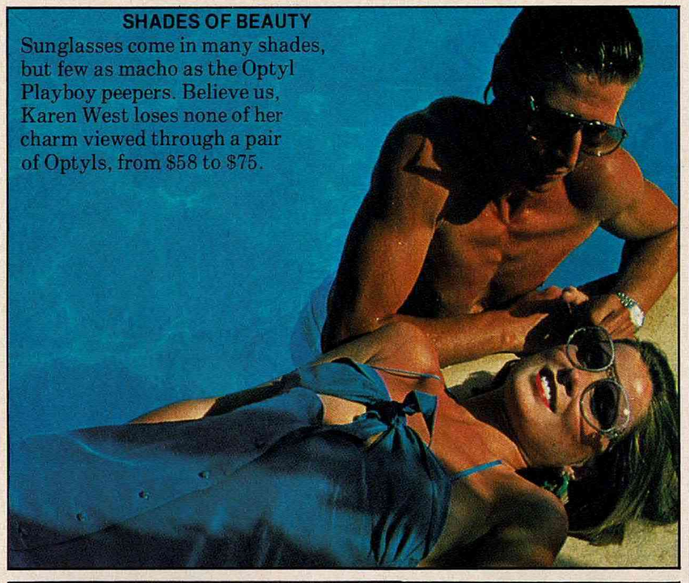
If you tend to forget St Valentine's Day or the dog's birthday, you obviously need a pencil you can tie in knots. Gift shop prices begin at $2.35, but you will have to pay by the knot.

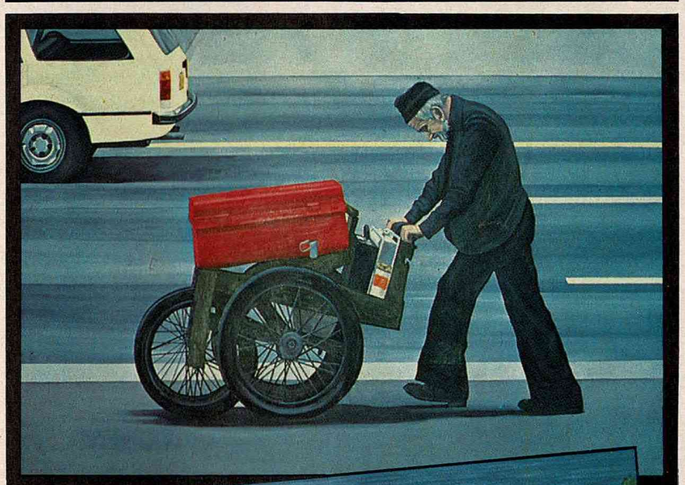
TAKE A QUICK PIC

Polaroid's Supercolor Time Zero film has put new meaning into the art of taking a snapshot. How does 60 seconds grab you for the fastest development of them all? New chemical blends produce brilliant, instant reproductions. From all Polaroid outlets at about $8.50 for 10 frames.

SHADES OF BEAUTY

Sunglasses come in many shades, but few as macho as the Optyl Playboy peepers. Believe us, Karen West loses none of her charm viewed through a pair of Optyls, from $58 to $75.

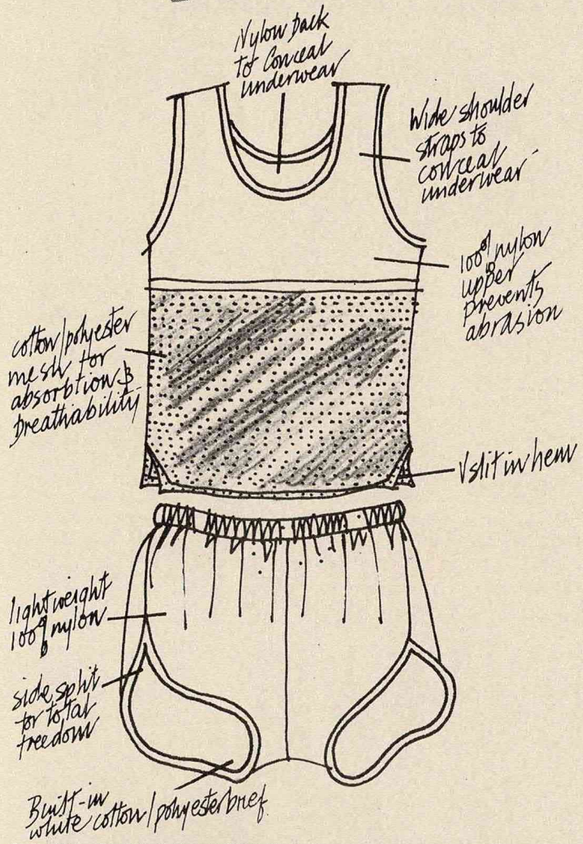




ANDREW SAW EXHIBITION

Although Andrew Saw is best-known as a showbiz writer, his true calling is painting. An exhibition of his striking realist works will be held at the Holdsworth Gallery, Woollahra, Sydney from March 21 to April 9. The paintings will be available for sale for about $800.

Ca Va etceteras



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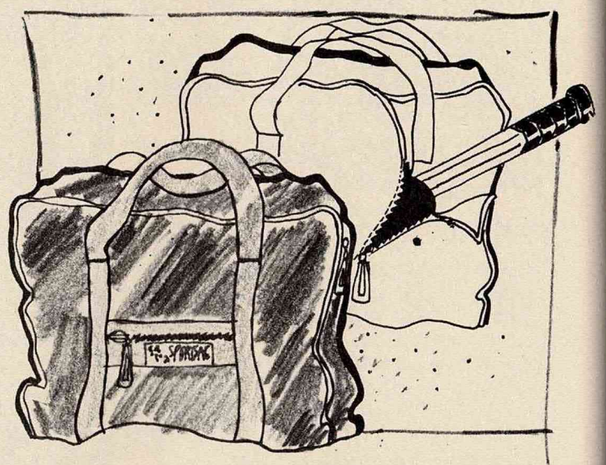

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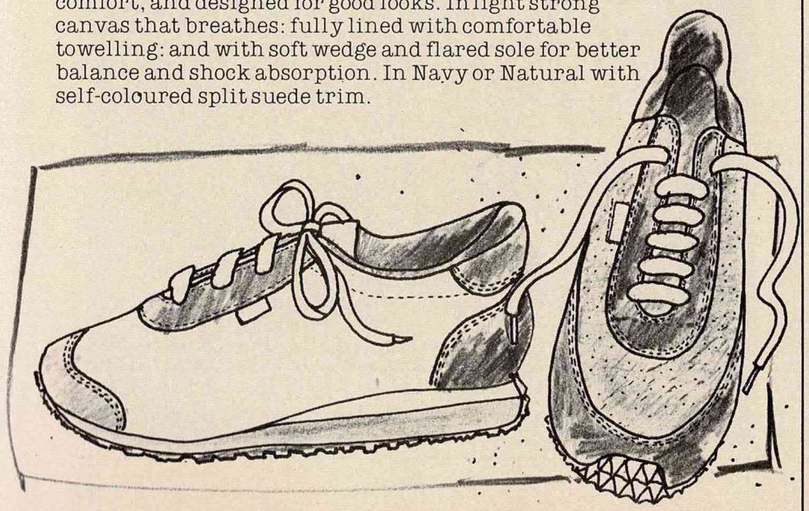

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South Australia: Athletes Foot, Rundle Mall and Tea Tree Plaza. Myer selected stores. Rodney Robran, Tea Tree Plaza. Be-A-Sport, The Gallery.
Tasmania: Launceston Sports Centre, Launceston.

The unfair advantage in sports and leisurewear: CaVa winter warm-ups in a superb new range of styles, in quality velour or towelling. Navy, Sand, Grey, Khaki, Dusty Pink, Burgundy.

Ca Va

BEACH INSPECTORS

ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

running after a new cachet, track suits are the leader of the pack

ABOVE: For very serious joggers who work up a good sweat even as the weather starts to chill. White shorts by Slazenger, about $7.25. Sweat shirt, about $21.75. BELOW: More comfort action wear from Ca Va in soft towelling, zip jacket, stand-up collar. Note straight leg pants — no more irritating ankle elastic. About $62.50.

ABOVE: From the Ca Va range, the Athletique running suit in polished cotton with stretch panelling down the pants legs, on shoulders and border of top. About $87.50. BELOW: Think pink! You'll knock 'em out in this pink cotton football-style jersey, worn with blue pants from a Ca Va outfit (not sold separately). Jersey, about $25.

ABOVE: From a new collection of La Veckey leisure-wear — black uncut knit pants and sweater with white trim. Sold separately. Top, about $30; pants about $27. BELOW: Cottonseed track suit by Ca Va, about $62.50, elasticised waist on pants and parka border. He's in good company with a Toshiba mini-cassette, about $219.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SX.

Datsun 200B SX,
rally bred sports sedan:
Fast and smooth console-mounted four-speed gearbox.
Taut sports-modified, phase-matched seating/suspension.
2 litre OHC engine.
Variable ratio steering.
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Steel belted radial tyres.
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Available in Datsun red, white or blue.

Get behind the wheel of the sporty SX and feel it perform. It even makes driving around the block exciting.

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DATSUN

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

DATSUN 200B SX

DAT 716/R

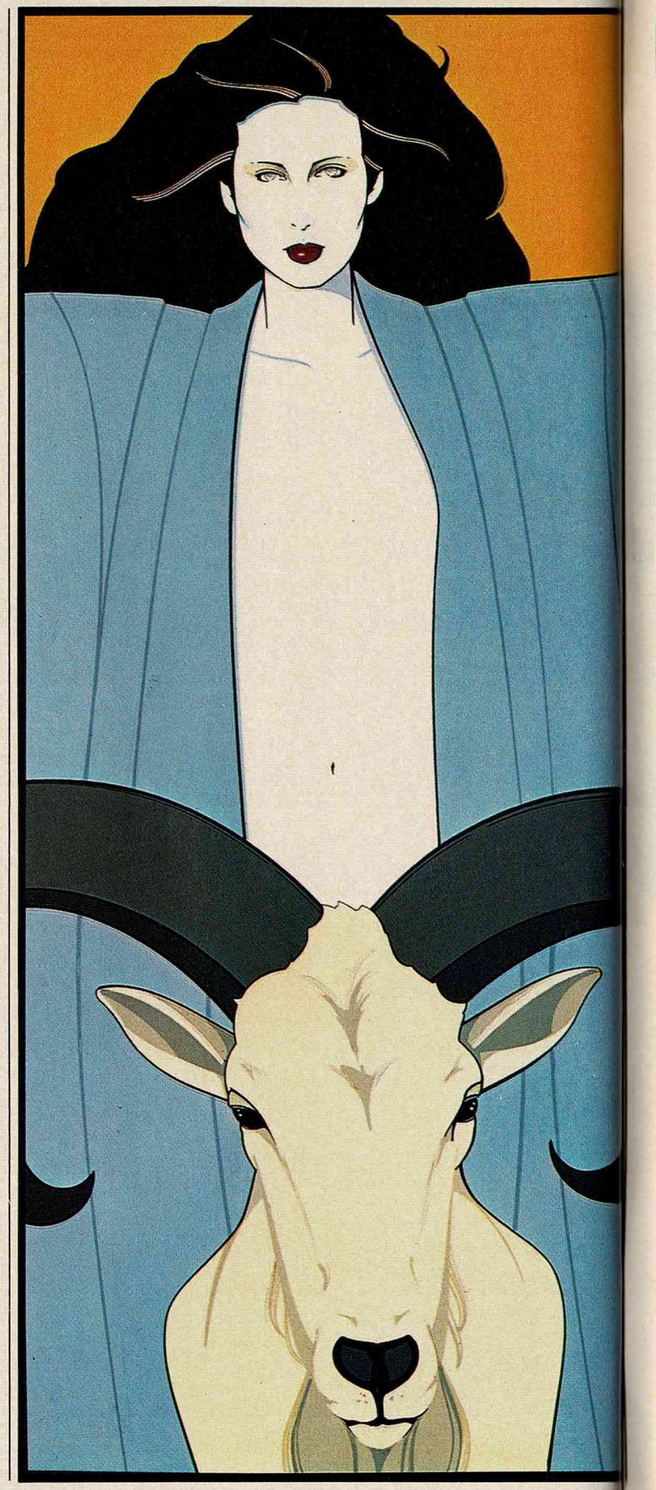
YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

ARIES

IT IS SAID that habits forged on your birthday are repeated all year round, so it is important to ensure that if the birthday party doesn't actually take the form of an orgy, it at least goes pretty close. Only joking, only joking. Twelve months of that activity would knock more than a few petals off the brightest of blossoms. Mars the activator will ramble into your sign to see that you'll be doing what comes naturally on and around your birthday, so loosen up. You will find a few brief moments for other pursuits this year, but not many, because sexual gratification occupies so much of your horoscope. Sex and profession will come into serious conflict if you fail to observe the warnings about getting your meatloaf bound up with your breadwinning. A plunge into the typing pool might seem an ideal way to shed some energy but the long-term battering of your sexual pride might leave some nasty bruises.

The twinkling of friendly stars will shed perfect bliss upon your close personal relationships for the duration of the year, offering a score of memorable encounters upon the old domestic bed. Don't see this as a commitment to any dead-end romances because the appearance of a beaming Jupiter could put you in the slot for a first night success with someone who will send your juices into fast-flow. Jupiter's all-embracing benevolence promises better sex more often with a most surprising range of partners. Don't be surprised to find that space in your bed occupied by some of the most interesting women you're ever likely to encounter. Variety, in all its glorious guises, will grace your sexual vista for the remainder of the year as the view from your phallic heights changes. The hills of Rome never looked as perfect as the breasts that will shudder in and out of your grasp. No snug grotto has ever looked as inviting as the gullies which will open to you with the sweetest parting of legs. Ignore the weather forecast: your stars promise anything but a drought, so strip off and plunge into the most sexually productive year of all.

Careful attention to diet and to health will be important for any beast with such a full stud book. Look for high protein foods, vitamins, fresh air and exercise. With your stars, you'll probably be chasing (and catching) foxes while jogging around the block. Sex and stress should never intrude on each other's domain, and the best way to eliminate the problem is to kick stress right out of your life. You'll find good healthy sex is a great way of untying the knots caused by the day-to-day demands of your working life. If you're to make the most of this year, your alcohol consumption will have to be carefully monitored. Booze is the worst irrigating agent for limp libidos, and your after-dark activity will definitely take you into the odd bar or club. Beware.



THIS MONTH

keep a low-horn profile this month if you don't want to be fleeced of a prized and very ewesful possession

by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

TAURUS

Opinion has it that the bull can talk a load of, uh, bull when the mood strikes but, with the appearance of Mars in your sign, the opportunity to put those promises up in lights is nigh. A feet-first plunge into the sexual font will create a tidal wave of pleasure. Mid-April offers a full-blooded revel of sex. The risk of letting rampant enthusiasm trample on understanding and finesse is very great. But if you can beat that problem, April will be the month of the bull.

GEMINI

Ignore all of those "whose clone sleeps alone" jibes; duplication can be a risk for a twin obsessed with pursuing the one partner. Your enthusiasm for kinky sex may finally turn your egg-timer back to a long remembered thrill from the murky past. But be warned now, turning over the old truffles would be a mistake. April could find you in the business of pairing your pleasures but it would be unwise to think that there is no risk attached to that pastime.

CANCER

Sorry to say it, dear crab, but your technique needs some attention. Too much emphasis on adding pelts to the belt might have made you the most prolific inhabitant of your local rock pool, but the word is out that you're no good in the sack. The stars will present a chance to redeem yourself, however, and wicked repetition of your sexual gluttony here just might mean you'll spend the remainder of the month with nothing but your pincer for pleasure.

LEO

On the prowl for pussy, we find the king of cats once again. There's little change here as foxy little felines pant for a purr at the sight of his proud bearing. But all is not as it should be in the jungle because the lion's promise of mighty muscle remains unfulfilled. A parting of the palm fronds reveals an item of less than generous proportions, meaning the bigger the boast, the heavier the fall when word gets on the feline's ever-active and accurate grapevine.

VIRGO

Hanging out that hoary old line about still being a virgin in need of special care is wearing about as thin as battery chicken eggshells. If intended to entice virgins into your clutches, it doesn't work — nobody is that naive any more. Try letting a few Leo acquaintances know that you're fond of cats. Having a few things in common with leonine girls is certain to have far more appeal than your previous ploys. And Venus is moving into a favorable position.

LIBRA

If teetering on such a fine balance is giving you a dose of the crazies, there is no immediate respite in sight. Venus has shunted into your angle of close relationships which means you're committed to your little love knot for some time. The wrath of a woman scorned is nothing to trifle with so beware. Under the sign of the crab awaits a juicy sexual morsel but do not be fooled into stepping down so that a rival can steal your usual place in the bed.

SCORPIO

Roll back the crusty coat and expose that wondrous sting to regions warm and moist. Oh, lucky little scorpion, April promises much fun and games of the sexual variety. A cuddly Leo leads the list with purrings of pleasures to come and any challenges to your virility will be answered by the sheer brilliance of your stunning performances. It can be said that you're the only critter in town with a barb as big as your bite. So, don't restrict your pleasures.

SAGITTARIUS

That glorious arrow's shaft boasts more than just a cluster of pretty feathers, and now is the time to prove it. Accuracy is your trademark, so trust intuition to act as a homing device for your randy nature. The energising impact of Mars will have you notching bull's-eyes so be prepared to let fly at any femme who hints at a promise. The archer's greatest drawback is his sheer speed, which will have to be curbed. If you are to survive, endurance is important.

CAPRICORN

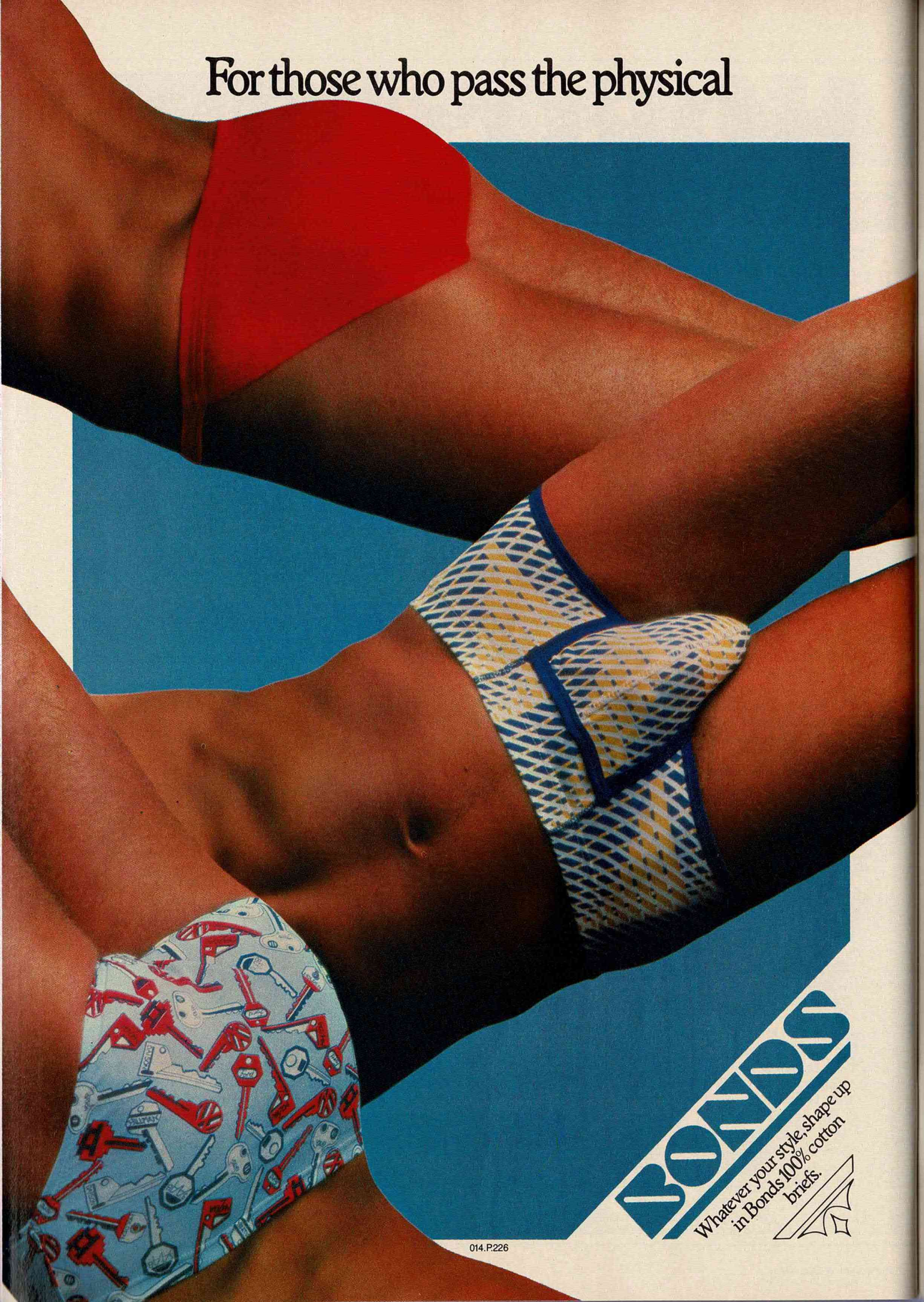
Just watch the goat slip his shackles and hit the beat in a wild quest for satisfaction. It will be April showering hair and hide when this boy gets his horns into a bit of serious bunting. This burst of energy will reward you of more than a fair share of the action and it will only get better as you head toward the latter part of the month when an orgasmic collision between Venus, Mercury and Mars rebounds you around the angles of love. You'll be scaling the heights.

AQUARIUS

Dispel all doubts about your inability to please, for Jupiter is here to save the day. Jupiter is basically your lucky star and, as the bountiful giver, somebody's body is in for a glut. Just forget the sad memories of the prolonged drought and let your juices flow, gurgle, trickle, jet and squirt enough to permeate the sexual conscience of prospective partners. The first three weeks of the month are brimful of delight but expect in the last week to move toward calmer waters.

PISCES

Casting your net is no guarantee that the minnows will flock to your side. As this month promises to be your driest on record, it might be worth pushing the theory that prize performers come in tiny packages. If you happen to be one of those long and lean Pisceans, then the suggestion that a weapon of eel-like proportions is at hand might yield some merit. The month's last twitch might present some relief for frustrated sprats if they're slippery.

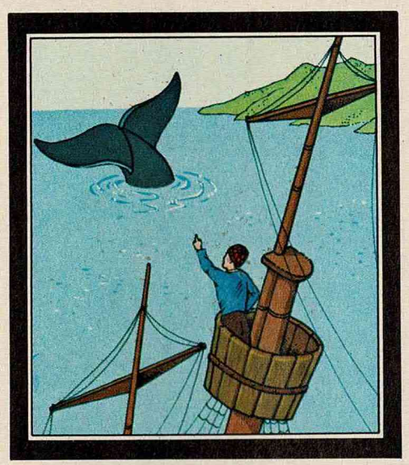


HAVE A WHALE OF A TIME ON A NEW-STYLE TOUR

SOME OF the world's best loved books have dealt with the adventure of travel — a diminishing commodity in these days of packaged tours.

It's hard to imagine today's travellers weaving tales of drama and excitement out of a *Women's Weekly* Discovery Tour to match Charles Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*, Jack London's *The Call of the Wild* or Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone Around the World*.

And the glossy travel brochures that tout the tour packager's wares — "Come travel with us in a cocoon of safety in the company of your peers" — seem cloned from the pen of a universal copy writer, while the photographs, coming from the same library, show tanned, nubile bodies, palm trees fringing golden beaches, and exotic staged settings more at home on a movie lot.



Playboy's Pipeline

But there's hope.

Earthwatch, a non-profit international organisation which last year opened an Australian office, is offering travellers with a sense of adventure a whole world of exciting new options.

For example, how about three weeks aboard the *Regina Maris*, a 48-metre three-masted barquentine, cruising the placid waters of the Caribbean in search of the last of the mighty humpback whales?

You'll become part of a scientific team and share research duties and ship chores. Research assignments include whale-watching from the 30-metre high crow's nest, monitoring acoustical equipment, comparing data of individual and groups of whales, and analysing the conditions of their ocean home.

The 21 to 26-day trips available cost from $1950 to $2250, and are tax deductible!

For $1000 you can participate in 24-day field expeditions on Easter Island — a 10 by 20 kilometre speck in the middle of the Pacific Ocean — which houses one of the world's greatest unsolved enigmas: the origin of the massive stone heads which stud the island.

The paying volunteers will rotate tasks in field archaeology and laboratory analysis daily, and this will include site surveys on foot or horseback, excavation (of ancient burial sites), photography and record keeping.

Earthwatch recruits enthusiasts with wide-ranging skills and assigns them to professional researchers who need both willing hands and financial support.

And these "amateurs" frequently rescue enterprises that would otherwise have collapsed. The projects embrace a host of scientific disciplines from Anthropology to Zoology. Volunteers need not have these academic skills, as often other abilities, such as boat handling, photography, carpentry, languages, teaching and filmmaking are more essential.

Current projects range in cost from $390 to $2250 and for that you can monitor the behavior of rhesus monkeys in Nepal's Kathmandu Valley, explore the Bermuda Reef, record the songs of the humpback whales, photograph Costa Rica's wilderness areas, record the oral history of the southern Black belt of Mississippi and Alabama, and study the courtship of American alligators. The last is a real snap at $650 for two full weeks.

Participants learn as they work. Before leaving home they receive literature about their projects, and on-site residential scientists give them accelerated tutelage in the intricate practicalities of their subjects.

Earthwatch has found the amateurs' backgrounds often produce unexpected dividends. On one New Mexico archaeology site, a petroleum geologist turned out to be a much better mapmaker than any of the professional archaeologists, and a computer programmer revamped the project's data-storage system. Others have discovered or rekindled old interests and have gone back to "school" — or at least taken up part-time university courses.

Earthwatch's Australian address is 32 Atchison Street, St Leonards, Sydney NSW 2065. Tel: (02) 439 5299.

And to whet your appetite for exotic adventure, here are a few more field expeditions planned for 1981 by Earthwatch (costs as at time of publication):

Guatemala, Central America: Dr Gary Walters needs volunteers to help discover the ancient jade trade routes of the Maya Indians. Village living, $890 (20 days).

Bahamas, West Indies: Dr John Iverson and Dr Walter Auffenberg need helpers to capture, measure, weigh, photograph, tag and radio-track iguanas on out-of-the-way Exuma and Andros Islands. Accommodation and travel aboard a 14-metre ketch, $1500 (12 days).

Fairbanks, Alaska: Dr Orson Miller is engaged in researching the effect of the trans-Alaska oil pipeline on mushrooms. His teams will collect and sample mushrooms, record data, test soil and identify plant species. He calls it a "remote expedition for the hearty naturalist". Research on six sites, from Valdez to Fairbanks, $950 (12 days).

To date, more than 5000 volunteers have joined Earthwatch expeditions on 450 research assignments.

Your fee as a research team member will include all meals and accommodation, ground transport, camping equipment and field gear, and all scientific instruments and tools.

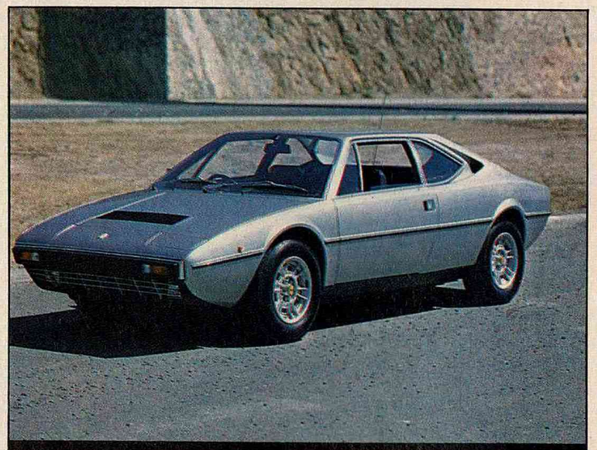
— ALLAN MOULT

FERRARI

THE FELINE OF THE SPECIES

motoring by Rob Luck

SHE STEPPED straight off the footpath, halting the stream of weaving traffic like Moses parting the Red Sea — a tall, tanned vision of loveliness in a bright yellow silk dress split to the hip. I punched the pedals and the engine wound sharply down from a roar to a whisper, emitting a sound like a soft, appreciative sigh. Most appropriate. She heard it and looked up, surprised at how close the bright red car was, and stopped suddenly in her tracks — not startled, but composed and careful. In a moment, her dark eyes swept the car and she smiled appreciatively, taking a slight half-step backward. I eased the car alongside her, searching for something original to say as our eyes met through the open top. She was way ahead of me, calm and cool as she parted her glossy lips to speak: "Now that you have this animal under control, perhaps you'd consider giving me a lift?" She got in the car, and the engine sung as we whisked through the traffic. She leaned forward, tugging her long hair out and flicking it up so that it spilled over the open Targa top into the breeze. "Wow, this is fun," *she said.*



The Ferrari 308 GTS (left) was a return to Pininfarina design after a flirtation with Bertone in the 308 GT4 (above).

Have you ever noticed — women never look back. It's an unwritten rule in the book of women's folklore. Chapter One, Rule One: Appreciative Glances. Sub-heading: Exercise restraint in the response.

As you approach a lady, you may be lucky enough to have your gaze returned. You might even get a smile. But as she passes and you turn to savor the full package, you notice she continues to look straight ahead.

Except if you are driving a red Ferrari. Suddenly, women abandon themselves. They stare unashamedly. They turn involuntarily. They smile openly. Sometimes they even wave. I can't think of any other car which evokes such responses so readily. Certainly Porsches don't strike the same chord. And Lamborghinis seem to be more macho, attracting the male more than the female.

But Ferraris have some dynamic emotive effect on everyone: doormen and bellboys genuflect; parking police exchange unlimited overstay for technical enlightenment; cheques convert instantly into legal tender in "No Cheques" establishments.

It has to be the coachwork. Ferrari has generally stuck with the rounded, full-bodied sensuous lines that flow from the "conservative" scalpel of Italian master stylist Pininfarina. The result is a series of automotive Renoirs — voluptuous curves injected with phallic overtones, the aggressive thrusting snout, finned and fluted panels, abrupt, bobbed tail.

Pininfarina has done almost all Ferraris, with one notable exception, the 308 GT4 (or GT 2 + 2). Released at the 1973 Paris Auto Exposition, it employed the clean, pristine lines of Bertone's "automotive alternative" styling. This was to be the precursor of a new Ferrari bloodline, continuing the famous "Dino" nametag.

The Bertone involvement arose from Fiat's involvement in Ferrari and their wish to establish a balance among the coachbuilders in Italy. Fiat then held 49 percent sway in the company (now 51 percent), but via the Italian *vitalazio* arrangement where the authority and autonomy of the principal (Enzo in this case) is maintained under any new financial arrangement. Nevertheless, powerful financial partners are bound to influence areas otherwise considered taboo. It is believed that Enzo initially agreed (somewhat reluctantly) to the tradition break which introduced Bertone's name to the House of the Prancing Horse, then re-asserted his authority following mixed market success.

In any event, while the GT4 was slowly gaining market acceptance, Enzo Ferrari was rushing the two-seater version into production — this time with a Pininfarina body.

This was accompanied by some unusually liberal "leaks", concerning styling in particular, which emanated from Modena prior to the car's release at Paris (again) in 1975.

There were other signs of urgency in this car's propulsion into the marketplace in record time — not the least of which was an all-fibreglass body produced by Scaglietti, Ferrari's supplier of fibreglass components (for the Boxer for example), special all-alloy Ferrari bodies, and the skins for the Formula One racing cars.

The 308 GTB was regarded as a "replacement" for the famous Dino 246 GT, although the Dino nametag from the 308 GT4 was not transferred. However, the soft lines of the 246 were unmistakably reproduced in an even more curvaceous form. The world fell at its feet; it was an instant success. Even conservative English *Autocar* magazine said it was "the best Ferrari we have ever driven".

And it just kept getting better. With the urgency over and the order books full, there was time to switch to an all-steel body. Then followed a Spyder (or Targa-top) version, that was dubbed 308 GTS, the main subject of this feature.

The GTS represents Ferrari's "State of The Art". It's not quite as

powerful as the ultimate example, the Boxer, but it costs only half as much, and there are corners it will take just as fast.

More importantly, it rides well, despite exceptional handling levels, and it trucks around the city like a regular sedan (apart from its heavy clutch, some visibility deficiencies and a general "nervousness" in relation to other vehicles).

It is only 14kg heavier than the GTB coupe body (unusual for Targas, which are generally at least 10 percent heavier), thus it enjoys the same performance levels while offering the option of open-top motoring.

And the performance is outstanding. This is courtesy of the 90-degree all-alloy three-litre V8 engine (hence 308) which sits sideways just ahead of the rear-axle in a near-as-damnit "central" location.

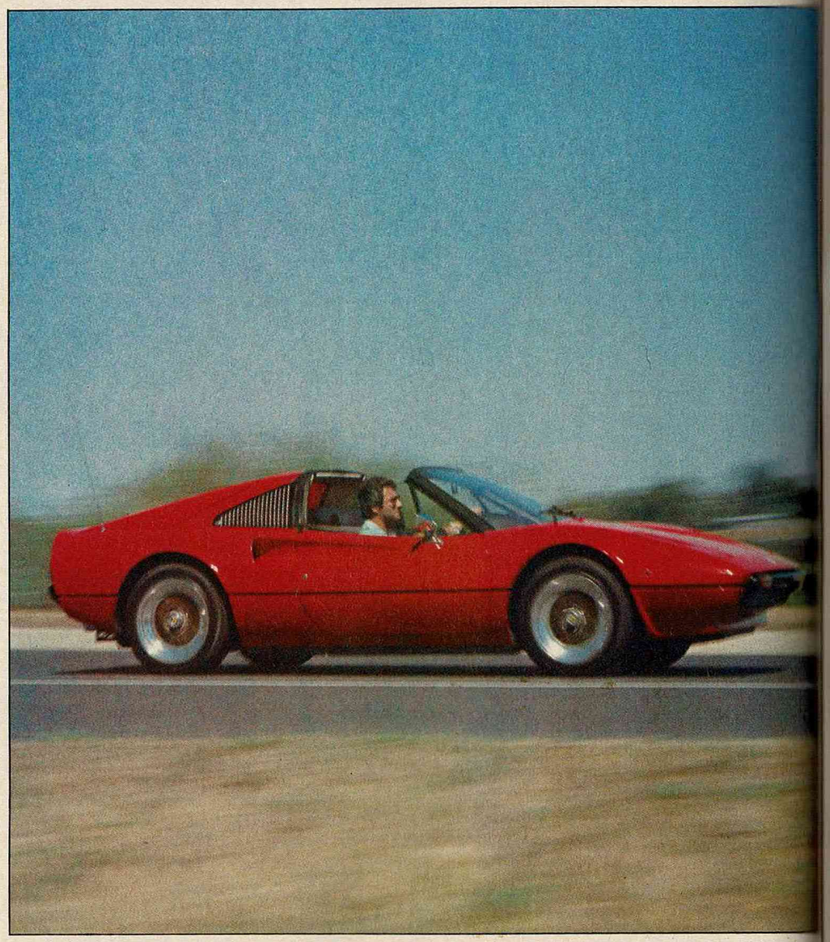
The engine is oversquare in its bore/stroke design, with five-bearing bottom end over a wet-sump (fitted with oil coolers) and four double-throat Weber 40 DCNF downdraft carburettors feeding the cylinders via a cogged-belt-driven camshaft for each set of valves (two shafts per bank). The end product is 169kW (230DINbhp) of power at 6600rpm and 275Nm of torque at 4600rpm, even after the assault of the anti-pollution equipment which is fitted to comply with current international regulations.

Considering the relatively immodest overall weight (1297kg) and the resultant power-to-weight ratio of 7.5kg/kW, some impressive aerodynamic engineering and gearing were required to extract a realistic top speed of 240km/h with good acceleration.

And the acceleration is good, rather than brilliant. The car is capable of breaching 15 seconds for the standing quarter, but climbs to 100km/h in about 6.5 seconds — a figure shaded by PLAYBOY'S earlier test BMW Alpina and equalled by some other vehicles, including the 924 Turbo Porsche.

What is impressive about the performance is the balance of it. Neither Alpinas nor Porsche Turbos will run easily to 240km/h and the acceleration tapers off rapidly after 160km/h is reached. Certainly, the Ferrari strains to reach the last 10km/h of its best, but up to that point it is like a controlled explosion.

In most respects, the chassis and suspension are ex-racing in their origins. The chassis is a tube-frame design, made for lightness, strength, rigidity and accuracy. The engine is located amidships without consideration for service access at the expense of proper balance. Hence, the Ferrari achieves a 49/51 weight balance, with



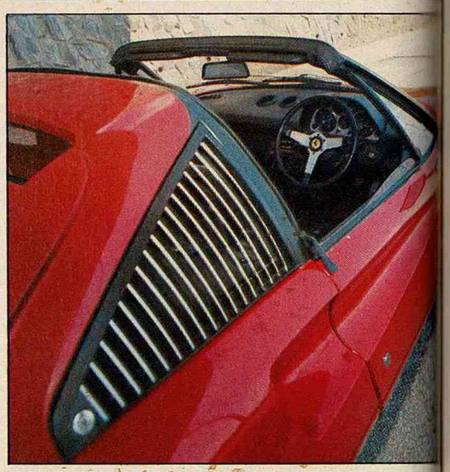
The 308 GTS is Ferrari's "state of the art" car. It employs the pop-up headlamps so popular among sports car designers now. The luxurious cockpit is, for the driver, the ultimate in both stylish and functional design.

the emphasis to the tail, but to such a minor degree that it barely reflects in handling, even in the wet.

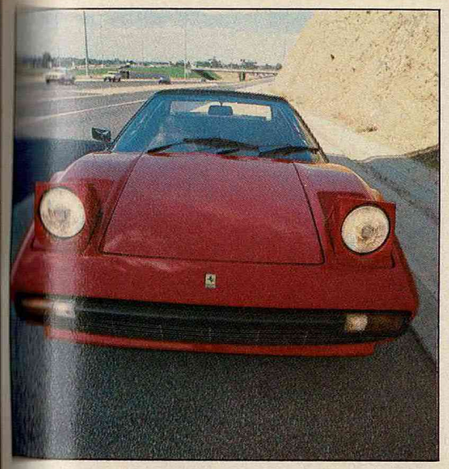
The central chassis division is wide, splitting the cockpit into two separate occupant capsules, and the tunnel carries the shifter and handbrake linkages rearward to the engine/suspension, while accommodating the water cooling plumbing located up front to catch the airstream.

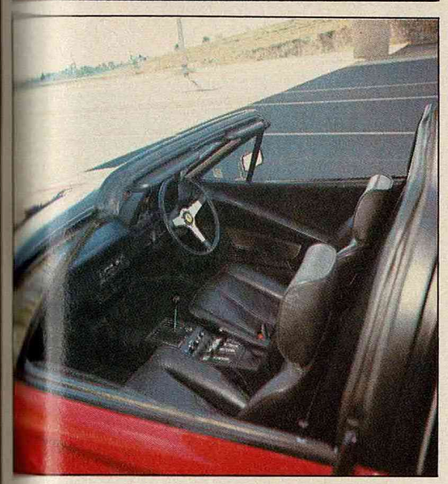
The all-wishbone suspension, with its stiffish rollbars and large (28cm) ventilated and balanced disc brake system, is attached to the chassis at the optimum points. The coachwork is then made to fit over this package (rather than the other way around) and this accounts for the bulbous, flowing lines — which are needed to accommodate large wheels placed at the extremities of the chassis.

The accommodation provided within this package is also remarkable —



with a few minor exceptions such as the spare wheel which has to be deflatable due to the lack of space and the luggage space which is confined to a smallish zipper-top compartment under the engine hood. The occupants are well provided for, however, with relatively easy entry/exit through the wide doors, long-travel seats, generous seating room (even for drivers over two metres tall), and a





Photography by Rob Lick

spacious feel, despite low roofline, and harshly angled glasswork.

For the driver, the car's cockpit represents the ultimate in stylish and functional design. The car is pointed with a neat, flat small diameter alloy/leather wheel. Instruments are dead-ahead, viewed through the top third sector of the spokes, all logically placed. Gears are controlled through a beautifully balanced shift lever which juts straight out of a "race-gate", an agricultural-type piece of chrome-plated equipment that is built for one thing: precise shift movements.

The pedals are big and well-placed, although initially some adaptation is required to master the unusual way in which all heel-toe downshifts are achieved. The other controls, for lights, turn indicators and wipers, seem to be ever ready to the touch of the fingertips.

To add to this is the smell and feel of real Connolly leather seat facings (the rest of the cockpit is also leather), and the raw, raunchy sound of the blended induction and exhaust noises from behind.

Our test was conducted in Melbourne — under arduous conditions for such a thoroughbred, born and raised in the relative mildness of Italy's summers. Daily temperatures ranged from 47C all the way down to 42. Once I was on the road at 2am when the Weather Bureau announced the temperature had fallen to 28C. Some like it hot and the Ferrari didn't mind. The water temp gauge never fluttered beyond 195F and the oil pressure held steady at 95psi (the Italians still use "real" language on the gauges), and at times during the photographic sessions the car was kept idling in the heat for half an hour or more.

This is just a part of the "new generation" Ferraris that now come to our shores; they're far more refined vehicles, adapted in most respects to Australian conditions.

In other respects, the Ferrari mystique is unchanged. The vehicle still represents the pinnacle in automotive engineering excellence and in the way it achieves its design purpose — which is basically to go, stop and move around corners at ultimate velocities while maintaining control and safety.

More than that, it achieves all this with great panache. If the Teutons, like Porsche, produce cars that are Logic, then the Italians, like Ferrari, produce cars that are Emotion.

There is, perhaps, no other car which amplifies every motoring sensation as this one does. It fills the senses with its energy, the sound of its fury, the smell of its luxury.

It is like a big cat — docile and gentle until aroused. There is little to match the exquisite pleasure of cruising the city and suburbs below the legal limit, the car moving easily through the traffic, exhaust barely a burble as the car trucks along effortlessly in the upper gears.

Covering a span of some 400km of hard-testing in varying conditions, the car earned very few demerits. One was the windscreen reflections, a serious problem to the concerned driver, which occasionally warranted getting out of the car to check for obstacles when negotiating awkward driveways, entrances and so on.

The clutch seemed heavier than necessary, and the turning circle was rather large. Noise levels with the top down were fine on the boulevard but oppressive above 100km/h for any distance. A bonus was that most of the sound could be closed out simply by taking the single rooftop panel from behind the seats and clipping it in place with the two easy over-centre catches. This curbed the animal growl to a distant roar.

Traffic manoeuvring also required some care. There were blindspots in the rear quarters due to the body design, and some rear screen reflection which was amplified with the top down.

However, another problem experienced with previous GTBs — poor resistance to sidewinds at high velocities — seemed to be overcome with the Pirelli P7/special wheelpack.

The most encouraging aspect of Ferrari ownership now is its excellent resale value. It is the contention of many Ferrari owners that the only obstacle is the initial investment as the rapidly increasing resale value ensures that upgrading can be achieved — usually without further cost.

This is strongly linked with the great strides in reliability of these cars, particularly in their application to our difficult, and often hazardous motoring conditions.

It is part of the reason why the Victorian distributors, Lance Dixon Motors, who provided our test car, now offer an unlimited-mileage, 12-months warranty — the cars simply do not experience the operational problems of the past. Since this firm now covers the whole of Australia with its sales operation and has sold cars in every corner of the country, this feature is particularly vital. The company even offers the "Rolls-Royce Treatment" in the event of major failures: a mechanic flown to wherever you are at their expense to rectify the mishap.

The cars also come in a remarkably well-equipped form. Standard in the $66,500 price tag on this vehicle are electric windows, air conditioning and stereo. Of these, the electric windows are the most efficient. Despite some considerable boost to the condensor/evaporator capacities, the air conditioning system falls short of the ultimate. The Pioneer stereo is also a compromise in performance, although ignition noise reflecting into the sound reproduction system — once the bane of Ferraris — has disappeared.

If you are quick, you may still be able to prise a pre-budget vehicle out of Lance Dixon's Chris Smith who was lucky enough to have a handful of 308s (both the GT4 and GTB/GTS series) as well as a couple of 512s (Boxers) ordered before the Government brought down the axe. You would do well to remember (when considering the latter) that you still need to convince the leasing company you have sufficient means to meet the monthlies on $127,000. By comparison, the GTS is a snap. Even so, you need have no fear of lack of exclusivity: fewer than 30 Ferraris of all kinds were sold in Australia last year.

MOVIES

grotesque but historically accurate, elephant man is a freak's true story

THE CREDITS and much of the publicity for **The Elephant Man** concentrate on the authenticity of all the events portrayed, piously disclaiming any connection with lesser stage plays and "fictional accounts" of the same name. No one who sees David Lynch's masterly fable of pity and horror is likely to be overly concerned; the appeal of the film scarcely lies in considerations of historical purity or scholarly research. It would not greatly matter if the story were a fabrication from start to finish—it would still be brilliant.

I did in fact, after seeing it, look up an encyclopaedia reference to Sir Frederick Treves, the 19th century English surgeon, to check on what the facts really were. Treves himself was a medico of some distinction, having once wielded the knife on Edward VII, but his relationship with John Merrick, the "Elephant Man", didn't rate a mention. For what it's worth, though, there can be no doubt that the event occurred more or less as is shown. Merrick's case was widely celebrated, and in addition to its medical interest, engaged powerful Victorian sentiments of charity and humanitarianism.

Merrick (John Hurt) has been horribly deformed from birth, and is rescued from his squalid life as a fairground exhibit by the kindly Treves (Anthony Hopkins). Treves is at first motivated by professional ambition, but gradually discovers that his hooded "freak" is a man of some intelligence and cultivation. Installing him in a small isolated room in the august London Hospital, he persuades a sceptical board of governors to let him stay as a permanent patient, and finally teaches him to converse and behave with a certain civilised dignity. For a time at least, virtue and inner goodness triumph over ugliness. It's an old story, deeply rooted in ancient moral codes, and it moves one as deeply as ever.

But wait on. Admittedly Merrick may have sprung from middle-class origins, but where did he learn those good manners and social graces that Treves coaxes from a repressed subconscious? Would a man of obvious intelligence have allowed himself to be brutalised and persecuted for so long by his fairground "proprietor" Bytes (a stunning portrayal by Freddie Jones) without at least running for help? There were not many places to run to, I suppose; and if the sturdy poor could be oppressed by the social conditions of the time, what chance had a diseased and hideous Merrick? There are hints in the film that up to a certain time, a certain age, Merrick's upbringing was covert but normal. At some time, he must have been educated. Certainly he had sufficient power of speech and memory to explain events in his life. But such details are kept from us. The film's mood is deliberately mysterious.

But the film's good things are *so* good that we can afford a qualm or two about its intentions. There are splendid performances from all, including Wendy Hiller as the hospital matron and John Gielgud as the kindly but pompous hospital chairman, whose familiar accents serve only to emphasise more sharply the understated subtlety of Hopkins' performance — a profoundly touching and beautifully crafted study of compassion and decency. Photographed by Freddie Francis in black and white images of chill magnificence, the picture's sense of style and composition is masterly: the recurring nightmare (when the film opens), the dank, spectral alleys of Victorian London, the antiseptic gloom of the hospital, with its bleak corridors and its nameless miseries, all are caught with unerring power. The film is a devastating blend of social documentary and gothic nightmare whose ultimate appeal (I'm sure) is to one's deepest and noblest emotions. At all costs a film to go and see. – EVAN WILLIAMS

•

The films of Akira Kurosawa have received critical accolades for almost half a century and they continue to win top honors at international film festivals, yet Australian audiences are rarely exposed to them — bar the occasional run at the odd big city art house. Now, however, thanks largely to the joint efforts of Francis *(Apocalypse Now)* Coppola and George *(Star Wars)* Lucas, who served as executive producers, Kurosawa's 27th film, **Kagemusha**, has been picked up by 20th Century Fox for international distribution and will be shown in commercial theatres throughout the country.

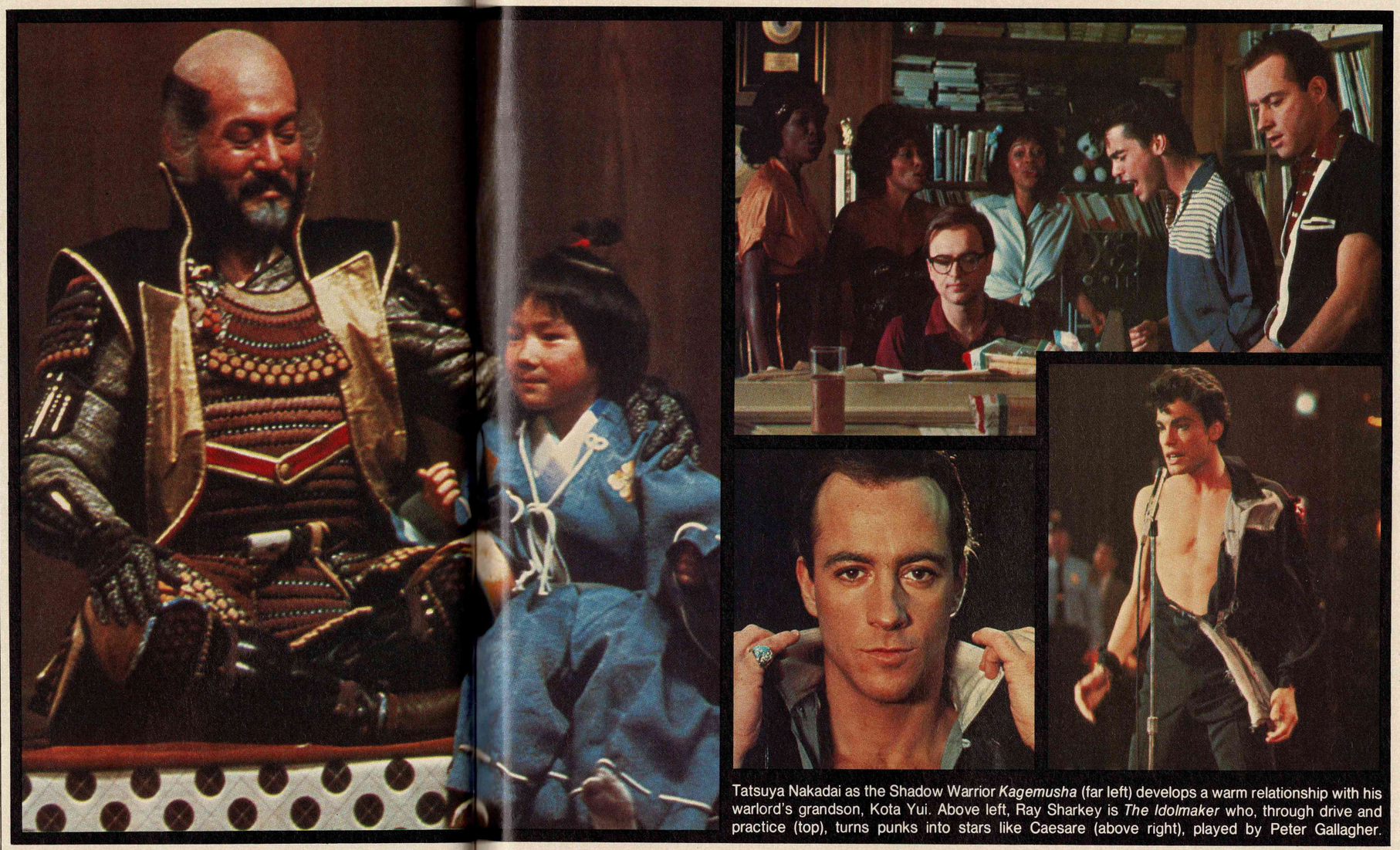
See it. It's as easily accessible as *The Magnificent Seven* (an American remake of Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai)* and as exciting as the first shoot-'em-up spaghetti western, *A Fistful of Dollars* (based on the Japanese director's *Yojimbo).* If you're not already aware of the influence of Kurosawa on Western filmmaking, then *Kagemusha* is a good place to start your education. Based on a theme from Japanese history, Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior) is a peasant thief who is saved from the gallows because of his resemblance to a powerful 16th century warlord who was reported to have used numerous doubles to take his place in battle. When the feudal warrior dies from wounds received in combat, he is replaced by his look-alike, who struggles to transform himself into an acceptable facsimile of the leader. Eventually, Kagemusha comes to believe that he actually *is* the man that he has been forced to impersonate and assumes command over the dead warlord's family, his mistresses, his ministers and his 25,000 soldiers. The Shadow Warrior leads his clansmen into war, and the battle scenes in the movie must surely be among the most spectacular ever filmed. After his victory (an episode from Japanese history, the conflict is infamous for its introduction of firearms into the arsenal of medieval weapons), Kagemusha's arrogant conceit proves to be his undoing, the masquerade is revealed, and he is taunted and stoned back into obscurity.

The film proves that the golden age of Hollywood is alive and well — and living in Japan. The costliest production in the history of Japanese filmmaking, *Kagemusha* shared the grand prize at the 1980 Cannes Film Festival and is a brilliant tribute to its maker, Kurosawa — surely one of the greatest creators in the history of cinema, East or West. – KAREN HAMMIAL

•

The Idolmaker is a great piece of entertainment for those who have a taste for all that was rock 'n' roll, American style, in the early '60s. Vinnie Vaccari (the hyperkinetic Ray Sharkey) is the idolmaker — a brash, New York street kid filled with youthful drive and ambition, yet frustrated in his attempts to break into the music business. The record-buying public at this time was dominated by 13-year-old girls with a pubescent passion for dark Latin sensuality and, to a fellow who "started balding at 18", success comes through hard-nosing his way to the top by marketing his own glamor-boys, Tommy Dee and Caesare, played by Paul Land and Peter Gallagher, respectively. The movie's behind-the-scenes look at the stairway to popstardom, its earnest detailing of those miles travelled to out-of-the-way towns to plug promising records is reminiscent of the many films about the music business which have explored the nuts and bolts aspects of showbiz.

True, there is an added element of Svengalism here. Vaccari as the hard-driven impresario (a character based loosely on Bob Marcucci,



Tatsuya Nakadai as the Shadow Warrior *Kagemusha* (far left) develops a warm relationship with his warlord's grandson, Kota Yui. Above left, Ray Sharkey is *The Idolmaker* who, through drive and practice (top), turns punks into stars like Caesare (above right), played by Peter Gallagher.

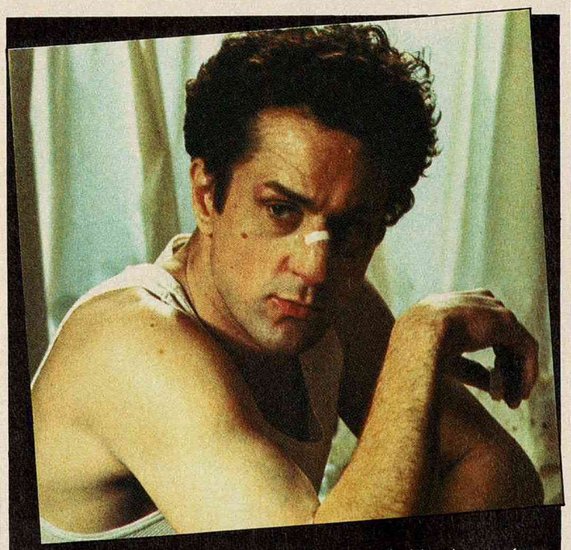
the creator of Frankie Avalon and Fabian) moulds not one but two ungrateful teen idols out of humble clay. The real vitality in the movie is the accurate re-creation of the era through its music and attention to detail in all areas. All of the outside scenes were shot on location in Arthur Avenue, the Bronx, "where the only thing that had changed in the past two decades were the prices."

Although *The Idolmaker* has a lot going for it, mainly the innate vitality of rock music, one has the feeling, afterwards, of having been through a fairly innocuous experience. The film doesn't do anything new enough, different enough or good enough to rise above the level of a routine B music flick. – DEBORAH McNAMARA

•

Indubitably one of the top contenders among current movies, Martin Scorsese's **Raging Bull** may score highly as a technical knockout. Scorsese stages several of the most bloody and gut-busting boxing sequences ever committed to film in an episodic, unsentimental adaptation by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin of middleweight champion Jake La Motta's autobiography, approximately detailing the years of 1941-1960. Add to that an overwhelming performance by Robert de Niro, framed by Michael Chapman's classic as well as classy black-and-white cinematography, plus a superb sound track subliminally providing nonstop nostalgia. Altogether, the film gets off to such a strong head start, the flaws don't show for an hour or so. Then they multiply. There's overkill in Scorsese's subjective slow-motion shots that try to pound poetry into pugilism, but his worst miscalculation was to invest so much supercharged emotion in a character scarcely more likable than Attila the Hun. A simple-minded bully, La Motta outside the ring is even meaner than he is with the gloves on. He's a bore and a wife beater who evolves, blow by blow, into a gross insensitive loudmouth exploiting his faded glory by performing in strip clubs or ludicrous one-man shows. Still, de Niro's remarkable transformation, from lithe young brute to barroom blob, is an unquestionably brilliant *tour de force.*

Scorsese coaxes showstopper stints from his entire cast, especially from newcomer Cathy Moriarty as Vickie, the petulant blonde beauty who became La Motta's second wife and favorite punching bag. The only other character to arouse my sympathy was



Robert de Niro (above) undergoes a remarkable change from the middleweight champion to overweight blob in playing the role of Jake La Motta in Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull.*

Joe Pesci as the champ's put-upon brother Joey, who is also alienated by Jake La Motta's insane jealousy. There has not been such a raw portrait of the Italian-American *macho* man since *The Godfather.* Hardly in the same league, *Raging Bull* is flashy, but empty.

•

Suspense taken seriously has been part of every true movie buff's staple diet since long before Hitchcock started improving on the standard hair-raisers. Lately, there's been more gore than sophistication evident on the screen, with too many filmmakers ready to concede that the public prefers copious bloodletting to a tightly constructed plot. Some recent releases suggest an upswing in taste, or at least the temporary reversal of a god-awful trend. The energy crisis and a top-secret plan to delay production of synthetic fuel are the issues in **The Formula**, a loquacious suspense drama based on producer-adapter Steve Shagan's novel, which in turn was based partly on fact. John G. *(Rocky)* Avildsen directed Shagan's tale of big oil, big banking, bloody murder and OPEC treachery that moves from Beverly Hills to St Moritz, Switzerland, and West Berlin. Since the principal talking heads for hire happen to belong to George C. Scott and Marlon Brando, there's hardly one moment when you're not hanging on every syllable. These two are adversaries, with Scott as a retired detective checking out the meaningless murder of an old friend. Brando is in especially good form as the deadly but deceptively easy-going chief of a huge conglomerate. Marthe Keller plays the beautiful woman who invariably catches a heel, or loses one, in the sticky centre of such plots. Slow stuff, yet time flies when you're having fun. Just shift gears.

– BRUCE WILLIAMSON

•

Who'd have believed Liz Taylor's name would ever appear in a movie's credits in *alphabetical* order – beneath the likes of Edward Fox and Geraldine Chaplin? Or that Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson and Kim Novak (to name but a few) would turn up together in *any* movie released in 1981. It would have to be something pretty old-fashioned, and an Agatha Christie whodunnit might just be the thing. The result of this sad misalliance of spent talents is **The Mirror Crack'd**, in which, among other miscalculations, Angela Lansbury has been cast as Miss Marple, the little old lady who sorts out the occasional homicide in the village of St Mary Mead. As originally conceived, Miss Marple was tiny, frail, shy; her razor-witted detective talents being rarely displayed until the last page; in the movie, Lansbury plays a different stereotype – the robust, hearty, "sensible" English spinster who comes on strongly from the start, providing a public demonstration of her skills in a ridiculous pre-credit sequence involving a movie mystery screening in a village hall, a broken-down projector and a "solution" supplied to a frustrated and grateful audience. Sleepy St Mary Mead, on which an American film company (Hudson, Taylor and co) descend with their heavy emotional baggage of marital hang-ups and professional jealousies, looks more like Windsor or Stratford, a glossy, manicured tourist town. Christie stories rarely stand up well to movie treatment: the simple cut-out characters on which the puzzles are built collapse under the weight of big screens and flesh-and-blood actors. *Death on the Nile* and *Murder on the Orient Express* are cases in point. Here, all the mystification (poisoned drinks, stately homes, anonymous phone calls) is capably directed by Guy Hamilton, and I confess that I didn't tumble to the ending. But those who have read the book might as well stay at home. There isn't much in the film apart from the solution, and that's a long time coming.

EVAN WILLIAMS

SHOWBIZ

from movie plans to tv ratings wars, to a chastised "rodders" stewart

AT LAST Angela Punch-MacGregor is to appear in a picture looking like a normal woman instead of a dangerous lunatic. The poor girl had to wander around with mud stuck all over her face while starring with Michael Caine in *The Island,* and while courting Michael Craig in *The Timeless Land* she was stripped of all make-up and made to look something like a plucked chook. But all that's over.

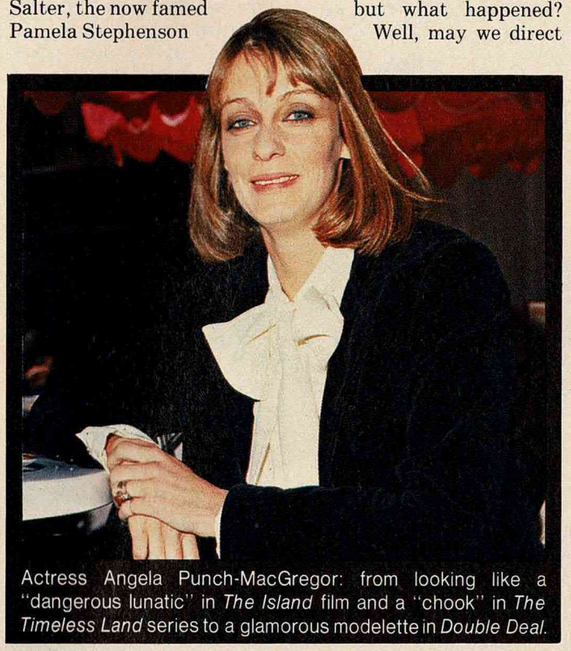
She's just finished filming *Double Deal,* a new Oz production which features the awfully suave Louis Jourdan and various local character actors. In marked contrast to the mud and missing chicken feathers, Angela gets to play a glamorous modelette who attempts to rip off her coldly aristocratic husband. The plot is all a bit rush around and violent, but with Louis on board it could be just the thing to get more roles for young Angela in international pictures. She is, after all, one of our most accomplished actresses.

•

Antipodean movie buffs should pay attention to *Double Deal* when it hits the theatres later this year simply because it marks the emergence of a powerful new producer and director in the shape of Brian Kavanagh. Brian came up with the picture's $1 million budget (all local investors), wrote the thing, and of course did the directing as well. Until *Double Deal,* and the yet-to-be-released *Maybe This Time* (which stars Judy Morris), Brian's credits were not of the directorial kind. However, the fact that he was responsible for editing *The Chant Of Jimmy Blacksmith, The Odd Angry Shot* and *The Devil's Playground* should be indication enough of his ability.

•

While we're on the subject of local cinema, it's worth catching up on the new bizarre effort by the *Fatty Finn* director Maurice Murphy. His *Doctors and Nurses* began production in January, and as we mentioned in an earlier issue, the film uses children in an outrageous send-up of all those turgid hospital flicks. The ankle-biters run the joint while ministering to various weirdos played by Bert Newton, Graeme Blundell, June Salter, the now famed Pamela Stephenson and the theatre star Drew Forsythe. It's hardly the recipe for sensible cinema, but it's planned as an all-family Christmas release, and the same game plan worked beautifully with F. Finn. Perhaps one clue to Mr Murphy's approach to moving pictures could be detected in the work of Ken Russell, the great out-of-control Brit director. A few years ago Maurice was making TV serials and things in London, and found himself constantly shooting around Kenny Russell's production schedule. The reason? Both would use the same actors and locations.



Actress Angela Punch-MacGregor: from looking like a "dangerous lunatic" in *The Island* film and a "chook" in *The Timeless Land* series to a glamorous modelette in *Double Deal.*

•

It's an awesome responsibility always to be correct about everything, and of course we at PLAYBOY are never wrong about anything . . . ever. Remember a month or so ago when we fulminated about Mike Willesee's alleged plot to use more comedy and a lighter approach to grab the ratings back from the Nine Network's hit show *Sale Of The Century?* At the time Mike refused to credit such speculation, but what happened? Well, may we direct your attention to the new show launched in February. It's too early yet to pontificate about ratings (or the lack of them) but in the matter of comedy, we rest our case.

•

Just when one was getting used to cartoons and aged detective shows on the tube after a night on the stay-awake stimulants, one suddenly finds a rash of information and bright chat provided by informative and very chatty people. We're talking, of course, of the new early morning wake-up Australia shows being churned out by the networks. When we went to press, they were still doing all the secretive pre-launch business, but at least the activity did result in the emergence of a couple of intelligent TV stars (a rarity indeed). Steve Liebmann got a mention in a recent issue, and of course the Channel 10 star is Gordon Elliot, one of the brightest new talents on the Oz tube.

•

Fanciers of spindly chaps who sport heavily dyed blond hair and a reputation for sexual gymnastics will be disappointed to hear of the non-arrival of Mr Rodney Stewart. Rodders was to have graced us with his presence during April, but unfortunately recent excesses on his European tour have caused more than a little heated domestic behavior involving Alana, his missus and the mother of his two children. In other words, Rod is in the shit, and he's not allowed to go on a new tour before October-November which is when he'll be here.

•

More international music notes: Not surprisingly, Glenn Shorrock and the boys from The Little River Band are most excited about their forthcoming visit to romantic Montserrat, the Caribbean island where former Beatles' producer, George Martin, likes to mix records. George is currently in Oz supervising the initial recording of LRB's new album, and they all trot off to the sun some time in June-July. And the effect upon the band of the great man's expertise? Well, Mr Shorrock summed it up best when he said: "Jesus, the man's a genius. I mean, he's just finished doing a new album for Paul McCartney, and apparently before they started work he threw seven songs back in McCartney's face and told him they weren't good enough. He is the only man in the world who could do something like that to McCartney."

One hopes Mr Martin is a little kinder to LRB.

– ANDREW SAW

MUSIC

indulge yourself in a musical feast of chili peppers, courvoisier and big mac

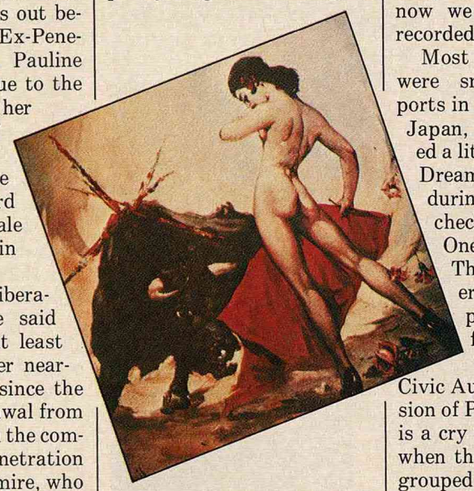
NOT SINCE the days Dusty Springfield decided to use her vocal chords for nothing more exciting than the morning gargle has a British singer of the feminine gender displayed anything approaching genuine testicle fortitude. Maggie Bell gave it her best shot, Marianne Faithful just about flashed some balls on her *Broken English* and Chrissie Hynde dips out because she's a Yank. Ex-Penetration songstress Pauline Murray remains true to the British school on her *Pauline Murray and the Invisible Tears* (RSO), to enforce the belief that it's a hard struggle for female rock 'n' roll singers in the Old Dart.

In the name of liberation, it should be said that Pauline has at least managed to slip her near-punk confinement since the recent, um, withdrawal from Penetration. Still in the company of former Penetration bassist Robert Blamire, who shares most of the writing with the singer, Ms Murray heads up bits and pieces of the Buzzcocks and other bands under the collective tag of the Invisible Girls. The album sold fairly well in the UK late last year to at least give the Stigwood group justification for its pursuit of the band. The overall package confirms the strength of Blamire and Murray as writers of smart, melodic songs for tomorrow but it will require a bigger effort than this for Pauline and the Girls to make anything more than a small dent outside of the UK.

•

One album bound to form a lasting association with my stylus is Ry Cooder's *Borderline* (WB). The exotic Mex postcard sleeve says this one's carrying a bit of overproof, hot peppers and some smuggled contraband aboard to brighten up our drab lives. Listening to Ry strangle the bottleneck poetry out of his axe will send you reaching for the waist of a bottle of Ensenada's finest, just to set the mood. Journey south with the man with his travelogue of The Girls From Texas and on over the Rio Grande to the cockroach-chasing strut of the title track.

Cooder playing a multiplicity of guitars through a



range of styles is a joy in itself. With his male chorus in tow, he succeeds in producing a sound that almost makes the trip from Negro gospel sway to the exotic harmonies of Guadalajara's mariachis. It offers some surprising changes of pace, starting with the soul rush of the Steve Cropper-Eddie Floyd tune 634-5789 and making it through a delicate treatment of Joe South's Down In The Boondocks.

Ry's pursuit of something finer made him one of the earliest to take the digital plunge. The obvious clarity of digital recording adds credence to *Borderline's* promo claim that it's one of the best of recent releases.

•

Few rock and roll outfits last long enough to reach menopause but, if or when the time comes, a probable symptom is the release of the monumental live album. Fleetwood Mac's *Live* (WB) is bound to be seen in that light following the exacting five years of creativity that preceded its release. This double-headed effort was culled from the Tusk Tour of 1979-80, an odyssey which made Marco Polo look like a day-tripper. Umpteen cities and eleventy squillion fans sampled the Big Mac, and now we have the colorful recorded postcard.

Most of the live takes were snared at different ports in the US, Europe and Japan, but the Mac cheated a little by putting down Dreams and Don't Stop during a Paris sound check, while Fireflies, One More Night and The Farmer's Daughter were snared at a private bash for friends and crew at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. The inclusion of Pete Green's Oh Well is a cry from a neolithic age when the original Mac were grouped among the emerging British blues bands. Coincidentally, it is the playing of current lead guitarist Lindsey Buckingham which makes *Live* more than just a re-hash of Fleetwood Mac's greatest hits. Sometimes labored, usually inventive and irregularly inspired, it seems that the arrival of *Tusk* and Buckingham's improved stature has produced a new dimension to both the guitarist's playing and the Big Mac sound.

Live is not as technically pure as the very best concert recordings, but it is a more than fair assembly of the on-stage product of a genuine rock and roll mammoth.

•

Brooklyn-born, banker, boozing buddy of Beatles and Pythons (Monty), and general rock and roll eccentric Harry Nilsson is alive and well with a new album. Called *Flash Harry* (Mercury), it's his 19th (gosh) and will be remembered for many things besides a small contribution from John Lennon. Unlikely to touch the heights achieved by his Schmilsson series of the early 1970s, *Flash Harry* wrests a good measure of nostalgic relevancy from the assistance of Eric Idle and Charlie Dore, making guest appearances singing Idle's song, Harry, as well as Ringo Starr, Klaus Voormann, Jim Keltner, Steve Cropper and Donald "Duck" Dunn (among others).

Look for the inspiration for the title on the sleeve where an edition from the George MacDonald Frazer *Flashman* series nestles its spine close to the waste of a bottle of Courvoisier. Flash Harry. The album is a reminder of what a marvellously complex bod is Harry Nilsson. He's a Californian by choice, conjures vocal comparisons with Sinatra and Crosby, but has regularly looked to England for inspiration. The Schmilsson series was recorded in London and many of his closest pals are raging Anglophiles. John Lennon always believed that the hard-living Nilsson would beat him to the grave, so Old Dirt Road (Lennon-Nilsson) rates as a suitably ironic tribute to an old friend. How Long Can Disco On was co-written by Starr, and Harry takes a leap into Python absurdity with a glittering delivery of Idle's Bright Side of Life. How Nilsson finds time for albums is a mystery. He recently completed the soundtrack for the movie *Popeye* and has written two stage shows himself. But productivity makes no inroads on quality as supported by the grace and power of his music.

Perhaps the magic is embraced by Derek Taylor's liner notes which pay tribute to the way Nilsson is regarded by his peers: "A study of the names associated with this album is interesting . . . although super-session-men turn out for all Hollywood albums blandly, in some ritual of cool, it's worth saying that the appearance of the great on the LP represent a real and abiding affection for Nilsson and, in some cases, thirsts and appetites equal to the singer's."

•

It's a safe bet that Nick Gilder will never escape his English heritage. The latest from the pop/rock machine is tagged *Rock America* (Casablanca) and while it's fair to say that this was the fare of London at least six years ago, it's still highly marketable in that far-flung backwater of colonialism, the US West Coast. In fact, the title track sounds too like Bowie's Young Americans for words. The shame of it all is that just one extra wag of Gilder's creative tail might have produced something far more timely. He's got the rare gift of patching a good clutch of lyrics on to catchy rock and roll melody but too often throws it away by using a stolen vocal technique or a borrowed riff. It'd be interesting to hear someone with the vocal might and inventiveness of, say, Southside Johnny, get hold of On The Beat, shake a bit of the labored English phrasing out of it and rip out its pop liver. Then the title of *Rock America* might make sense.

•

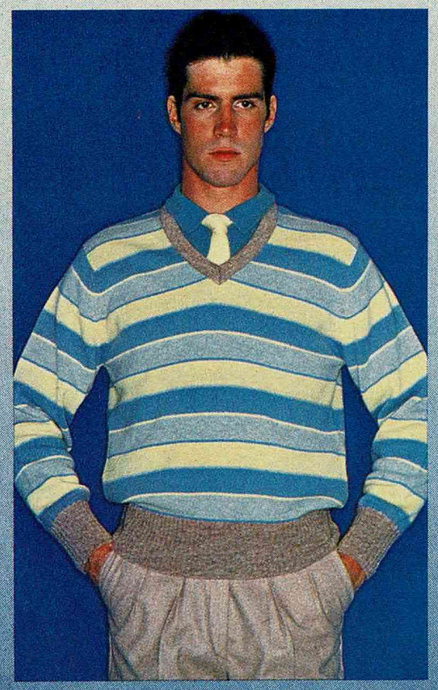
It's an odd but an increasingly popular move to mix studio works with concert recordings, and there are few in the class which work as well as *Live* × *More* (Atlantic) by Roberta Flack and Peabo Bryson. Whether or not the still-emerging Bryson will make it into the Marvin Gaye-Donny Hathaway league remains to be seen, but the Flack association must be one helluva leg up. The live takes were picked off at the Holiday Star Theatre in Merillville, Indiana; the studio sessions were later put in at The Hit Factory, New York City. Both artists deployed their own bands for the singular live work but, despite equal billing, it is unquestionably Roberta's album. The framework of the association rests largely on the pair's balance as a writing team. Make the World Stand Still, Love Is A Waiting Game and More Than Everything head up the evidence of their joint writing skills, while Bryson has written three cuts of his own to earn a proportionate share of the credits.

Careful selections from the libraries of Stevie Wonder (Don't Make Me Wait Too Long), Norman Gimble and Charles Fox (Killing Me Softly With His Song) and Eugene McDaniels' (Feel Like Makin' Love) complete the balance and make *Live* × *More* highly listenable, with only the faintest of obligatory knee bends to disco.

•

How's this for a plot for a rock musical fantasy: three Russian Jewish music-cum-science academics, frustrated at restrictions which exclude soul and western funk from their music, opt out of

Recent offerings from Ry Cooder, Fleetwood Mac, Harry Nilsson and Nick Gilder make it a good month for a lot of easy listening.



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the USSR and head for the good ole US of A with barely a coupla hundred bucks among them. Find their way to Detroit and the establishment of Motown/Hitsville USA. The company that gave wings to so many black acts bolts the talented combo of wife, husband and her brother to a contract and launches them off into the wide, blue capitalist yonder.

A joke? No. And what's more, somebody with an all-too-predictable sense of whimsy dubbed them *Black Russian.* Their self-titled debut album (Motown) is an absorbing piece not simply for the band's amazing pedigree, but for the sheer quality and depth of the musicianship. Such is the combined strength of Serge and Natasha Kapustin and Vladimir Shneider on a range of instruments that the work was compiled with only a minimum of outside musical support.

All that formal training in various Russian colleges is the secret, and Natasha can sing anything from a Sedaka-style pop bash to a Maria Muldaur croon. The moody New York City is one of the most lingering songs you're likely to hear this year and reason enough in itself to pay due attention. *Black Russian* is likely to be one of the real surprises of 1981, providing Motown and the Australian distributors, Astor, are prepared to promote them properly. I mean, who'd believe the story otherwise?

— NEIL JAMESON

•

In a recent review I extolled the virtues of a CBS record by George Duke called *A Brazilian Love Affair.* Music of a similar quality has now been released on Motown by reed man Grover Washington Jr under the title of *Skylarkin'.* It is every bit as enjoyable as the earlier disc, and similarly Latin-influenced.

Washington has seemed rather lightweight to me on past performances, but he shines throughout on this better-than-average record that has many high spots, particularly on those tracks on which he plays soprano saxophone — such as Easy Loving You and Roland Kirk's Bright Moments, the latter with the crisp acoustic piano of Jorge Dalto.

Eric Gale's guitar is felt rather than heard. He plays a lesser role than usual on this date, and percussionists Idris Muhammed and Ralph MacDonald offer subtle support on most of the tunes, except Snake Eyes, which sounds more in the disco/crossover mould, with Washington building up quite a climax against a more assertive rhythm.

Stevie Wonder's I Can't Help It is just great, with the leader's soprano at its fluent best. Special mention should be made of the ballad track Love written by Ralph MacDonald.

All in all, a top rate album that adds stature to Grover Washington's already wide reputation.

•

Great news for Australian jazz fans is the exciting *Time/Life* program of superbly engineered historic re-issues that was recently launched in this country with a boxed 3-record set in their *Giants of Jazz* series featuring Louis Armstrong. Included is a most comprehensive illustrated 50-page booklet that further adds to the stature of the package.

The music ranges from a 1923 date of Dipper Mouth Blues by Louis when he was a member of King Oliver's Jazz Band and goes up to his 1950 All Stars Group that included such unique stars as Jack Teagarden, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, Arvell Shaw and Cozy Cole.

In between are included many of Louis' most celebrated recordings, made for a variety of labels when he was truly setting the music world afire. More than any previous set, this collection traces the incomparable progress of one of the truly legendary figures of modern music and reveals just why he is so widely revered by many generations of jazz aficionados.

Louis is heard as both trumpeter and singer in a stunning range of settings — as a member of Clarence Williams' Blue Five, the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra, leading his celebrated Hot Five and Hot Seven groups plus his sundry bigger groups as well as backing singer Bessie Smith on Cold In Hand Blues.

Echoes of the New Orleans big band era are apparent in the 1929 Mahogany Hall Stomp sparked by Paul Barbarin's great drumming. Naturally When It's Sleepy Time Down South is included in a 1931 treatment leading on to his pre-war popular hit in When The Saints Go Marching In, featuring J. C. Higginbotham's trombone.

Pennies From Heaven includes the cornet of Bobby Hackett, Peanuts Hucko clarinet, Dick Carey piano, Bob Haggart bass, Sid Catlett drums.

This is a collection to whet any appetite. The exciting fact is that this superb release is just the forerunner of a whole string of similar packages from the *Time/Life* organisation in the months ahead. I will certainly keep you posted! — KYM BONYTHON

•

There was once a time when the production standards of Australian classical records were at the "tunnel sound" level, with a little hiss and crackle thrown in for good measure. But times have changed and, as if to put a seal on it, last November saw the launching of ABC Records, the commission's recording wing, with a range of light classical, popular music, jazz and children's songs.

Centrepiece of the launching is a five record/cassette boxed set, *The Australian Symphony Orchestras,* featuring ABC Orchestras from all States. The technical standard of the pressings is as good as one might expect from, say, EMI in Britain or CBS in America.

However, the orchestras' musical contributions cannot be described as memorable — competent would perhaps be a better word. Indeed, some — particularly the Sydney and the Melbourne Symphony Orchestras — sound at times like musicians who have played the pieces once too often.

The Sydney Symphony Orchestra's contribution includes Kurt Weill's suite from the Threepenny Opera, while Melbourne's Orchestra treats us to Haydn's 52nd Symphony and Ravel's oft-repeated Bolero. The Queensland Symphony's contribution comprises the Creatures of Prometheus Overture, by Beethoven, the William Byrd Suite and Vaughan Williams' Wasps overture. Orchestras from other States offer works by, among others, Grieg, Elgar, Tchaikovsky and Rossini.

Other albums released by ABC Records are *Wandering the King's Highway* with Raymond Myers, in fine, rich baritone, of the Australian Opera, delivering traditional songs including the album title, the Floral Dance and Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Taking a bow for its own television shows, the ABC's Showband offers, a little heavy-handedly, the themes from *Parkinson, Dad's Army* and *The Onedin Line* among others, on the album titled *The Timeless Land and Other Great Television Themes.*

Children's records of all-Australian origin are quite rare, so *Earth Watch,* from an ABC-TV show of the same name, is a welcome addition to the album collection. Kids from the show sing tunes with ecology messages.

Another album features middle-of-the-road jazz, with most of the tracks originally recorded for an ABC Radio show *Music to Midnight.* The album has the same name. Sydney horn player Bob Barnard is featured in fine form playing such standards as Stardust, Skylark and the not-so-often-heard Stars Fell On Alabama.

Finally, ABC Records rounds off its premier effort with *Bill Belcher's Band Bazaar.* The tracks include a wide selection of what's popular in band music today. If it's to your tastes, fine, but don't forget the neighbors. — NEAL MORRISSEY

SHORT-CUTS

Wide-reaching political comment moves into new regions with Tom Robinson's appearance in a band called Sector 27. Their self-titled debut album (Mercury) is as much like the Tom Robinson Band's old gear as pork is like peas.

On *Keeping Our Love Warm* (Casablanca), the Captain and Tennille have preserved their ability to punch out an album which lingers in the mind for as long as it takes the ejection switch to click.

Certain to have Peter Sellers cringing in his crypt is Dr Poo's *Knees Ahoy!* (ABC). What works as instant comedy in 2JJJ's smart radio format gets stuck in the U-bend on long-play record.

John Farrar has made a lot of money writing pop songs for such front-liners as Olivia Newton-John. But his self-titled album on CBS hints that singing is definitely not his forte.

It's probable that old Eagle Randy Meisner wanted *One More Song* (Epic) billed under the name of his band, the Silverados, rather than his solo title. No matter, it's a remarkable collection of perfectly delivered songs.

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Ortofon engineers are perfectionists, and it is with this aim in mind that they have created the new Concorde STD – a cartridge that combines elegant looks with superb technical performance.

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BOOKS

a great book by a great writer stirs the reader's most powerful emotions

IT IS glibly said that every novel is, in some sense, autobiographical. William Styron's *Sophie's Choice* (Corgi) is so intensely personal that one's emotions bleed for the literary courage this most sensitive of American writers has shown in committing his and a dear friend's soul to the public for scrutiny.

I cannot recall having read a more harrowing dossier of one person's torment than that experienced by the lady Styron knew, loved, laughed and cried with, and whom he calls Sophie. As her confessor and biographer, Styron eloquently re-examines Hitler's genocidal solution to "the Jewish question". But his book is so much more than a novel about Auschwitz or the holocaust. It is a profound statement on man's basic inhumanity to man.

It doesn't really matter how much of *Sophie's Choice* is straight biography and how much is fiction. What is important is that Styron can move us to try to understand the enormity of the pressures which twisted and scarred the lives of all the Sophies who survived the darkest period in modern history. While we, the lucky ones, were at school or university or petting on the back porch, the Sophies were doing penance for the whole of mankind.

Sophie is blighted from the time the first jackboot rang on the cobblestones of her native Cracow and re-kindled the innate hatred of gentile Poles for Jews. In that crucible was forged a duality that only Sophie's death could assuage. Day by day, her wretched life is chronicled by Stingo, the novel's diarist. And page by page the reader is led to that ultimate horror that is the only choice the tragic Sophie can make. Even with all the foreboding so skilfully created by Styron through his alter ego in Stingo, when the moment of Sophie's choice comes, the shock is as intense as any I have ever experienced in literature.

John Baker, former editor of the influential US journal, *Publisher's Weekly*, calls this book "one of the indisputably great novels of postwar American literature." I don't know why he imposed that geographic restriction on its greatness. Though the final days of the tragedy unfold in New York, Sophie's story transcends all boundaries. It is as international as evil and prejudice, love and hate, fear and joy and misery.

Only great books and great writers stir strong and deep feelings among their readers. *Sophie's Choice* is such a book and William Styron is such a writer. This latest Styron book has been a long time reaching Australia, but the wait has been worthwhile. – RUSS DEILEY

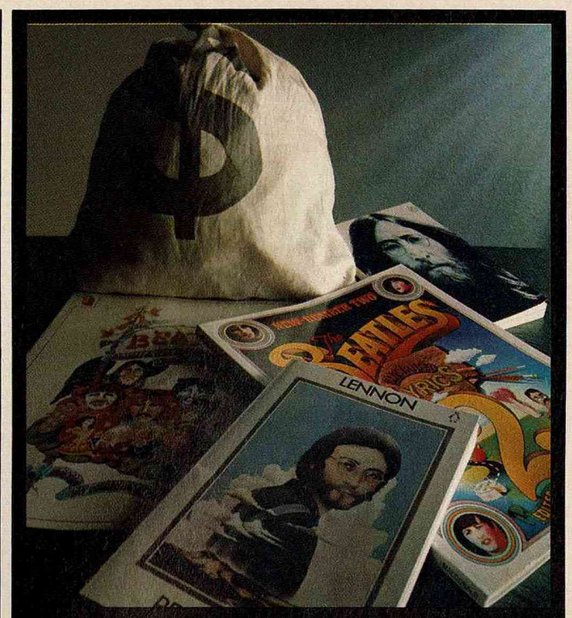
•

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign.
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to c . . . again.

Thus wrote John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, hedonist, iconoclast, libertarian, the most brilliant, dissolute and daring of Charles II's courtiers, who died 300 years ago. Yet the attitudes to love, sex, politics and society are as modern and original, the language as hard-hitting, colloquial and as sexually explicit, the sense of the city as urgent and alive as in any 20th century poet.

A gentleman with a private income did not publish, but circulated his poems by hand from Restoration wit to wit, so no Rochester collection was available until after his early death, burnt out at 33.

Even then the editions were expurgated and corrupted, and in Victorian times many of the poems were considered much too

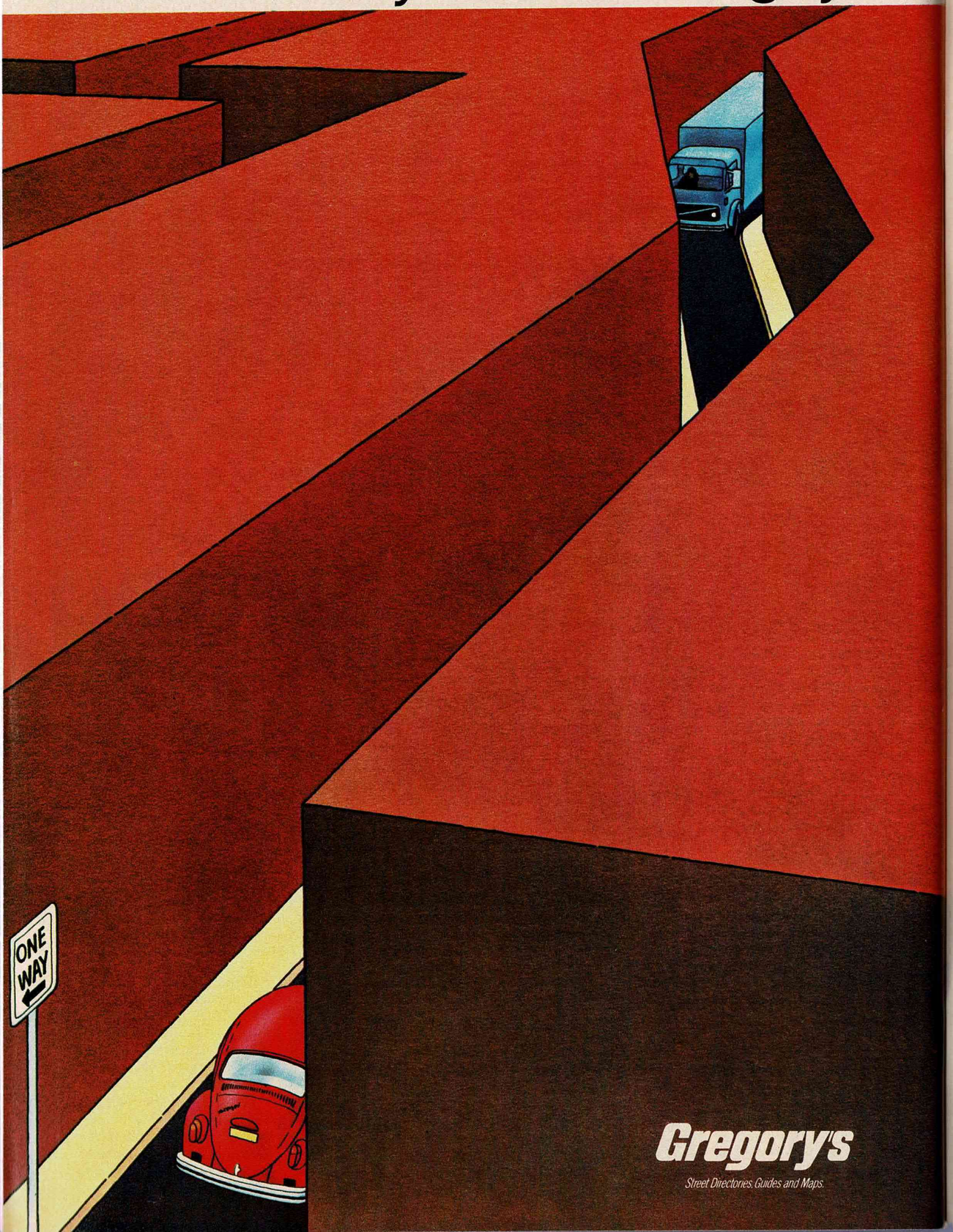


It was an ill wind that blew a burst of necrophernalia throughout the corridors of the world's publishing houses the minute Mark David Chapman's marksmanship became public knowledge. The result, of course, was to throw the presses into overdrive in a desperate rally to match the public's demand for anything pertaining to the Life and Times of John Lennon. His death has tripped off an epidemic of Beatles nostalgia with the obvious effects on book sales. A spot check in the first month following the December shooting revealed at least 30 Lennon or Beatles-related titles available on US bookshelves, with more planned.

Lennon Remembers (Penguin), a re-issue of extended interviews conducted by *Rolling Stone* editor/publisher Jann Wenner which first appeared in collated form in 1970, sold well. As the first post-Beatle examination, it is colored by the tensions which pervaded the Fab Four's disbandment and contrasts strongly with more recent and dispassionate interviews. Lennon's bias aside, it is still one of the most informative Beatles documents.

Visual appeal in bulk makes Alan Alridge's *The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics:* Books One and Two (MacDonald) the most eye-catching items in the range. First published in 1969, Volume One was followed in 1971 by its sister edition. Alridge conceived the illustrated lyrics idea, and it is his award-winning creative graphics which dominate both books and the styles of many of the contributing artists. Historically, the illustrations skewer much of the Beatles work to the immediacy of the Swingin' '60s and the romanticism and optimism of psychedelia. And as a documentary, the double volumes' worth is greatly enhanced by explanatory notes and quotes from the Beatles and various associates. For Alridge, it was obviously a labor of love. For Beatles fans, they'll trigger off a volley of memories — so many songs. – NEIL JAMESON

Sooner or later you'll need a Gregory's.



shocking to print. But now Sydney University lecturer David Brooks has edited a new selection, *Lyrics & Satires of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester* (Hale & Iremonger), a delightful edition with a portrait of the handsome Earl on its scarlet cover . . . a must for all rake-hells and lovers of good poetry.

Like all the great roisterers of the past, Rochester repented in the arms of the church upon his deathbed, but before that melancholy event, no meddling prude or book banner, not even Rochester himself, was able to rob us of such immortal lines as this wicked verse to the King's mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland:

Quoth the Duchess of Cleveland to counsellor Knight,
'I'd fain have a prick, knew how I to come by 't.
I desire you be secret, and give your advice.
Though c . . . be not coy, reputation is nice.'

Or the delicious, teasing bisexuality of:

Nor shall our love-fits, Chloris, be forgot,
When each a well-looked linkboy strove t'enjoy,
And the best kiss was the deciding lot,
Whether the boy f . . . . d you, or I the boy.

Charles II forgave him his brawls, his abduction of a young heiress, his smashing of the sundial in the garden at Whitehall, even the lampoon pinned to his bedchamber door, and the satire Rochester handed to him by mistake, which included a portrait of Nell Gwynne, his occasional mistress, trying to bring the aging King to attain erection:

This you'd believe, had I but time to tell ye
The pains it costs to poor laborious Nelly,
Whilst she employs hands, fingers, mouth and thighs,
Ere she can raise the member she enjoys.

– DOROTHY HEWETT

•

How does one create a second character as immediate and tactile as the lantern-faced junkie, Javo, in 1978's National Book Council award-winning novel, *Monkey Grip*? Helen Garner doesn't try. This Melbourne writer calms down in *Honour and Other People's Children* (McPhee Gribble), two mini-novel-length stories, written in Paris where daily life is art, and re-written in Moonee Ponds where it's another matter entirely.

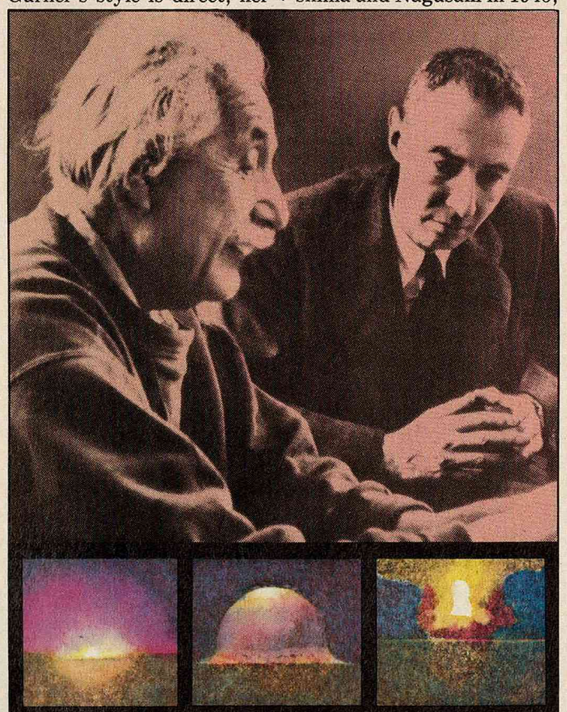
As with *Monkey Grip*, Garner's style is direct, her language subtle and lambent. Mostly, she writes about women who look for love in the most unlikely places and find what you'd expect. But, battle scarred, they jump back in the ring and keep on fighting. These are women who have long ago abandoned the nuclear family, although some are slowly being drawn back to it; women who are trying to be hard and strong and live with a new code of ethics, who care little for the feminine conventions of make-up and fashion and under-arm shaving. But all the old problems that plague marriage, Garner discovers, are universal to all relationships, and her ghetto characters try to deal with them as best they can — with honor. Compelling reading from a fine craftswoman.

– KAREN HUGHES

•

The Brobdingnagian mental capacities of J. Robert Oppenheimer created the awesome terror of the atom bomb — the deadliest weapon ever used by mankind.

Unleashed over Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, it brought the war to an abrupt end and probably saved the lives of many thousands of servicemen on both sides. A mixed blessing, for it left a damning legacy — the eternal threat of the holocaust.



Oppenheimer with Albert Einstein at Princeton University. At bottom, the formation of the fireball during the first four seconds: "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds."

But it was perhaps only after the first successful test at Los Alamos in 1945 that Oppenheimer realised what he had done.

In *J. Robert Oppenheimer* (British Broadcasting Corporation, Pitman Publishing), author Peter Goodchild quotes this giant of science's immediate feelings: "A few people laughed, a few people cried, most people were silent. There floated through my mind a line from the *Bhagavad-Gita* in which Krishna tries to persuade the prince to perform his duty: 'I am become death, the shatterer of worlds'."

In turn, his world was shattered when he was indicted shortly afterwards to answer charges of being a security risk. Goodchild, with fresh material from FBI archives newly released under the American Freedom of Information Act and recent interviews with Oppenheimer's peers, has created a powerful biography of another victim of the anti-communist paranoia that swept America in the '50s.

A born researcher, Goodchild lets the facts speak, and the book ends with a chilling warning to all "free" world countries. He allows a quote from Alan Barth's 1951 book, *Loyalty of Free Men,* to set the final scene: "Any American hearing of a foreign country in which the police were authorised to proscribe lawful associations, in which the administrative tribunals were authorised to condemn individuals by star-chamber proceedings on the basis of anonymous testimony for beliefs and associations entailing no criminal conduct, would conclude without hesitation that the country was a country in which tyranny prevailed."

Goodchild then twists the knife . . . In such a country was Oppenheimer "tried". His private life was investigated. He belonged to organisations which were then "proscribed" as unlawful. He was subjected to an "administrative tribunal" which "condemned" him "on the basis of anonymous testimony". And all in the name of security.

"But America," writes Goodchild, "is only one of the countries of the 'free' world which conforms to this description of an authoritarian society and this is why the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer is no isolated incident of justice miscarried. It stands as a warning of where our mistrust, not only in others but in ourselves, will lead."

– ALLAN MOULT

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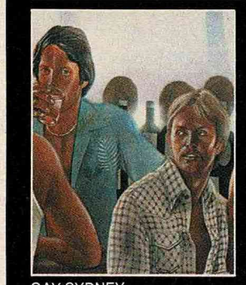
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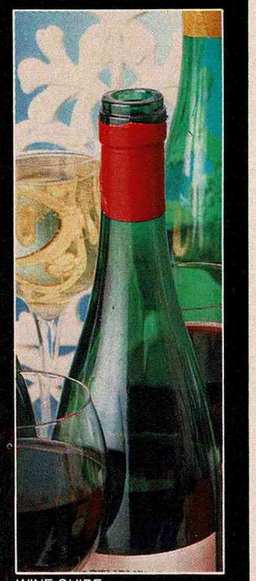
WINE GUIDE

MICHELLE, MA BELLE — READER RESPONSE TO OUR EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL ON **MICHELLE RANDELL** IN THE JANUARY ISSUE WAS SO GREAT THAT, BEING ALL HEART, WE'RE BRINGING HER BACK AS QUEEN OF THE MAY

KAPOW! — INTRODUCING A NEW MONTHLY (WE SHOULD LIVE SO LONG) MAGAZINE: **BIG BANG,** IN CELEBRATION OF A NUCLEAR DOOMSDAY. HUMOR, OF SORTS, BY **NEIL JAMESON** — TO PREPARE YOU FOR THE COMING HOLOCAUST

SYDNEY — THE GAY CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA. IT'S NOW QUITE RESPECTABLE (IT'S ALWAYS BEEN FASHIONABLE) TO ADMIT TO BEING A HOMOSEXUAL . . . AT LEAST IF YOU RESIDE IN SYDNEY. **DAPHNE GUINNESS** TALKS TO SPOKESMEN OF THE GAY COMMUNITY AND FINDS OUT WHAT LIFE'S LIKE OUT OF THE CLOSET

AN ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEDUCTION — KNOWING WHAT BLOWS YOUR LADY OFF THE PLANET AND TRANSFORMS HER INTO A RAGING SEXPOT IS AS GOOD AS WINNING THE COSMIC LOTTERY. **ATHENA STARWOMAN** CONSULTS HER CHARTS AND TELLS YOU HOW TO PUT THE WHAM BACK INTO THE BAM

THE THUNDERBOLT — IT CAN HAPPEN TO ANY MAN: EVEN TO THE MOST HARDBITTEN OLD JOURNO IN THE BUSINESS. ONE OF THE WISEST OF THEM WAS SITTING IN HIS NEW YORK OFFICE TYPING AWAY WHEN VANESSA WALKED IN AND — KAPOW — HE WAS SMITTEN. FICTION BY **PAUL DOUGHERTY**

GUERRILLA WARFARE IN THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION — ONE THING TO REMEMBER ABOUT THE TECHNOLOGY WAR: THE OTHER SIDE TAKES PRISONERS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU MAY ALREADY BE PROGRAMMED BY COMPUTERS AT HOME. TO AVOID CAPTURE, READ THIS ARTICLE BY **ROBERT CARR**

GET A GRIP ON THE GRAPE: A GUIDE TO AUSTRALIAN WINE — THE FRUIT OF THE VINE MAKES ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST BEVERAGES BUT THERE ARE SO MANY BRANDS AND TYPES ON THE MARKET, IT ALL GETS A LITTLE CONFUSING. **DAVID FARMER** REVIEWS WHAT'S AVAILABLE, WHO MAKES IT AND HOW IT SHOULD TASTE . . . CHEERS!

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